EXPERIMENTS IN WRITING

LUELLA B. COOK

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EXPERIMENTS IN WRITING

A HIGH-SCHOOL TEXTBOOK IN COMPOSITION FOR THE JUNIOR AND SENIOR YEARS

BY

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

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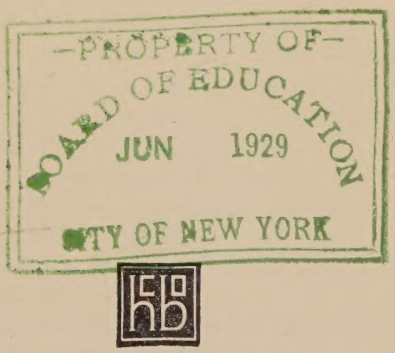

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to Thomas Manning, Matthew Arnold to his mother, William Story to Charles Eliot Norton; three poems of Sara Teasdale, "The Philosopher," "Stars," "In a Railroad Station"; the poem of John Masefield entitled "Silent Are the Woods"; the poem, "The Puddle," by Eden Phillpotts, reprinted from *As the Wind Blows.*

The Century Company: the letter of Lincoln, reprinted from Nicolay and Hay's *Abraham Lincoln, A History.*

G. P. Putnam's Sons: McCrae's "In Flanders Fields."

Henry Holt and Company: Walter de la Mare's "Silver," and Ella Heath's "Poetry."

George H. Doran Company: Christopher Morley's "To the Little House."

Harcourt, Brace and Company: Louis Untermeyer's "Voices."

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Dodd, Mead and Company: Rupert Brooke's "These Have I Loved."

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L. B. C.

PREFACE

Experiments in Writing aims to supply for high-school composition classes a more extended project than the daily assignment and to allow individual students opportunity to break the lockstep of the daily recitation. It seeks to build in the mind of the student a practical conception of the natural means at his disposal for improving his oral and written expression. Because of its arrangement and organization, it should permit of the freest sort of individual teaching without disrupting classroom management.

The book separates material on the mechanics of writing from material on the craft of writing, in the belief that, necessary as correct form is, it is not the approach to good writing. There is something else to be taught besides the elimination of errors. That something else deserves more attention than is commonly given to it. The main part of the book, therefore, deals exclusively with that something else. Chapters X, XI and XII provide ample opportunity for technical practice for those students who need it. Teachers finding students erring in grammatical agreement, sentence structure, the use of the semicolon, or what not, can assign these students a definite Unit Drill. Inside the front cover will be found a chart affording easy reference to the exercises.

Experiments in Writing aims to teach expression through laboratory experience. As part of his apparatus the student should have a convenient notebook in which to record his experiments. The teacher should ask students to secure notebooks of a size and kind deemed useful for the purpose. A loose-leafed notebook, however, should be avoided, in order that the continuity of the experiments may not be lost through missing pages. The experiments planned for this notebook do not aim to take the place of the formal assignment — the story, the essay, or the book review; these particular achievements should be the better for the student's having followed the experiments. The notebook faithfully kept, however, should

represent a treasure house of suggestions for the story, the essay, or the book review. The notebook, moreover, may be considered as a definite part of the term's work. Faithfulness in following the experiments, and improvement in writing gained thereby, should enter into a final judgment of the student's work for the term.

A student's outside reading for the term can be connected with his writing. There are ample suggestions in the following pages for books to be read in connection wth the various experiments, which will at the same time fulfill the usual school requirements for book reports.

L. B. C.

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PART I

THE CRAFT OF WRITING

EXPERIMENTS IN WRITING

FOREWORD

In every walk of life there are persons who live not through their own thoughts and feelings, but at second hand. It takes some one else to remind them of the beauty and meaning of life. They do not see the colors of a marsh until another's words reveal their beauty. It takes music imitative of running water to make them hear a brook sing a song. Only a painting of the sun setting over fields calls their attention to the soft blue shadows of evening. They need an actor's antics to show them the comedian in the neighbor's boy. They become conscious of the color and drama of life only through the medium of the artists who translate them to their dull senses. They have eyes, and ears, and nose, and tongue, and fingers; yet they are numb to the original pricks of life.

It is true that an artist's senses are far more keen than those of the ordinary person. Not every one can expect to have the perception and the skill of the musician who makes us hear a brook sing, or of the painter who awakens our sense of color, or, again, of the actor who makes us aware of the comedy and tragedy in everyday life. Still, there are undiscovered capacities in each one of us for more direct appreciation of life. And it is far more interesting to perceive the color and interest in life with our own senses rather than through the senses of others.

Until, however, we have learned to capture in words these original appreciations of life, much of our thought and feeling will remain unintelligible even to ourselves. Without words, thought is ineffective. If we do not learn to express in words the music of a brook, the beauty of evening shadows, the comedy of the neighbor's youngster, these impressions will vanish. If we accumulate too many of these vague, inarticulate impressions, a knowledge of our own personalities slips from us.

This book aims to help students release their own person-

alities from the fetters of awkward silence. The extracts from the journals which conclude this Foreword will yield glimpses of other personalities who have found themselves through expression. These journal-keepers have recorded their efforts to pin down a fleeting thought or a fugitive observation. They were not content to let the words of others point out to them the beauty and meaning of life. They were too fine, too proud, too conscious of their own individualities to accept borrowed finery for their personalities. Students who read these extracts will not be content to remain uncomprehending and silent while the play of life goes on around them. They will wish life to be for them, too, a first-hand adventure.

The Daily Journal.

As a means of helping students to widen their mental horizon, the author of this volume suggests the keeping of a daily journal in which shall be written all the experiments of thought and phrasing which this text provides. Most writers have acquired the journal habit. The extracts, already mentioned, will show, however, that others besides professional writers keep journals. Many people find the diary a daily solace, a warm friend to whom they may speak unreservedly, a brisk companion challenging their best efforts of expression, and a wonder-worker revealing, as if by magic, new vistas of thought and reflection.

Perhaps the reader recalls a moment when he felt spellbound and tongue-tied before a tumbling cataract set among pines, or a delicate winter sunset, or a giant steel construction, or a field of waving grain. To force oneself to record in writing just such impressions as these is one of the reasons for keeping a daily journal.

Or perhaps the reader has been vaguely upset by William's self-conscious manner at dinner. Some definite urge to set down in writing such a mood develops sharper thinking and more discriminating language.

Have you at times wavered in your decision about some book, or straddled the fence about something the minister said? A pen and a notebook are excellent prods to critical thinking.

A journal might also prove a safety valve in moments of high tension; for much of the pent-up fury would be released in words. It will be such items as these which will provide the content of the students' journals.

Hints for the Keeping of Journals.

Further hints for the keeping of a journal will be found in the extracts themselves. Before attempting their journals, students should read through these illustrations and note the use to which the journal idea has been put by these different persons.

For instance, Louisa May Alcott's journal reveals a very charming young personality whose frank interest in itself is something for the student to emulate. A glance through Mrs. Field's journal will suggest to the reader an interesting speculation about his own. Would it not be amusing to think that in fifty years, let us say, a student's journal might furnish some bits of personal history to the biographer of President Coolidge or Luther Burbank? It is not at all extravagant to assume that some of the readers of this book will have encounters with famous men or women. Perhaps some of the readers of this book were in the crowd that watched the funeral cortège of President Harding. Some of the readers most certainly heard the inauguration address of President Coolidge. Or some one has peeped through the portières at the celebrated guest in the dining room. Was the guest a symphony orchestra conductor, perhaps? Or the president of some university? Or a great scientist? How interesting in years to come would be the youthful observations of some journal then dusty and yellow with age!

The sailor's log gives a hint for logs of next summer's canoe trip. The quaint diary of Samuel Pepys is a lesson in letting one's individuality speak. Dorothy Wordsworth's journal tells some of her poet brother's secrets. Emerson's *Blotting Pad* is the diary of a very thoughtful mind bent on its own improvement. *The Journal of a Lady of Quality* contains the kind of description one wishes all his friends could write in letters. And the journals of students illustrate some of the daily practice of youthful literary craftsmen. The journals of profes-

sional women, the teacher and the social worker, suggest the very practical use of the journal as a daily record of ideas.

To a large extent the subject matter for the student's journal is already determined by the experiments which fill the chapters of this book. A student need not, however, feel restricted in his freedom to make his journal an expression of his own personality. It is hoped that the experiments may prove to be merely the stimulus for more individual attempts to learn to think and to express himself through his own writing experience. The journal is the student's own laboratory where he may test out his powers of thought and expression and work out his own conclusions regarding ideas and style for himself.

The Make-up of the Student's Journal.

The make-up or arrangement of the journal is likewise a matter for free choice. All that is suggested here is that a book in which the student may write easily and conveniently be chosen. Perhaps some will care to name their journals, as Emerson did his *Blotting Pad*. Others may wish to illustrate theirs with original sketches.

The titles for the different sections, the index, the order, or arrangement, are all matters for the individual class to decide in consultation with its teacher. The experiments themselves may offer a convenient sequence. Whatever be the decision in the matter of the physical aspect of the journal, all that matters is that the journal be such that a student will feel pride in keeping it and that the process be not so elaborate and formal as to spoil the joy of writing in it from day to day. (See Chapter IX and Experiment 89 on page 389 for suggestions concerning makeup.)

The Journal as a Part of the Class Routine.

The journal as a part of the class routine should serve two purposes:

First, it should provide a convenient laboratory for the student in his practice with ideas and expression. Such a habit once started may prove a part of the student's later intellectual

life and development. For a term of nineteen or thirty-eight weeks, moreover, it should represent a definite achievement of daily practice.

Secondly, the journal should gather ideas for use in a finished piece of writing — the plot, the theme, the characters of a story, or the idea of an essay, or the point of an argument. Students should draw from the journal their raw material for those more formal assignments which the teacher will give.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNALS

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT'S JOURNAL

[N.B. She started keeping a journal at the age of ten.]

I am in the garret with my papers around me and a pile of apples to eat while I write my journal, plan stories, and enjoy the patter of rain on the roof in peace and quiet.

Read Charlotte Brontë's life. A very interesting life, but a sad one. So full of talent; and after working long, just as success, love, happiness came, she dies.

In looking over our journals, Father says: "Anna's is about other people; Louisa's, about herself." That is true, for I don't *talk* about myself.

I used to imagine my mind a room in confusion and I was to put it in order, so I swept out useless thoughts and swept foolish fancies away and furnished it with good resolutions. But cobwebs get in. . . .

Charles Auchester is charming — a sort of fairy tale for grown people. Dear old *Evelina,* as a change, was pleasant. Emerson recommended Hodson's *India* and I got it. I read Fielding's *Amelia* and thought it coarse and queer. The heroine having "her lovely nose smashed all to bits falling from a post shay," was a new idea. . . .

I shall never forget the strange fancies that haunted me [during an illness]. The most vivid and enduring was the conviction that I had married a stout handsome Spaniard dressed in black velvet with soft hands and a voice that was continually saying: "Lie still, my dear." This was Mother, I suspect. . . .

Emerson's funeral. I made a yellow lyre of jonquils for the church and helped trim it up. Private services at the house and a great crowd at the church. Father read his sonnet. Now he lies in Sleepy Hollow among his brothers and the pines he loved.

MEMORIES OF A HOSTESS

Journal of Literary Events and Interesting People

[From the Diary of Mrs. James T. Fields, edited by De Wolfe Howe.]

May 11, 1864

J. T. F. went to see Dr. Holmes[1] about Hawthorne's[2] health. The latter came to town looking very ill. O. W. H.[1] thinks the shark's tooth is upon him but would not have this known.

Sunday, May 14

Terrible days of war and change.

May 19

Hawthorne is dead.

April 15, 1865

Last night when I shut this book I wondered what event or person would come next, powerful enough to compel me to write a few words; and before I dressed this morning the news of the assassination of President Lincoln became our only thought. The city is weighed down by sadness. Dr. Holmes expresses this consolation: "It will unite the North. It was more than likely Lincoln was not the best man for the work of reconstruction."

It is a black day for us all. J. Wilkes Booth is in custody.

Wednesday, Sept. 6, 1871

Dined with Longfellow at Nahant. The day was warm, with a soft south wind blowing, and as we crossed the beach, white waves were curling up the sands. The dear poet saw us coming from afar and walked to his little gate to meet us with such a sweet cordial welcome that it was worth going many a mile to have that alone. A few minutes' chat in the little parlor, when Longfellow saw Holmes coming in the distance. (He had an opera glass, being shortsighted, and was sitting on the piazza.) "Hello," said he, "here comes Holmes all dressed up with flowers in his buttonhole."

July 24, 1864

We left just before eleven for Amesbury to see Mr. Whittier,[3] driving over to Beverly in an open wagon. It was one of those perfect days. As Keats once said, "The sky sat upon our senses

[1] Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. [2] Nathaniel Hawthorne.
[3] John Greenleaf Whittier.

like a sapphire crown." We turned away after a time from the highway into a wood path, picking our way somewhat slowly to avoid the overhanging bushes and the rainy pools left in the ruts. We found ourselves near a place called Montserrat, where we knew Miss Hawthorne, the only surviving sister of Nathaniel, lived, and Mr. Fields at once determined to call upon her. She is a small woman with fine features, round full face, fresh-looking in spite of years, brilliant eyes, nervous brow which twists as she speaks, and very nervous fingers.

December 14, 1870

Before dinner, I had an opportunity to talk with Lowell[1] upon literature. He thinks the chief value of Bret Harte is his local color, and that it would be a fatal mistake for him to come East.

Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1872

Longfellow came to town to see Jamie, in one of his loveliest moods. The day was so warm and fine, such a day of dreams, that he proposed an excursion. "Come," he said, "let us go to the wharves and see the vessels just in from Italy and Spain. It will be a lovely sight in this soft sky and we can hear the men speak in their native tongues." Unhappily, all these seductions were in vain, for Jamie was busy and was to lecture in the evening.

November 18, 1867

Today the steamer is telegraphed with Charles Dickens on board. The tickets for his reading have all been sold. Such a rush! The weather is clear but cold, with winter's pinch in it.

November 19

Yesterday I adorned Mr. Dickens's rooms with flowers, which seemed to please him.

November 21

Mr. Dickens dined here. Agassiz, Emerson, Judge Hoar, Holmes, and dear Longfellow came to welcome him. Dickens sat on my right. . . . He fairly bubbled over with fun and I could not help fancying that Holmes bored him a little by talking at him. . . . Dickens's queer turns of expression often convulsed us with laughter. . . . He spoke of the fineness of his Parisian audience, "the most delicately appreciative of audiences." He gave us a most ludicrous account of a seasick curate trying to read the service on board the ship last Sunday.

[1] James Russell Lowell.

ROBLEY D. EVANS

A Sailor's Log

August 11th, at sea 200 miles N.E. of Saint Paul Island.

We have been today to Uncle Sam's western limit, and I do not think much of it as a garden spot, though it was very pretty — what we could see of it through the fog and clouds — beautiful green mountains above rocky coast half veiled in fog. At daylight this morning we made Attu in a bank of fog and had to lay off and on for two hours. About eight we "caught on," as the boys say, and soon had a boat on shore to learn if any sealers had been about. Up to today we have made on this trip 1300 miles and not a sign of a prowler, which leads to the conclusion that they are pretty scarce hereabouts. . . . I shall be powerful glad when it is all over and we can see some blue sky and water in place of this everlasting gray. The little ship begins to show the effects of her 25,000 miles since last October in the way of leaky tubes, and we shall have to lay up ten days to get things in first-class shape before our next trip.

August 17

Today Captain Parr of the *Melpomene* came for me to go fishing. The sport was such as one will only see in this region, I imagine. Salmon trout by the hundred, salmon so thick that every few minutes we had hooked one, sometimes in the mouth but more often in the fins or the stomach. The river was so crowded with them that we could have crossed on the fishes' backs if they had not been so slippery. I have often heard stories of how these creatures crowd themselves to death, and now I have seen it myself. There were thousands of them pushing and wriggling upstream where the water was only a few inches deep until they were absolutely forced on dry ground and there lay dead in heaps until the air was foul with stench. When I came home the *Ranger* and the *Mohican* had arrived, and now, near midnight, I am through with their captains and their numerous reports. All have been busily cruising, and no one has seen a sealer.

Friday, August 19

We had a jolly dinner in the wardroom last night, of pork and beans. It blew a nasty southeastern gale all day and rained in true Alaskan style, but the lads were glad to have me at their table, and the manner of them took away all discomfort of the southeaster.

As we sat over our coffee and cigars with the wind roaring and

the rain pelting, there came a flash of a signal. Presently the *Adams* came pounding in against the sea, and as Nelson came over the side in his dripping sou'wester, our party broke up, and we three commanders retired to my cabin to learn the news. "Nothing in the way of a sealer," said Nelson, "but plenty of wind, and the sea as thick as pea soup."

DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS, 1665–66

The 29th

To a periwigg-maker's and there bought two periwiggs; mighty fine, indeed too fine, I thought, for me, but he did persuade me and I did buy them for 4 pounds and 8 shillings. To the Bull Head Taverne whither was brought my French gun, and one Truelocke, the famous gunsmith that is a mighty ingenious man, did take my gun to pieces and made me understand the secrets thereof.

The 30th

To see the silly play of my Lady Newcastle's, called *The Humerous Lovers*, the most silly thing that ever came upon the stage. I was sick to see it, but yet would not have but seen it that I might understand her.

The 31st

To church, and with my mourning, very handsome, and new periwigg, make great show.

The 12th

Coming home saw my door and hatch open, left so by Luce, our cook-maid, which so vexed me that I gave her a kick in our entry and offered a blow at her that was seen by Sir W. Pen's footboy, which did vex me to the heart because I know he will be telling the family.

The 21st (Lord's Day)

I have a mind to buy enough ground to hold a coach house and stables; for I have had it much in mind lately that it is not too much for me now in degree or cost to keep a coach but contrary that I am almost ashamed to be seen in a hackney.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL

May 14, 1800

William and John set off for Yorkshire after dinner at half-past two o'clock, cold pork in their pockets. I left them at the turning

of the Lowwood bay under the trees. My heart was so full that I could hardly speak to William when I gave him a farewell kiss. I sat a long time upon a stone at the margin of the lake and after a flood of tears my heart was easier. The lake looked to me, I knew not why, dull and melancholy, and the weltering on the shores seemed a heavy sound. I walked as long as I could amongst the stones of the shore. The wood rich in flowers; a beautiful yellow flower that looked thick, round and double — the smell very sweet (I suppose it was ranunculus); crowfoot, the grassy-leaved rabbit-looking white flower, strawberries, geraniums, scentless violets, anemones, two kinds of orchids, primroses, the heckleberry very beautiful, the crab coming out as a low shrub. Met an old man driving a very beautiful bull and a cow. He walked with two sticks. Came home by Clappersgate. The valley was green; many sweet views up to Rydale when I could juggle away the fine houses. But they disturb me even more when I am happy. Sat down very often though it was cold. I resolved to write in my journal of the time till William and John return, and I set about keeping my resolve, because I will not quarrel with myself and because I shall give William pleasure by it when he comes home again.

Saturday, Jan. 30th

A cold dark morning. William chopped wood. I brought it in in a basket. He asked me to set down the story of Barbara Wilkinson's turtledoves.

Barbara is an old maid. She had two turtledoves. One of them died the first year, I think. The other continued to live alone in its cage for nine years, but for one year it had a companion and daily visitor — a little mouse that used to come and feed with it. The dove would carry it and cover it over with its wings and make a loving noise to it. The mouse, though it did not testify equal delight in the dove's company, was yet at perfect ease. The poor mouse disappeared and the dove was left solitary until its death. It died of a short sickness and was buried under a tree with funeral ceremony by Barbara and her maid and one or two others.

Saturday the 30th

William worked on *The Pedlar* all morning. He kept dinner waiting until four o'clock. He was much tired.

Sunday the 31st

William slept very ill. He was tired. We walked round two lakes. Grasmere was very soft and Rydale was extremely beautiful from the western side. Nab Scar was just topped by a cloud, which, when cutting it off as high as it could be cut off, made the mountain look uncommonly lofty. We sat down a long time, with

different plans. I always love to walk that way because it is the way I first came to Rydale and Grasmere and because our dear Coleridge[1] did also.

When I came with William six and a half years ago it was just at sunset. There was a rich yellow light on the islands and the waters were reflecting them. Today it was grave and soft but not perfectly calm. William says it was much such a day as when Coleridge came with him.

EMERSON'S "BLOTTING PAD"

A College Student's Notebook

August 23, 1820

Tomorrow finishes my Junior year. As it is time to close our accounts, we will conclude likewise this book which has been formed from the meditations and fancies which have sprinkled the miscellany-corner of my mind for two terms past. It was begun in the winter vacation. I think it has been an improving employment, decidedly. It has not encroached upon other occupations and has afforded seasonable aid at various times to enlarge or enlighten scanty themes, etc. Nor has it monopolized the energies of composition for literary exercises. Whilst I have written in it I have begun and completed my Pythologian poem of 260 lines, and my dissertation on the character of Socrates. It has prevented the ennui of many an idle moment and has perhaps enriched my stock of language for future exertions. Much of it has been written with a view to preservation as hints for a peculiar pursuit at the distance of years. Little or none of it was elaborate — its office was to be a hasty, sketchy composition containing at times elements of graver order.

August 24, 1820

Books to be sought

Wordsworth's *Recluse*
Burton's *Melancholy*

For Use — Phrases poetical[2]

rescuing and crowning virtue
booked in alphabet
staunch till its dye was doubled on the crimson cross
star-crossed
sycophant smile

[1] Samuel Taylor Coleridge: English poet, author of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

[2] On page 23, Experiment 1, use this summary as a model for your own summary.

Have been reading of late patches of Barrow and Ben Jonson; and what the object — not merely curiosity? no — nor expectation of edification, intellectual or moral — but merely because they are authors where vigorous phrases and quaint, peculiar words and expressions may be sought and found, the better to "rattle out the battle of my thoughts." I shall now set myself to give a good sentence of Barrow's in purer and more fashionable English. . . .

EMERSON'S "WIDE WORLD," NO. II

At the Age of Twenty-Two

August 22, 1823. Friday noon, Warren's Hotel
[*Written in a pocket notebook and later inserted in his journal.*]

After a delightful walk of twenty miles, I reached this inn before noon and in the near recollection of my promenade through Roxbury, do recommend the same, particularly as far as the Lower Falls in Newton, to my friends who are fond of fine scenery.

To this stage of my errantry no adventure has befallen me; no, not the meeting with a mouse. I both thought and talked a little with myself on the way and gathered up and entered such sprigs of poetry as I feared had wilted in my memory.

A nation like a tree does not thrive well till it is engrafted with foreign stock.

Sympathy is the wine of life. A man has comfort in a friend when he is absent and when he is nigh. . . . Friends fill that interval [of absence] with pleasant thoughts which borrow their charm from the magic of this gentle sentiment. They treasure up the occurrences and thoughts, the times, and the chances that were mixed in their cup of life, to regale each other with the feast of memory. Words may be free, thought may be free, and the heart laid bare to your friend, but nevertheless the freedom, even the friendship, hath a limit; and beware how he passes it.

It is excellent advice both in writing and in action to avoid too great elevation at first. Let one's beginning be temperate and unpretending and the more elevated parts will rise from these with a just and full effect. We were not made to breathe oxygen or to talk poetry or to be always wise. We are sorry inhabitants of an imperfect world, and it will not do for such beings to take admiration by storm. One who would take his friend captive by eloquent discourse must forego the vulgar vanity of a great onset which cannot last but dwindles down to flatness and disgust. He must lull the suspicion of art asleep by the unambitious use of familiar commonplaces. He must be willing to say: "How do you do?" and "What's the news?" He must not disdain to be interested in the weather or the time of day. And when the talk has gradually got

into these channels where he wished to lead it, knowledge that is in place and fervor that is well timed will have their reward.

In education it seems safer to praise than to censure abundantly. For myself I have ever been elated to an active mind by flattery and depressed by dispraise. I like the lines:

> Praise be the salt that seasons right in man
> And whets the appetite of moral good. [*Young.*]

Shakespeare:

> When merry England had her virgin queen
> And Glory's temple in the isle was seen,
> On Avon's bank a child of earth was born:
> In meads where fairies wind the midnight horn
> The tiny dancers leaped in frolic wild
> And o'er the cradle blessed the sleeping child.

GEORGE ELIOT'S JOURNAL

June 6, 1863

We had a little evening party with music intended to celebrate the completion of *Romola.* Ebenezer! Went in the evening to hear *La Gazza Ladra.*

[The manuscript of *Romola* bears the inscription: "To the Husband whose perfect love has been the best source of her insight and strength, this manuscript is given by his devoted wife, the writer."]

November 5, 1863

We moved into our new house.

November 14

We are now nearly in order, only wanting a few details to finish our equipment for a new stage in our life's journey. I long very much to have done thinking of upholstery and to get again a consciousness that there are better things than these to reconcile one with life.

March 25, 1864

I am in deep depression, feeling powerless. I have written nothing but beginnings since I finished a little article for the *Pall Mall* on "The Logic of Servants." Dear George is all activity, yet is very frail in health. How I worship his good humor, his good sense, his most affectionate care for every one who has claims on him. That worship is my best life.

JOURNAL OF A LADY OF QUALITY

On Board the Jamaica Packet, 9 o'clock Evening, 25th October, 1774

We have just finished breakfast, a meal which cost no little trouble. Miss Rutherford can get nothing she is able to taste. Tea without milk she cannot drink, and coffee is reprobated by us all for the same want. We tried chocolate, but found it much too heavy. I have carried one point and got eggs, but we unfortunately trusted the providing of bread to our owner, and there is not a biscuit on board fit for anything but the hogs. However, my brother had swallowed an egg and was just going to drink a cup of burnt claret with spiceries which Robert was cooking over the cabin stove with much care and attention, when the nasty Captain coming down to take a drop from his gin case set all our stomachs topsy-turvy by the smell. My brother flew to the deck, Miss Rutherford to her stateroom, and I applied my smelling bottle; while Mrs. Miller, more wisely than any of us, joined the Captain and finds herself much the better for it.

We had not yet ventured on deck nor were our deadlights taken down when an unforeseen accident had nearly completed what the storm had not been able to effect, and sent us to the bottom without a minute's warning.

We were sitting by our melancholy taper in no very cheerful mood ourselves; my brother, fortunate for him, was within the companion ladder. The Captain had come down to the cabin to overhaul his log book and journal, which he had scarcely begun to do when the ship gave such a sudden and violent heel over as broke everything from their moorings, and in a moment the great seachests, the boy's bed, my brother's cot, Miss Rutherford's harpsichord, with tables, chairs, joint stools, pewter plates, etc., together with Fannie, Jack, and myself, were tumbling heels over head to the side of the vessel, which had laid down [on its side]. It is impossible to describe the horror of the situation. The candle was immediately extinguished, and all this going on in the dark without the least idea of what produced it, or what was to be its end. The captain sprung on deck the moment he felt the first motion, for he knew well enough its consequences. To complete the horror of the scene, the sea poured in on us, over my brother's head, who held fast the ladder though almost drowned, while we were floating in a perfect deluge; and that nothing might be wanting that could terrify us, a favorite cat of Billie's lent her assistance. For, happening to be busily engaged with a cheese just behind me, she stuck fast to it, and, sadly frightened with what she as little understood as we, mewed in such a wild manner that if

we had thought at all, we should have certainly thought it was Davy Jones, the terror of all sailors, come to fetch us away.

Busy as this scene appears in description, it did not last half the time it takes in telling. Nothing can save a ship in this situation but cutting away her masts and the time necessary for this generally proves fatal, but our masts were so shattered by the late storms that they went overboard by themselves and the vessel instantly recovered her position. This second motion, however, was as severely felt in the cabin as the first, and as unaccountable, for we were shoved with equal violence to the other side and were overwhelmed by a second deluge of sea water. At last, however, it is to some degrees settled, and thank God, no further mischief has happened than my forehead cut, Jack's leg a little bruised, and the last of our poultry, a poor duck, squeezed as flat as a pancake.

When the light was rekindled a most ridiculous sight was exhibited — that is, the sight of the cabin with us in it amidst a most uncommon set of articles. For besides the furniture already mentioned, the two staterooms had sent forth their contents, and the one occupied by the Captain being a sort of storeroom, amongst many other things a barrel of molasses pitched directly on me, as did also a box of small candles; so I appeared to be tarred and feathered, stuck all over with farthing candles.

The cabin was at last put to rights. A fire was lighted and fortunately our tea kettles were safe, so Robert with all expedition got us a cup of very bad tea. . . .

Just as we finished supper last night I was going on deck when the first thing that struck me was the sight of land which I should not have known had I not formerly seen it in that figure at the Azores. "Is not that land?" I said to the man at the helm. "Yes," he said, squirting out his quid of tobacco with great composure, "as soon as the mate will come up I will show it to him." I did not wait that ceremony but, turning round to the cabin, exclaimed as loud as I was able: "Land! Land!"

Scawfield, March 22, 1775

We have been here these four days, but this is the first time it has been in my power to write. . . . We left Brunswick last Friday under the care of Mr. Eagle, a young gentleman just returned from England who owns a very considerable estate in this province. We were in a phaeton and four belonging to my brother and as the roads were entirely level drove on at good speed, our guide keeping by us and several negro servants attending on horseback. During the first few miles I was charmed with the woods. The wild fruit trees are in full blossom; the ground under them covered with verdure and intermixed with flowers of various kinds making a pleasant scene. But by and by it began to grow dark

and as the idea of being benighted in the wilds of America was not a pleasing circumstance to a European female, I begged the servant to drive faster, but was told it would make little difference, as we must be many hours in the dark before we could get clear of the woods; nor were our fears decreased by the stories Mr. Eagle told us of wolves and bears that inhabited this country.

Terrified at last almost to agony, we begged to be carried to some house to wait for daylight, but we had driven at least two miles in that situation before Mr. Eagle recollected that a poor man had a very poor plantation at no great distance if we could put up with it and venture to go off the road amongst the trees. This was not an agreeable proposition; however, it was agreed to, and we soon found ourselves lost in the impenetrable darkness from which we could neither see sky nor distinguish a single object.

We had not gone far in this frightful state, when we found the carriage stopped by trees fallen across the road and we were forced to dismount and proceed through the dreary scene on foot. All I had ever heard of lions, bears, tigers, wolves now rushed through my memory and I secretly wished I had been a feast to the fishes rather than to these monsters of the woods. With these thoughts in my head, I happened to slip my foot and down I went and felt no doubt I was sinking into the center of the earth. It was not quite so deep, however, for Mr. Eagle got me safe up, and in a few minutes we came to the opening that showed us the stars and the sky, which was a happy sight.

The carriage soon came up, and we got into it. I now observed that the road was inclosed on both sides, and on the first turning the carriage made we found ourselves in front of a large house, from the windows of which beamed many cheerful tapers; and no sooner were we come up to the gate than a number of black servants came out with the lights. Mr. Eagle dismounted and was ready to assist us and now welcomed us to his house and owned that the whole was a plan only to get us to it, as he feared we might have made some objections — he having no lady to receive us. I had a great mind to be angry but was too happy to find myself safe and everything comfortable. We found the tea table set forth and for the first time since our arrival in America had a dish of tea. We passed the evening agreeably and by breakfast next morning the two brothers joined us. We stayed all forenoon, saw his rice mills, his indigo works, and timber mills. . . .

FROM PIERROT TO PIERRETTE

A Young Girl's Diary

April 24, 1924

Dear Pierrette:

I haven't written for two whole days.

A storm: a hazy gray, lighted now and then by defiant flashes of lightning; irritated rumblings of thunder. The feathered folk have sensed the coming of the storm and are seeking hurried shelter under the nearest bush. Somewhere downstairs, Mother is scurrying to close windows. . . .

Two watery eyes peep through a tobacco-stained beard. He is thin and has a shrill, rasping voice. His hair is jagged and stringy. His shoes are regular submarines, the kind you walk in for a minute before you move.

He's my old man at the toll gate. He lives within his own shell, unloved and unloving except for a crippled dog blind in one eye. Why does he always wear that yellow ribbon around his neck? . . .

I want to write a story, Pierrette, about a balloon man, a smiling Italian, fat and jovial. The kiddies love his tales of adventure. . . .

Time had wrought her confusion and ruin upon the old farmhouse we passed last Sunday. All slumping on its foundation, weary from standing these tedious years with the wind and the rain poking out its windowpanes. Perhaps it slumped out of shame. What a prosperous farm it once had been! Now a gaunt skeleton of dilapidation.

Great hedges of lilac bushes rank and overgrown! We peeped through the windows, stepped over the rotting threshold. Great hand-hewn beams! A trapdoor in the center of the big room. A refuge from Indians?

Out hidden in the weeds lay the whitened bones of some beast of burden. And the old mailbox was hidden in the weeds with the name of Gust Boscom still visible. The romance of the mailbox! Had Gust waited there in lilac-time for some loved missive?

A YOUNG ARTIST'S JOURNAL, 1923

A dash of orange, a feathery bit of green and a lustrous yellow vase, like the last of a golden sunset. Today it was gone. The most exquisite study in color harmony that I have seen in a long time. How strange that such a little thing could make me hold my breath in joy! . . .

Dark coals in living embers, petals like tongues of flame held at the tips of long green tapering fingers! A strange fragrance like

the fresh smell of earth on a rainy day. This is to me the red tulip.

A TEACHER'S JOURNAL, 1924

Good old Joe Scufsa — the guide who shared with E. and me the thrills of a canoe trip in the Canadian National Forest — was a good guide for all that he lost the trail and pitched our tent on a barren rock. A good guide, to me, does not necessarily know the way with unerring accuracy; he merely is the better, the more experienced woodsman, who can follow a compass and meet the emergencies of the woods.

In this little adventure with my class, let me be such a guide; not the driver of a sightseeing bus, who recites stale comments, but rather the most competent member of a party setting out to explore. I shall know the trail not too well and thus share with my students the thrills of discovery. . . . I am not so bent on the encouragement of good writing as I am on the encouragement of a certain type of mind. The former may follow — perhaps, as a natural sequel to the latter; if not writing, perhaps painting or music, some creative medium.

Too many minds remind me of close, stuffy rooms. I might name the type of mind I am going to encourage "the well-ventilated mind"; there are cross-currents of ideas circulating there. There are no tidy compartments in this well-ventilated mind; rather each room opens hospitably into every other. If one is thinking of politics, he might go to the kitchen for his metaphor in which to cast his thoughts. The Democrats, after the Republican scandals of 1923–24, might use the broom as their symbol, etc. Ideas are not like roomers, each keeping to his own room, but rather like members of the family, all using the parlor or the library or the laundry.

I shall always take hints from Mr. Slosson, the author of *Creative Chemistry,* who delighted his audience by his clever inter-association of ideas. One has only to read this book to understand the well-ventilated mind. He explains the composition of matter in terms of a square dance. Chemistry is not for him an exclusive science living snobbishly in the laboratory, but rather a chummy every-day-in-every-way sort of knowledge democratically touching every other sort of knowledge.

This, it seems to me, is a noble kind of imagination to have; an imagination which is a network of interrelated ideas. There is no isolation, no exclusion.

To practice this sort of mind:

Experiment No. 1: Do a meat-grinder, a saw, gears, remind me of any idea not associated with meat, wood, or machinery?

Experiment No. 2: Can I translate the impressions of one sense into terms of another? Does a taste remind me of a smell, or a

sound of something I see? A flute, for instance, reminds me of cool, clear water; a phrase from a symphony was referred to by my companion as being "sheer as a cobweb."

Experiment No. 3: Nos. 1 and 2 inevitably lead to the use of more picturesque language. I came across this sentence the other day: "There was a white lock amongst her hair *like a jet of steam in a puff of coal smoke.*"

A SOCIAL WORKER'S JOURNAL, 1924

May 17, 1924

Planned to be at A.'s home by nine o'clock and interview his mother for three hours. Poor little A. He acts like a frightened rabbit; although nine years, he says but a few indistinct words. I tried to get as complete a picture as possible of his heredity and environment and I think I see why he does not talk.

When I called him to come to me, he stared a while, then came over, leaned against me trembling, but neither spoke nor smiled. His parents are Russian and his mother speaks in a figurative, poetical way. She reminded me of a character from one of Dostoevsky's novels.

Hope I can get the school history finished tomorrow and the whole thing finished by Monday. I wonder what Dr. L. will say about the case. To my mind there are three possible reasons for his not talking, but I may be wide of the mark after all. Environment? Heredity? Seems to me environment accounts for more results, but perhaps that is because we do not know how to interpret the facts of heredity.

May 20, 1924

Have my last case today. One never knows from reading the case as referred what the case as developed is going to be. Dr. L. said an interesting thing to me today: "It's amazing," he said, "how little a nervous, emotionally unstable person can do for himself and how much that same person can do working with some calm, well-poised person. The thing that's often wrong is that the patient lacks the ability, the initiative to do things for himself." He voiced something important in all social work — what two working together can accomplish.

People cannot believe that they may have the services of this clinic free. One man seemed so worried about the possibility of a big fee lurking somewhere and was so relieved when I explained to him that this service will be, eventually, a part of the school system. "Organized benevolence!" he exclaimed, and I agreed entirely.

My car helps out fine in this work — can keep appointments so much more easily.

May 24, 1924

Drove in the rain to northeast Minneapolis and brought E—— with me to the clinic. She was so delighted to ride in my car. Her mother had told her I was taking her to a picnic, and after it cleared up, I took her to the Oak Tree, where we had ice cream, which she ate very solemnly. She's a cute little bug. I did not mention any of her delinquencies, but she prattled on and told me many of them. When she got home, I could see that she felt she had been gone a terribly long time and had great adventures to relate. Tomorrow morning, or rather Monday, I'll take two others over who have appointments at nearly the same time.

Every social agency believes its work most important. Each one *is* important — all working together will some day usher in a better order — something like the " organized benevolence " Mr. A. mentioned the other day. Read a review of Wells's *The Dream*. Wish I had it. He would be interested in all these efforts to set right maladjusted people such as Mr. Polly in one of his novels. Wells thinks, however, that the social order is mainly responsible for unhappy people. But we can't wait to patch that up before doing what we can at once.

CHAPTER I

THE FASCINATION OF WORDS AND PHRASES

One Will Assimilate the Words One Enjoys.

Modern culinary science pays quite as much attention to artistic serving as to wholesome cooking. At a hospital one may see charming bits of garnish on the trays, dainty muffins, and celery artfully curled. The hospital dietician, a model of attractive efficiency, knows to a nicety the effects of her design on the appetites of her patients. She understands full well that to delight the eye is to aid digestion and assimilation.

One might apply the dietician's theory to the common practice of acquiring new words but for a slight fallacy. In matters of food this principle, thanks to *Good Housekeeping*, "The Housewife's Column," etc., is recognized, but in the matter of supplying half-starved vocabularies with variety and garnish and artful seasoning, the handy basement grocery with its canned fodder tides over an awkward emergency. The vocabulary so treated, like the poor husband destined to sardines and potato chips, becomes indifferent, presently, to better fare.

But supposing the normal appetite for words has not been ruined by the lazy delicatessen habit, then the analogy will hold good. *The student will assimilate those words he enjoys.* Without making a conscious effort to improve his vocabulary, he will, quite as a matter of course, spring on the unsuspecting family at dinner that phrase which he chuckled over in the *Saturday Evening Post.* The thing is to catch the fascination of words, become aware of their charm and beauty, their color and shades of meaning. Once exposed to the magic of words, students will begin to serve the family delightfully original phrases. Until one discovers the beauty of a sprig of parsley, he is indifferent to garnish.

EXPERIMENT 1

For a first adventure in words you might see for yourself some of the striking word effects which certain word artists have created.

O. Henry's amazing and stimulating tricks with words will give no end of fun. Stevenson's color, sounds, and smells will thrill your senses. Read a story of Kipling and note the vigorous diction. Conrad's words bear the salty tang of the sea; Zona Gale's breathe a delicate perfume. Here are some authors whose words you are to study. Read any single story or volume and note in your journal examples of striking diction.

O. Henry
Stevenson
Kipling
Zona Gale
Conrad
Edna Ferber
Booth Tarkington

Adventures in Words.

There are many adventures to be found in the study of words. There is the "flashing across the mind of the interior import of a word," that first consciousness of the hidden meaning, to thrill and exhilarate. Perhaps one has listened with envy to the person who could use the word "supercilious" without self-consciousness; somehow its import is vague and elusive until he chances upon the literal derivation. The Latin original translated literally means *an eyebrow, pride.* How picturesque! It flashes upon one in an instant that those who raise their eyebrows are *lofty with pride, overbearing, supercilious! Saunter* means literally *to adventure oneself.* Here again the root-meaning suggests an amusing adaptation. When one *saunters* down the lane he is in a mood for adventure.

There is the fascinating discovery that words inclose curious scraps of history or custom. Take the word *nightmare. Mara* is an Icelandic word meaning *nightmare* or *ogress.* Consequently a *nightmare* is a visitation of a female demon or incubus.

Sandwich records the invention of the Earl of Sandwich, who was so reluctant to leave the gaming table that he had his food brought to him in this form.

Then there is the endless charm in the symbolism of words, the poetic imagery, the rich humor which fancy has buried within the syllables. *Sarcasm* means, literally, "a tearing-off of the flesh"; *subtle,* "fine-spun"; *precocious,* "cooked before time"; *prevaricator,* "one who walks crookedly."

SOME INTERESTING WORDS

Ideas Wrapped Up in Certain Words

Fervor — heat.
Tractable — that which may be drawn along.
Transgression — crossing the line.
Scruple — bit of gravel in a Roman's sandals which made walking a trifle difficult.
Obvious — in the way.
Precipitate — tumbling head foremost.
Morose — excessively given to any particular way or habit.
Supine — lying on the back.
Suppliant — with bended knee.
Fractious — breaking loose.
Ponder — to weigh.
Punctilious — observing nice points.
Bombastic — padded.
Stupendous — putting one in a stupor with awe.
Stigmatize — to brand like a slave.
Myriad — a great number.
Pamper — to feed luxuriously.
Cater — to buy.
Transient — passing over.

N.B. These words once denoted material objects. Their present meaning has a more figurative sense; i.e., *fervor* means emotional heat; a *tractable* person is one who can be influenced, etc. The dictionary will help you with any of the derived meanings with which you are not familiar. The literal meaning, however, will be the element of definition which will fasten the word in your mind.

Poetry in Words

Note the swiftly suggested meanings:
Daisy — the day's eye.
Serenade — under the serene (sky).
Cemetery — sleeping-place.
Vagabond — wandering about.
Crony — time.
Coral — sea damsel (from κοράλλιον).

Primrose — first.
Brunt — where the battle was hottest.
Coward — turning tail, like a scared dog.
Crudity — raw.

Words Suggested by the Senses

Sensible — perceptible to the senses.
Apathy — want of feeling.
Gusto — taste.
Tact — touch.
Tangible — touch.
Acute — sharp at the end; pointed.
Relish — to taste or eat with pleasure.
Caustic — burning.
Piquant — stinging.
Saucy — salted.
Envy — to look askance at.

Words Associated with History

Ordeal — a primitive means of determining guilt or innocence. The suspected person might, for instance, be forced to plunge his arm as far as the elbow into hot water and take out a piece of hot iron. After three days the arm would be inspected for burns.
Curfew — literally, to cover up fires.
Chivalry — knight on horseback.
Paper — from Egyptian papyrus.

Borrowed Words

From Arabia — *harem, magazine, orange.*
Turkey — *coffee.*
Spain — *chocolate* [Mexican], *breeze, cocoa* [Mexican].
Caribbean Islands — *cannibal, hurricane.*
Indians — *moccasin, hickory, tomahawk.*

Words Popularized by Great Writers

Coleridge — *phenomenal, pessimism.*
Milton — *moon-struck, gloom.*

Carlyle — *decadent, environment.*
Sir Thomas Browne — *literary, medical, electricity.*
Lewis Carroll (author of *Alice in Wonderland*) — *galumph* (from *gallop* and *triumph*); *chortle* (from *chuckle* and *snort*).

Words from the World War

Barrage *Profiteer*
Camouflage *Ace*
Slacker

Interesting Names

Blanche — white.
David — beloved.
Margaret — peace.
Elizabeth — oath of God.
Peter — rock.
Mabel — lovable.

Books Which Will Interest You in the Study of Words

1. *Stories That Words Tell Us* — Elizabeth O'Neill.
2. *Rambles among Words* — W. S. Winton.
3. *The Romance of Words* — Ernest Weekley.
4. *Words and Their Ways in English Speech* — Greenough and Kittredge.
5. *Language in the Making* — Wilhelmina Thoma.

N.B. No. 2 is especially readable.

EXPERIMENT 2

Let one week of your journal record some experiments with words. Play with words and phrases. Note down any words you come across that catch your attention. Plan new phrases about things that impress you. Read the authors suggested on pages 276–283 and note any specific impressions. Try imitating O. Henry's verbal tricks, Stevenson's sensuousness. Describe the weather for a week and make us *feel* the weather report. William Cullen Bryant drew up a list of words and phrases he was tired of seeing in papers. He called it, in his journal, "Index Expurgatorius." You might do likewise with words you are tired of hearing.

Some people collect stamps, cigar bands, coins; others collect unique words. Try word-collection!

N.B. The experiments in this chapter deal with words. It will break in on the spirit and tone of your journal merely to make lists of words. Don't do that! Now and then, between experiments, follow the suggestions on page 4, using some of the new words you have learned.

Concrete Words.

The craft of writing might be referred to as the art of *doing something to another's mind.* In speech or in writing the purpose is to engage some one's attention, and the satisfaction of the author will be great or small to the extent that he affects his neighbor's mind. Does he wish to scold the young scalawag next door for walking in his tulip bed? He will look for the effect of his words on the boy's face. Does he wish to write a note of sympathy to a good friend living now in the shadow of a great sorrow? He will hope for some hint that his words were a comfort. Does he wish to sway the multitudes? He will look for the effect of his eloquence in the votes of the crowd or the replies of the press.

Does one wish to hold attention while he paints in word colors the valley shining through the morning mist? while he tells of yesterday's hairbreadth escape? while he attacks a smug conviction?

In all these cases, the way to succeed is the same. The secret is the concrete word. The following chart illustrates the significance of the concrete word.

By reading across column 1 only the words in columns A, C, E, and G, the reader will be able to construct the sentence 1A: *The man walked slowly across the street.* By reading columns B, D, F, and G, the sentence 1B will read: *The sailor staggered drunkenly across the street.* The rest of the sentences may be completed in similar fashion. They are placed in columns so that columns A and B, C and D, and E and F may be compared.

Of the two sentences mentioned above, 1B is the more concrete. The reader is able to imagine a pair of bell-bottomed trousers zigzagging unsteadily across the street. It is impossible

CONCRETE WORD CHART

	Noun		*Verb*		*Modifier*		*Phrase to Complete Sentence*
	General	Concrete	General	Concrete	General	Concrete	
1. The	man	sailor	walked	staggered	slowly	drunkenly	across the street
2. The	tree	magnolia	fell	toppled	heavily	with a crash	over the path
3. The	rock	pebble	shone	glistened	brightly	like a diamond	in the sun
4. The	flower	geranium	died	withered	slowly	——	at its roots
5. The	color	crimson	changed	faded	——	——	gradually
	A	B	C	D	E	F	G

to construct in the imagination a definite picture from 1A. Therefore, 1A is more or less a waste of words.

Concrete words are specific words which shut out every impression but one.

1. Supposing the reader were sent by his sister to meet her college roommate at the station. He has never seen her. "You will recognize her," explains the sister, "because she is short and plump; she wears a blue suit and tan shoes, and has a red feather in her hat. She is slightly lame and walks a bit jerkily." It is not likely that the reader would miss her.

2. But supposing the sister had merely said she was short and plump, wore a blue suit and tan shoes. That would eliminate all the tall, thin women, but there might ensue several awkward encounters before the visitor was finally separated from the crowd.

Now a concrete word is just such a direction as 1, above, expressed with telegraphic brevity to enable the hearer to separate the one desired meaning from a crowd of other possible meanings. To say "a sailor" instead of "a man" precludes the impression that it was a peddler, a plumber, or a parson that was referred to. In the ordinary instance it is pleasanter to the listener to imagine quite definitely the person mentioned.

But there are other impressions to be set apart from the crowd than just men, flowers, trees, etc. There are sounds, smells, tastes, and feelings to be disentangled from the general, either by word or phrase.

3. A patient is handed a spoonful of medicine and asked: "How does it taste?"

"Bad!" he replies, puckering up his mouth.

Did he mean *bitter, salt, flat?* Any of these would have been a definite "bad" and would have conveyed an accurate impression.

4. A college freshman is wakened by his roommate. "Listen! What's that noise?"

"What noise?" he asks sleepily.

"That funny noise in the hall."

Did the roommate mean a scraping noise, a gnawing, a thumping, a key in the lock, a buzzing — what? A "funny"

noise doesn't hit a sleepy fellow with any degree of good marksmanship.

5. The maid has been haunted by the ghost of a peculiar smell in the basement. Her repeated sniffs do not interest the less acute nostrils of the other servants.

"What does it smell like?" they ask.

"Oh, simply awful!" she says, wrinkling her nose.

Was it a smell of a dead mouse, of burning refuse, of medicine, or of moldy vegetables?

It is easy to see what all this eliminating of all other sights and sounds and smells does to a listener's mind. It puts his senses on the alert. He goes harking, and sniffing, and peering too.

EXPERIMENT 3

For your own practice you will want from now on to distinguish between concrete and general words. Make charts, if you wish to, something like the one on page 29. Or it might be valuable to put down those words you hear and read which are *sense-provoking, image-invoking* words. Concrete words appeal to the five senses; they instantaneously start a picture, a sound, a smell, a taste, or a feeling along the nerves. They create what we call sense impressions.

When you are sure of the individual word, note concrete phrases and sentences, then whole paragraphs. The mark of concrete writing is always the same; it brings a *definite, specific sense reaction.* Your general reading should provide sources of concrete language. Any of the authors mentioned on pages 276–283 will give illustrations of concrete language.

Associations of Words.

Up to this point, the experiments, if they have been followed faithfully, should have made the reader fully aware of the concrete word. Every concrete word is a missile hurled at the senses. But added to the blow of the concrete word is another force which makes its impact on the senses even more powerful. Supposing one wishes to set up in his neighbor's mind the image of a group of people he sees outside the window. There are several concrete words at his command: *mass, army, gang, rabble, crowd, horde, multitude, mob.* Each of these words is a composite photograph of a myriad of associations. *Gang* is

associated with rough people, possibly of the underworld. *Rabble* suggests a noisy, hysterical, hungry mob. *Horde* pictures the restless migrations of early peoples. *Multitude* has a biblical tang. *Crowd* is just a motley assortment of people. To say, then, " See the multitudes of children gathering around the organ-grinder," or " Look at the hordes of baseball fans at the ticket office," is obviously inappropriate. It is not enough to use a specific word; one must select the most accurate word, and the one most appropriately associated with the idea in mind. The concrete word wrongly chosen is a boomerang. It sets up ludicrous images that are not wanted. It makes a whole speech ridiculous and offers burlesque instead of the picturesque.

To be able to use the concrete word effectively one must study the connotation of words, the trail of associations which every word carries like the tail of a comet. The utterance of the word *muck* strikes along the brain cells and calls forth " politics " or " swamp " in the mind of the listener or reader. The mind receives not only the force of the word alone, but the force of the tail of associations as well. To use words significantly, the tail must be taken into consideration. The word *starry,* for example, may summon to mind an unhappy reference to a rival's eyes, and therefore be a hated word in some one's vocabulary; on the other hand, " a starry sea " may suggest only beauty and peace to another whose mind locks up no such unpleasant association. There is certainly no avoiding such unhappy accidents of vocabulary. One cannot know all the secret associations which words have for the individual.

But there are general associations which one may know. A word, like a person, is often known by the company it keeps. Many words have racial and historical connotations that cannot be ignored. The word *clan* is associated with the Scotch; *chivalry* is indissolubly bound to the Middle Ages. Some words keep poor company, some plain; some rich and elegant, and some serious and dignified. There are plain words for common things and common acts: *bread, stone, house, dress, eat, drink, run, climb.* The minute *pebble, domicile,* or *frock* is

substituted for one of these, the speech has taken on a different tone. There are formal, dignified words: *residence, progeny, quaff, masticate.* To know when one's speech calls for *masticate* instead of *chew,* or *drink* instead of *quaff* — this is the art of discriminating language. There are words of charming simplicity: *cheer, faith, home, love, light, worth, zeal.* There are words of undignified character: *crank, bamboozle, blubber, bawl, fizzle.* It is difficult to imagine one's saying, " The queen blubbered softly over the dying heir." The choice of words is poor. There are words so high-sounding as to be uncommon in familiar talk: *remunerative, recalcitrant.* There are words with well-known poetic associations: *golden, roseate, azure, silver-tongued, gambol, fleeting, glimmer, shimmering,* etc. And there are words so prosaic that no poet could possibly use them; fancy a poet using *exchequer, extra, medium, miscellaneous.* There are technical words, scientific words which one uses only if one is sure of his audience. To say, " Please pass the sodium chloride," when he wants the salt, may be funny to the average sophomore, but beyond that smart-Aleck stage such an exhibition of technical knowledge is unforgivable. Some words seem childish and inappropriate outside the nursery: *naughty, dolly.*

EXPERIMENT 4

All these associations mentioned above are familiar enough, once they are analyzed. It is not enough to know words, concrete and specific words; one must know their connotation as well. This is a long and tedious task if attempted thoughtlessly. To become conscious of the association of words is the first step. Words that interest should be jotted down with all the ideas and pictures wrapped up in them. It is surprising to see the aura of associated meanings which a word has acquired. Thus: The word *tribe,* taken at random, suggests rapidly *Gypsies, Indians, forefathers, Jews, clannishness, ceremonies, prejudice.* One's mind leaps like a mountain goat from crag to crag over all sorts of associated meanings.

Since the word *tribe* is associated with these things, it ought not to be used in places where these associations, apt to spring to another's mind also, will suggest an inharmonious picture. " A tribe of clouds," as one student once wrote, is obviously a poor expression for this very reason. *Tribe* suggests *people, color, history,* and not at all the fleecy, ethereal quality of clouds. By putting down

some of the common associations of words in this wise, a student will see for himself why he cannot use certain words in certain connections. The tail of his comet will be visible to his naked eye.

In the manner suggested above, put down the associations of the following words: *castle, remnant, modiste, folk, din, conflagration, nocturnal, pauper, sage, aspect, patter.* Once you have discovered their hidden connotations, you will be spared such errors as these: "I wish those children would stop their *din*"; "My *nocturnal* studying has kept me up late nights." No, these words you will relegate to their proper social sphere.

The following associations may be tested for their appropriateness of suggestion. Vivid words must not suggest the wrong pictures; they must suggest accurately as well as picturesquely.

These objects	*have been compared to these.*	*Are these comparisons apt?*
1. Autumn leaves	patch quilt	.....
	fluffy yellow of baby chicks	.....
	oriental rugs	.....
	artist's palette	.....
2. Clouds	whites of eggs	.....
	mountains of whipped cream	.....
	white geese	.....
	floating toy balloons	.....
	pieces of white cloth	.....
	soap bubbles	.....
	new-fallen snow	.....
	majestic ships	.....
	lions of the sky	.....
	bibs of fleecy white	.....
	white birds	.....
3. Spider web	crocheted doily	.....
	span of a bridge	.....
	fairy's cloak	.....
	whirlpool of tiny threads	.....
	intricate mechanism of a watch	.....
	lady's fan	.....
	hair-net	.....
	dainty handiwork — Spanish lace	.....
4. Tube of tooth paste	Germany, crushed and defeated	.....
	tube of cold cream	.....
	dried weed	.....

5. A cat on the back fence	piano in need of tuning	.....
	orchestra out of tune	.....
	infant in distress	.....
	pussy willows	.....

N.B. All the above comparisons were made by students.

The Importance of Parts of Speech.

A most tedious preliminary to a game of chess is the mastery of the names and moves of the pieces. To know that a knight jumps and that a bishop moves on the diagonal is absolutely essential, however, before one can appreciate the subtle maneuvers of defense or attack. It is only when one understands the moves of the pieces so well that he forgets to think about them, so to speak, that he can play the game of chess.

Just so must one understand the importance of each of the eight parts of speech, not merely as a grammatical exercise but as a means of developing skill in the use of words. Nouns and verbs are not merely objects to be picked out of sentences; they are important pieces in the game of speech, the correct play of which enables one to triumph over a rival speaker.

Of all the parts of speech, nouns and verbs are the most rudimentary. Every one started speech at an early age with a noun; he said " water " when he wanted a drink, or " dog " when he wished to point out the neighbor's poodle. His first bit of talking was a babble of nouns.

By and by two words were put together, and unconsciously the speaker acquired an elementary knowledge of verbs. " Baby eat " or " Daddy play " — such sentences served him long and faithfully before he felt the need of acquiring other pieces for this game of speech. It helps in learning to recognize these two parts of speech to observe how a baby starts to talk. Quite naturally he utters a sentence which is stripped of all but the noun and the verb.

But it is not enough merely to recognize nouns and verbs. There are interesting things to understand about them which will add a new distinctiveness to speech and writing. A noun commonly serves as the name of something — an object or an

idea: *cloud, man, time, beauty.* If one wishes to describe the noun, one commonly attaches an adjective: *white cloud, cross man, merry time,* etc. Now the great trick to learn in the use of nouns is to choose a noun that carries wrapped up in its own meaning some descriptive element. Thus: *angry woman = termagant.*

By using such a noun alone, a word is saved. To be able frequently to use one word for two is an advantage in speech that will be increasingly apparent as it is tried. One's first duty toward one's sentences is to prune them of superfluous words. The effect will be a new clearness and directness.

A noun sometimes may be substituted for a whole phrase or clause. "The person who visited us" becomes just *visitor,* "woman at the piano" becomes *accompanist,* etc. One takes three or five words to express an idea, often, because he has not enough nouns at his command. He must use combinations of simple words, because he lacks the more expressive words. Such words as *virago, vixen, fiend, imbecile, moron, ritual, esthete, gargoyle, melodrama, mongrel, samovar, shibboleth, vagabond,* are expressive nouns not commonly used by the average speaker. An hour with the dictionary, just hunting for useful nouns, might be of profit. It will be like hunting for new ideas. A noun is the symbol of an idea, perhaps a new idea or at least an extension of an idea. The minutes thus spent with the dictionary discovering new nouns are not wasted. New nouns push out one's understanding of ideas. To discover *travesty,* for example, widens an old conception, if it does not present a new one. The word *mockery* is commonly understood. The expression *a travesty of justice* extends the idea of mockery in a particular sense.

A knowledge of nouns not only permits a convenient economy of words; it provides opportunity for a rich variety in one's speech. Most speakers, like the poor housewife with but one or two saucepans, get along with a meager stock of nouns. Their speech, like the sauces, bears the taint of other cooking. There is a sameness to their diction, a monotony of flavor. To discover interesting synonyms for common nouns and to use them in speech adds an artful sprinkle of seasoning. For

a simple word like *color* there are the synonyms *hue, tint, shade, flush, complexion, stain, light, tinge, dye.* To use the exact synonym adds exactness and color to our speech. "The first flush of dawn," "the pale light of the moon," "the soft tints in the sky," "the brilliant hues of the sunset" — how much better than "the color of dawn," "the color of the moon," "the color of the sky," "the color of the sunset." Like the delicate shades of the rainbow itself the synonyms of a word are blended into the general meaning. To perceive the color combinations in words is worth the effort it costs.

There is a curious dignity which the use of the word *continuity* adds to commonplace speech. The word *continue* is a word of everyday speech. To say: "The students did not feel that one lesson continued logically from the other," is to use but the ordinary everyday speech. The slightest change in wording — "The students felt no *continuity* in their lessons" — immediately suggests to the untrained mind something uncommon. Students in a class often lift their eyebrows when the word *continuity* is spoken, whereas they feel no surprise at the word *continue.* To know the noun forms as well as the verb forms is a great convenience. One is more agile in his speech if he can handle *relax* and *relaxation, agitate* and *agitation, comprehend* and *comprehension, compete* and *competition,* etc., with equal ease. When the verb is used, a clause or sentence is necessary: *those who agitate; whether I shall comprehend,* etc.; but the noun covers in meaning the idea of these whole clauses: *agitators, agitation; comprehension* is a swift and direct route to the central meaning. The use of the noun form also forces a speaker into a different type of sentence from the ordinary, into a firmer, neater sentence structure. Contrast these two statements:

John, who would not apply himself to his studies, failed to graduate.

John's lack of application cost him his diploma.

There is an obvious difference in force and directness.

EXPERIMENT 5

(*a*) List in your journal some of the interesting nouns you hear or read. Choose those which contain a descriptive element.

(*b*) See how many synonyms of the common words — *man, girl, dress, sound,* etc. — you can list from your own vocabulary.

(*c*) Write sentences showing the different associations locked up in each noun.

(*d*) Learn some five or ten new nouns a day, writing in your journal the new idea you acquire.

The Importance of the Verb.

The interesting thing to learn about verbs is their serviceableness to everyday speech. Most students have in their vocabularies a stock of some hundred common verbs which serve in common needs: *walk, talk, do, sew, run, play,* etc. In the sentence, " The man walked across the street," the verb *walked* is the easiest word to think of. A lazy vocabulary makes no further inquiry into more specific synonyms. *Waddled, marched, hurried,* or even the more picturesque *sauntered, staggered, lurched, dodged,* or *swaggered,* would have created a picture in the mind of the listener, with no additional words. *Walked* isn't giving the reader his money's worth; it's short measure, underweight. A picturesque choice of verbs isn't difficult to acquire. One may take his common assortment of verbs and remind himself of the possibilities of each one. " The woman *came* upstairs ": she might have *limped, hurried, crept.* " The man *said* he was right ": did he *shout, whisper, stammer, declare, intimate, maintain,* or *mutter?* It makes a difference. For a week or so, one might resolve to watch his verbs and make sure they are specific words.

There are other improvements of style to be gained by paying attention to one's verbs. Great differences in effect result from varying the time element. Students who have not mastered the use of the six tenses should turn to page 418. Those who are familiar with the use of the tenses may begin to experiment for different effects to be produced by means of the tenses.

In narrative one should ordinarily use the past tense. To use the present tense under ordinary circumstances, as many young writers start to do, is crude. The present tense in narrative imparts one tableau at a time: "The fireman gains the last rung of the ladder. A shadowy form appears at the window. A woman's shriek is heard above the noise of the engines." It is easy to see the effect of the present tense. Each sentence raises a single picture in the mind of the reader. The next one seems to shift the tableau. The whole effect is a disjointed sort of impression.

There is a possibility, however, that the writer means to create this tableau effect. Sometimes, to recall the past in particularly striking fashion, it is necessary to suggest just such a series of tableaux. In this case it is not the story, the continuity of action one is interested in; it is merely the dramatic scene. A Civil War veteran might be describing a tense moment during a battle. He wishes to transport his listeners to the battle front. The present tense will do it.

To know how to get the most service out of the tenses is an aim no careful writer can neglect. The use of the perfect tenses adds something substantial to one's speech. The child just out of the grades has but three time ideas in his mind: present, past, and future. Indeed, that is all that exist for him because that is all he uses. His sentences are short, usually with one verb apiece, and he needs no other tenses to express his ideas. But when he begins to use complex sentences, a demand for new time relations arises. In the sentence, "I wanted to go to New York, for I was never there," one has two verbs to compare as far as time goes. The first, *wanted,* very definitely places the act of wanting in the past, perhaps yesterday. But the reference to the "never having been to New York" refers to a still greater past. All "my" life before yesterday, up to it, "I" had never been to New York. How shall "I" distinguish between past and even earlier past? The perfect tenses! — those tenses which indicate an act completed up to the time of speaking. To say, "Will you know when we ride one mile?" is an error of similar fashion, only this time with

the future tense. The point referred to in the *will know* is at some point in the future, some time from now, at ten o'clock possibly. At ten o'clock, then, will the riding be a matter of present acting? Obviously not. By that time, the riding the mile will be over. "Will you know when we *have ridden* one mile?"

To be able to manipulate the perfect tenses gives a substantial sense of time relation to speech or writing. To dodge the situations where perfect tenses are required is to go back to juvenile speech. To master them is to add dignity and quality to speech.

EXPERIMENT 6

Rewrite the following sentences in your journal, seeing how many different pictures you can suggest by the accurate and picturesque choice of verbs:

The man *came* up the stairs.
The tired boy *got* into bed.
The angry boy *answered* the man.
The boy *took* a piece of cake from the table.
The prisoner *asked* for mercy.
The man *said* he was right.
The fellow *threw* the ball.
The girl *spoke* to the cripple.

From now on, test every verb that you use, to determine whether it is suggestive. Don't be content with a general verb; choose a specific verb.

Write a series of complex sentences in which you express some of the less obvious time relations.

The Importance of Modifying Words.

It is richness rather than quantity of adjectives and adverbs which gives charm to one's speech. Too many adjectives and adverbs clog the sentence. It is the simple modifier aptly chosen which compels attention. "The sea was *wild*"; "the wind was *proud*"; "*frozen* seas"; "*boundless* deep" — these excel in vividness.

The well-chosen modifier carries to the reader a sense of in-

evitableness. " Oh, yes," he says, " ' frozen seas '! how strange I have never said that! " It is as if the noun had all this time been waiting for the adjective; affinities they seem, destined for one another.

One may waste his nouns and verbs in careless speech without doing more than create an impression of unnecessary words. But one cannot waste a modifier. It is either for you or against you. Modifiers are commonly assumed to add something to the sentence; in reality they really cut off something. In a preceding passage it was stated that every noun sets up a myriad of associations in the mind of a listener. To say *sea* is like pressing a button; presto! the listener's mind is off on excursions of his own. Perhaps he thinks of the sea he swam in last summer, the sea that made him sick, a rough sea, or a calm sea. But to say *blue sea* immediately shuts off the possibilities of these mental ramblings of a listener and compels him to think of the speaker's *blue sea.* Modifying words shut the doors to all but one impression, the impression the writer wishes to give.

Perhaps the teller of a story may note a wandering look in his listener's eyes. The listener is off on his own thoughts, giving attention with but half an ear. It is irritating to discover such inattention. Vague modifiers are to blame; they leave open too many doors for escape. The listener is out in the open chasing butterflies while the speaker is trying to tell him about a cocoon.

Poetry can best teach one the wise use of modifiers. The poet chooses his modifier with care. It must be absolutely the right one. No other will do. Because of the pattern of his poem, he cannot afford to waste as much as a syllable.

EXPERIMENT 7

Read the poems on pages 88–95, giving special attention to modifiers. Note in your journal some of the inevitable phrases, with a comment about their appeal to you. You may also include some of the nouns and verbs which are selected with a poet's care. Jot down particularly such combinations as *emerald twilight, gnarly hand, melancholy waters,* etc.; i.e., a suggestive picture in

two or three words. Try combinations of your own — adjectives to go with *twilight, cottage, perfume,* etc. Try also modifying verbs with an expressive adverb: *limping jerkily, singing sonorously,* etc.

The Importance of Pronouns.

Like the little elf Puck, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* a pronoun is forever mixing up all the other members of the sentence and delighting in the confusion it creates. One simply can't ignore a pronoun any more than one can ignore a mosquito, small as it is. It will pester one until it has been disposed of.

There are pronouns which should be snubbed. *They,* and *you,* and *it,* lead to no end of trouble. "*They* say it was crowded at the fair." Who is this mysterious "they" referred to so often? "When *you* eat too fast, *it* causes indigestion." In this sentence it is not *you,* the reader, who is referred to; any person, *and* "you," is meant. The reference is about as vague as that of "they." And "it"? To what does "it" refer? Here again there is no very definite reference; one means, of course, the act of eating fast; but that thought is implied, not expressed.

One of the first indications of maturity in speech is the absence of the personal pronoun referring to things in general. One says: "The best malted milk is sold at Crane's," instead of: "When *you* want a good malted milk, Crane's is the place," or: "*They* sell good malted milk at Crane's." This avoidance of the personal reference when there is no reason for being personal is one step to improved speech. The person who can argue without personal reference, or the person who can think in general abstract terms rather than in petty personal examples, gives the impression of maturity of mind. So, in speech, it is the person who can phrase his ideas impersonally who has grown in thinking ability.

Of course, there are legitimate uses of the personal "they" and "you." In talking to a specific "you" or of a particular "they," it is sensible to say "you" or "they."

For the correct handling of form and reference of pronouns,

students may turn to the Unit Drills in Part II. It is enough to suggest here that until students can keep their pronouns out from underfoot, until they can keep from constantly tripping over them, their sentences will lack interest. For the time being they should try reducing the number of pronouns they use. This will reduce the chances for confusion.

The Importance of Conjunctions, Prepositions, and Interjections.

The other three parts of speech which one must assemble to complete his set of pieces in this game of speech are little fellows, too often ignored on the assumption that they are of little importance. The interjection, one must admit, does occupy a minor position. One uses high explosives sparingly, according to one's temperament. One says "Mercy!" "Oh!" "Zounds!" etc., according to the occasion, mood, or even the century in which one lives. Interjections more or less take care of themselves. If a dramatic situation touches off an interjection, well and good. One doesn't have to think beforehand: "Now I will explode with an interjection." One just does explode spontaneously.

Prepositions.

The story is told of a Danish scholar who, before he had mastered English, wrote about a man: "I am disgusted *from* him." When he was told of his error—that he should have written "I am disgusted *with* him"—he protested, saying: "No, I am not *with* him; I am as far away as I can get *from* him."

No wonder a foreigner is confused by the variety of English prepositions. The Dane might have said: "I am disgusted *by his behavior,*" or "*at his cowardice,*" or "*with his snobbishness,*" etc. It is chiefly by a direct study of connectives in the writings of the best English authors that a knowledge of the use of connectives is acquired. It is intended here merely to arouse attention to the fine shades of meaning which are expressed by prepositions. A close observation of the connectives between nouns, adjectives, verbs, and adverbs will prove this fact. A

study of a particular verb such as *rejoice* will be of interest: *rejoice at, rejoice in, rejoice with, rejoice over.* What are the differences in meaning?

These lines from Byron's poem, *The Prisoner of Chillon,* show strikingly what prepositions can do:

> And then there was a little isle
> Which *in* my very face did smile,
> The only one in view;
> A small green isle, it seemed no more,
> Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
> But *in* it there were three tall trees,
> And *o'er* it blew the mountain breeze,
> And *by* it there were waters flowing,
> And *on* it there were young flowers growing,
> Of gentle breath and hue.

Lincoln's famous Gettysburg speech makes a careful choice of prepositions: " Government *of* the people, *by* the people, and *for* the people."

EXPERIMENT 8

From the library or from home secure some concordance of the Bible or of Shakespeare. Turn to such words as *wait, go, play,* etc., noting in your journal the different prepositions by which they are followed. Study the varying shades of meaning and make a comment in your journal.

On page 437, you will find a list of prepositions. Using some of the same words, or nearly the same, write some ten or more sentences which show the different shades of meaning, thus:

> I took the ball *from* John.
> I gave the ball *to* Mary.
> I found the ball *for* Henry.
> I see the ball *beside* John.

Conjunctions.

When one becomes aware of the wide range of connectives in the English language and masters their meanings, associations, and suggestions, he gains increased power to utter his thoughts clearly and vividly. It is by the observance of these finer distinctions that the full flexibility and vigor of language is won.

The need of conjunctions may be observed from the following:

You find that book dull. Bring it to me. I will give you another one. It will interest you.

The same remark is less abrupt and awkward when conjunctions are inserted:

If you find that book dull, bring it to me, *and* I will give you another *which* will interest you.

The careless speaker strings together all his ideas with *and's:*

I went to the State Fair to see the art exhibit *and* I was impressed by Mr. Cizek's display of children's painting *and* I intend to try his methods.

It is apparent that to the speaker all the ideas in the above sentence were of equal importance. He perceived no dominating idea to which the others were subordinate. The following version illustrates a more intelligent thought relation and a more compact sentence structure:

I am going to try in my classes the method of teaching which I saw exhibited at the State Fair by Mr. Cizek.

Here there is an intelligent discernment of thought value. The idea for which the sentence is expressed is to be found in the independent clause (italicized), and the rest of the ideas are subordinated in either clauses or phrases.

Students will do well to set about eliminating the *and* habit immediately. There is no more tedious blemish to style than this thoughtless stringing together of ideas, like beads on a chain, with too many *and's.* A knowledge of the other conjunctions at one's disposal is a first step in the elimination of this error.

" The trailing clause," as it is known technically, is another blemish of style to be traced back to a misuse of conjunctions:

The injured man's wounds were dressed by Dr. Brown *who* was on his way to see Mr. Smith *who* was ill with a fever *which* had lasted many days.

It is a safe rule to follow that no relative should be used to refer to a noun in a dependent clause. Such telescoping of

ideas — one idea inside another — robs the sentence of force and emphasis.

EXPERIMENT 9

Make sure by looking back over your journal that you have no longer the *and* habit.

Try telling a story to the class — some interesting personal experience — forming your sentences carefully without the awkward repetition of "and-a," etc.

Try writing in your journal some brief description or narrative, aiming particularly to increase your use of the complex sentence. Turn to page 443 and note the variety of conjunctions which will add distinction to your thoughts.

Slang.

Like the proverbial jam on the top shelf which proves irresistible to the small boy, so slang seems to youth a most alluring sin. He cannot resist what he supposes to be the "evil" of it. Perhaps, then, just as the way to correct jam-stealing is to serve plenty of jam at the table, so an effective way of combating slang is to use it freely.

There is no sin in the use of slang as such, any more than in eating jam. It is the dulling of one's perception to new words and phrases by the constant imitation which slang allows that proves harmful. The first man who said "I'll tell the world" had a normal desire to use a metaphor. His sentence was no sin. But the scores who copied his metaphor and dulled its import by meaningless applications, these are the sinners. Alert minds invent slang; lazy minds quote it. And a lazy mind, like a lazy person, is seldom interesting to others.

Slang really grows from the same root as poetry — the desire to use the commanding metaphor. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in speaking of dirt, once said: "Dirt is only matter out of place." So slang, some of it, is poetry out of place. It is clever metaphor-hunting, and it deserves the credit that any apt metaphor deserves. Much of it has lived as part of our language; *toe the mark, bizarre, caliber, fiasco* were once slang.

It is quite easy to guess that most slang, however, dies like the mosquito, soon after it is born, but not without infecting a score of people during its short life. Mere sounds that mean

nothing, vague words of approval or disapproval, are short-lived, because they deserve no longer life. The slang phrase that is picturesque and meaningful can stand on its own merit.

The discriminating speaker is not necessarily prudish about slang; he isn't too proper to say: "Oh, piffle." But he reduces such inane explosions to a minimum. He doesn't let them throttle his speech. Such words as *nice, lovely, fine, awful, fearful, horrible, rotten,* used indiscriminately, represent the vocabulary of the commonplace person. Slang is no tempting sin that requires rigid self-discipline. It is a careless habit that will disappear, once you have become aware of the beauties of language.

CHAPTER II

WORD PHOTOGRAPHY

If a high-school student were to list the different uses to which he had put his language in one day, the list might look something like this:

1. Describing to Mother the man who came to mend the water pipe.
2. Telling Frances about the man on the bus who would not pay his fare.
3. Arguing with James about the value of military training.
4. Explaining to Amy why she should put a lighter oil in her motor in cold weather.

Here are the rhetorician's classifications without his difficult names.

Sometimes we are forced into description. I say "forced," because people commonly declare that they "hate" description. But now and then even such people are forced to describe, say, to a policeman, the appearance of a man who figured in a traffic accident, or, to an adjustment clerk, the exact kind of silk that was ordered. These speakers, perhaps, with a little encouragement, might some day be led to describe the winter landscape or the colors in an oriental rug without giving up too much of their imagined prejudice against description. These are the very people who should try the art of description, for those who know its technique best are those who can shorten it at will.

Every one, even the most taciturn, sometimes makes use of his story-telling powers, for we all like to share with our friends and family the interesting experiences of the day. At dinner, on the street car, on the way to school or play, we relate our experiences. How shall we perfect these powers so that our friends shall say to us: "Oh, how was the game? Tell us about it! I love to hear you tell about football!"

As to arguing, that is as natural an impulse as to talk about the weather. Students like an argument so well that they call

a recitation dull when it doesn't develop an argument. People do not have to be encouraged to argue. They should be encouraged rather to learn to argue less frequently but more effectively.

When it comes to "exposing" our knowledge, whether it be explaining how to make fudge or diagnosing the ills of a Ford engine, we are only too eager for a listening ear. The simple forms of these kinds of composition all of us use every day. To perfect them for everyday speech is to develop a more potent personality. From competent use of these forms of composition in oral speech and informal writing, it is not a long step to their employment in more formal writing — in the descriptive sketch, the short story, the expository essay, the debate. Finally, one who has learned something of the craftsmanship of writing through writing is likely to find increased enjoyment in reading.

Taking Snapshots with Words.

Any Sunday afternoon in spring one may see along a beautiful boulevard any number of kodak-lovers "snapping" their friends' pictures at a charming bend in the road, or aiming their lenses at a sunlit river through the trees. At home these snapshots are treasured for the fleeting moments of pleasure they have recorded and for the delightful memories they stir.

There is another sort of photography which adds equal pleasure to an outing. The beauty of a scene or the absurdity of a pose may be just as well preserved in words as on a film. A picture once described in words, even though but to ourselves, takes on a permanency which unexpressed observation cannot assure. Wordsworth preserved his "host of golden daffodils," as truly as an artist could with his brushes or a photographer with his camera, when he recorded that vision in a poem. He was able to look again, when he felt inclined, at the beauty he had captured, just as we often turn the pages of our albums and gaze again on the scenes of long ago:

> For oft when on my couch I lie
> In vacant or in pensive mood,
> They flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude. . . .

This is a most practical reason for learning to think in descriptive language. By doing so, we coin and accumulate for ourselves a permanent wealth in our imagination.

There is another reason for learning to describe. We all delight in showing to our friends the pictures we take on our camping trips. Can we bring back to them in words the beauty of that misty sunset when we pitched our tents between two waterfalls? We can best do so if we have once fixed in words the first glorious impression, if we have tried to put the color and music of the scene in words.

Let us look at some word photography. Here is a picture which might have been taken with a kodak had Messer Marco Polo taken one on his travels. A photograph could hardly have reproduced the picturesque gayety of the scene with more color or life.

> Along the canals went all the people in the world, you would think. Now it was a *Frenchman all silks and satins and la-di-da monsieur.* Or a Spaniard *with a pointed beard and long lean legs and a long lean sword.* Here was a Muscovite, *hairy, dirty, with fine furs and fine jewels and teeth as sharp as a dog's.* And now an *effeminate Greek nobleman languid as a bride.* And here were Moorish captains, *Othello men, great giants of black marble.* And *swarthy hook-nosed merchants* of Palestine and squires of crusaders, *pretty ringleted boys* swearing like demons. And here and there Scots and Irish mercenaries, *kilted, sensitive folk one moment smiling at you and the next a knife at your gizzard.* — DONN BYRNE, *Messer Marco Polo.*

In this description there is no wearisome detail. How swiftly each person, or group of persons, is portrayed! Two or three significant details fix the individuality of each. The Frenchman is distinguished from the others by his silks and satins, the Spaniard by his pointed beard and lean legs and long sword. A few details concretely suggesting vivid and striking features are enough to erect the picture in the imagination of the reader.

This is the secret of " snapshot " description. It emphasizes two or three striking attributes of the object, and thereby briefly but effectively creates the picture of appearance, character, action, feeling, or what not. Brevity is an essential. The atmosphere of a room, the manner of a friend, the flavor

of a sauce, all these may be "snapped" by this method of description. A few more illustrations will make the point clearer.

A Snapshot of the Weather.

It was September, 1429; the weather had fallen sharp. A flighty, piping wind laden with showers beat about the township; and the dead leaves ran riot along the streets. — STEVENSON.

A Snapshot of a Person.

His hair was bleached to tow color by the sun; his ribs stood out like the ribs of a basket, and the lumps on his knees and elbows where he used to track on all fours gave his shrunken limbs the look of knotted grass stems. — KIPLING.

A Snapshot of a Place.

The steel-mills edge the lake front. Beyond the ragged skyline of the roof and chimneys the blue water gleams and sparkles, but near the shore the water is roiled and stained a dull brick color, the color of the iron ore. — HUSBAND.

A Snapshot of Eyes.

His blue and watery eyes were those of a lost dog. — GALSWORTHY.

A Snapshot of a Fog.

The fog comes on little cat feet. — SANDBURG.

A Snapshot of a Mid-West Town.

One of those change-engine-and-take-on-water stops with a stucco art nouveau station, a roof drooping all around it, as if it needed to be shaved off like the edges of a pie. — HURST.

A Snapshot of an Elephant.

Perhaps they refer to his pink, old gentleman's skin and his droll, fumbling ways and his squeaking treble voice. — MARSHALL.

Snapshot descriptions lend sparkle to conversation and color to thoughts. Their practice leads one to become an acute observer.

EXPERIMENT 10

Remembering that your journal is a laboratory for experimenting with thought and expression, set down in a section labeled "Snapshots" some pictures of interesting people and places. It may be the room of a chum, an old man in the reading room of the public library, or the playhouse in the back yard next door. *In single sentences* note not more than *four striking details* of each object,

which mark it as *different from others of the same type.* You may look at cartoons and see the way in which cartoonists exaggerate three or four pronounced features. In a cartoon of Roosevelt have you noted the exaggerated teeth, his smile, wide-rimmed hat and glasses? These mark the essential "differentness" of Roosevelt. You should make at least a dozen of these observations and fix your impressions by expressing them in brief descriptive sentences in your journal. The form in which entries are made in a journal is to be decided by a student's originality. Perhaps one who can draw will like to add a cartoon of the thing described in words. Such an addition would be very valuable in suggesting the difference between artistic and literary expression. Perhaps pride in the neatness with which the journal is kept will suggest applying titles to the "snapshots." Spacing should be attractive and practical — practical in that it will allow easy review for the writer of the journal and for its reader. Surely the extracts from other journals quoted in previous pages have suggested the freedom and originality possible to journals. Part of the fun and profit, too, comes in devising original methods for the arrangement of the journal.

Composite Photographs.

Word photography has an important advantage over kodak photography. It need not confine its pictures to two dimensions or to a second of time. Word photography may be something of a composite impression gathering the observations of many days into a single photograph. It is a snapshot only in the sense that it catches unawares, so to speak, the essential characteristics of a person. An illustration will make this idea clear:

> My excellent father, I have reason to believe, never shared my admiration for Uncle Victor, *who used to sicken him with his pipe, give him great thumps on the back by way of friendliness,* and *accused him of lacking energy.* — ANATOLE FRANCE.

Here we have a single picture of Uncle Victor, but it is more than a photograph of his personal appearance. Indirectly it suggests his general contour — he must be large, for large men are given to back-thumping; he is an inveterate smoker and probably a fidgety person, for only fidgety persons lament another's laziness. But it gives also more than a picture. It has an element of character analysis. Nevertheless, it can be rightly

called a word snapshot, for it has caught by its choice of detail the essential impression the man gives. Snapshot photography for one's journal should include all the suggestive details which mark individuality, whether it be individuality of appearance, sound, smell, character, or what not.

EXPERIMENT 11

Continue Experiment 10, aiming this time to widen the scope of observation to include such things as the *weather, night sounds in the woods, the odors of fall,* or the *scissors-grinder's personality.* Continue the "snapshots," directing the word-kodak at any impressions of appearance, character, action, feeling, sound, or smell which the day may bring. Remember to take particular care in choice of details. Choose only those few that accentuate differentness. Try the composite photograph of a person. Try to gather up his essential qualities in a brief description including appearance, personality, character. Try snapshots of the weather. A weather record, in something of the picturesque style of Robert Louis Stevenson, illustrated on page 51, might be kept.

Color Photography.

The metaphor or simile imparts color to word snapshots. For the purposes of color photography, there are two figures of speech which add piquancy to expression, the simile and the metaphor. The metaphor and simile are practically the same thing, both comparisons:

"His speech was like a torrent of words" = simile.
"A torrent of words fell from his lips" = metaphor.

In the simile the comparison is pointed out by such words as *like* and *as.* A metaphor expresses the comparison by implication. A metaphor is a little less obvious than a simile; it is a comparison plunged into without introduction.

Developing ability to make comparisons is not merely a rhetorical trick; it is thinking to good purpose.

One becomes sensitive, let us say, to the charm of the sea. He hears the restful lap of the waves on the shore; his spirit yields to the rhythm of the waves. A sea gull, a fleeting bit of white against the blue, charms his senses. The fresh salt tang

brought to his nostrils by a stirring breeze delights his whole being.

It is scarcely possible to become aware of these sensations without expressing them. With the sensations comes the desire to fix the fleeting impressions in words. How shall a person make clear just what his delight in the sea is? Unconsciously he tries comparison. The mind works that way. The sea gulls are *bits of cloud;* the sunlight *dances* with the waves; the haze about the horizon is like a *purple veil;* the music of the water is a *lullaby.* The simile and metaphor come naturally to one whose senses are alive. It is difficult to express the finer shades of feeling except in terms of comparison. Notice how rapid is the transmission of thought by comparisons. To say: "The snow was *daubed* on the sills of the ruin; it *roosted* in the crannies of the rock *like white sea birds*" (Stevenson) — how much more swift is the thought than to say: "Here and there the snow lay in irregular patches on the rocks." How deftly *roosted* turns the trick! And note not only the swiftness of thought, but the poetry of association gained through the figure. Here is one of the joys of the mind! It is as bracing and exhilarating to the mind to come on a neatly turned phrase as it is to the blood to feel a saucy wind against the cheek as one toboggans down a hill.

One more illustration will suffice. With senses all alert, one enters a newspaper pressroom. For the moment he is overcome by the deafening clatter of the machinery. Then his eye takes in great rollers and levers. He sees the endless sheet of paper speed into the interior of the great press and emerge in a continuous stream of newspapers, printed, folded, and cut, ready to be carried on a "moving sidewalk" out to the mailing room. The observer's first impressions of a pressroom are confused, for the machinery is complicated and the operations very complex. But as he hastens to sort out the jumble of mixed impressions, he finds it convenient to drift into metaphor or simile. The noise — what is it like? Is it a purr, or a hum, or a roar? Any one is a comparison. Almost the only way to describe a noise is by comparing it to a more familiar noise. Probably every one has heard a cat purr, a swarm of bees

" hum," or a lion roar. These familiar sounds are the alphabet to metaphors and similes. Then there are the big cylinders which " press " the print on the white paper as it passes between them like — like what? Notice how natural it was to say " like." The difficult part is to choose the right comparison. Like pie crust under a rolling pin? Like clothes going through a wringer?

There is a type of mind too stuffy, too ill ventilated to permit cross-currents of thought to circulate freely. The well-ventilated mind comes easily by metaphors and similes. It looks for interesting comparisons in the ordinary walks of life.

Very graphic metaphors have embedded themselves in ordinary speech. So accustomed are we to the use of *goad, harrow, glean, yoke,* that perhaps we do not think of their source in the farmyard and fields. These have become stock figures of speech. To learn their source is to discover where to look for new and useful metaphors. " To harrow one's feelings," " to glean from books " — poetic, yet practical! One may look farther in the farmyard for less common metaphors.

Animals supply an interesting group of metaphors: *crestfallen, at bay, decoy, trap.* The literal meaning of these words suggests uses that are picturesque and meaningful. *Crestfallen* comes from the days of cockfighting. The defeated cock's crest falls. Nowadays the idiomatic use of the term, for some at least, has obscured this original metaphor. In similar manner we speak of a person being *at bay, in a trap, used as a decoy.* Here are imaginative meanings accepted even by the unimaginative. Whether he wills it or no, he uses the metaphor.

From trades have come the expressions *brand-new, sterling, batch, masterpiece,* now used metaphorically at quite a distance from their literal meaning. With each new material phase of civilization — war, invention, mode of life — comes a stock of new metaphors. These are the common possession of us all from which to draw our comparisons.

To the individual his own experience, however, is the most fruitful source of figures of speech. It is one's own reaction to cooking, driving an automobile, planting; his own reaction to a scene, a person, or an object, that should suggest the most inter-

esting comparisons. One must first recognize the great storehouse of metaphors and similes already coined in our language. Then it is time to start out on one's own hunt. To make use of the metaphor and simile in one's speech is to add color and charm to one's expression.

EXPERIMENT 12

Using as sources of figures your own environment — school, home, mathematics, history, athletics, etc. — jot down in a section in your journal headed "Metaphor and Simile," under the larger heading "Color Photography," some homemade figures of speech. For example, the ideas expressed in the words *equation, tackle, pantry* may be used in comparison. I may compare the neat balance of an algebraic equation to my neighbor's mind, the tackling in football to tackling a job, and a large pantry to the storeroom of the mind. Here is the stuff of which metaphors and similes are made.

It is possible to translate impressions of one sense into terms of another; to describe sounds in terms of sights. We speak of a *pattern* of music; a smell we speak of as *heavy,* as if it had weight, dimensions, etc.

Try describing impressions brought by all five of the senses in metaphor or simile. Try, for instance, to describe the sensation of drinking ginger ale or pop; of walking barefoot on the grass; of swallowing a pill without water, etc. See if metaphors and similes won't make such descriptions graphic.

From now on, you should collect striking figures of speech, and preserve them in your journal.

It is stimulating to practice, for the time being, thinking largely in terms of metaphor and simile. Ask of every impression: "What is it like?" Snow on a spruce tree; the expression on the face of the newsboy; the argument in the newspaper; the manner of the bookkeeper — what are they like? Try tabulating for a day or so; thus:

1. Snow on spruce tree, like { Lux suds. / fluffs of cotton.
2. Expression of newsboy, " { a bit of sunshine. / whipped cur.
3. Argument in newspaper, " { scales balanced exactly. / teeter-totter standing still.

EXPERIMENT 13

Experiments 12 and 13 are both included under the general theme of "Color Photography." In Experiment 12 you have been merely practicing with the isolated figure of speech in order to become more familiar with it. In this experiment, you are asked to use it in some colored snapshots. Continue the same sort of sentence description as you have been writing, but add the color by means of the figure of speech, the simile or the metaphor. On page 51 the brilliantly colored snapshots used as illustrations will serve you as a model.

Impressionistic Photography.

The artist takes liberties with the scenes he is sketching. He does not necessarily paint what you or I would see in the same scene, but only what he sees. There is this personal element, this subjective coloring which allows the painter and the sculptor to convey not only his picture but his own personality as well.

Photography, on the other hand, the actual photographing of scenes and persons, is bound by the physical facts to confine itself to reproducing what the lens sees. Here again word photography scores an advantage. It, like impressionistic writing, may color its scenes with personality.

We often color our facts by our attitude toward them. The same set of facts does not appear the same to us all. One tells you how a thing seems to him and not necessarily how it actually is. This subjective coloring adds charm to speech and writing, for it reveals the personality of the speaker and writer.

The image of a crowd, *the formidable monster with the numberless faces,* stood before him amid the purple and gold of the great hall. — D'Annunzio, *The Flame of Life.*

Here is an example of subjective coloring. To another person with a different attitude toward a crowd, the picture would not at all resemble "the formidable monster with the numberless faces," but something happier, perhaps a "sea of faces," or something objective with no personal meaning at all — "a dark zone dotted with pale spots."

Here is another example in which the writer's personality creeps in:

A half mile north from Jo Dunfer's on the road to Hutton's farm, the highway dips into a sunless ravine which opens out on either hand in a confidential manner as if it had a secret to impart at some more convenient season. — AMBROSE BIERCE.

This writer finds a sunless ravine friendly. Another comparison might hint that the dark ravine was a place of mystery, lonesomeness, or horror.

Experiments with such simple bits of subjective description will reveal presently the deeper meanings not only of scenes and persons but of the experimenter's own individual reaction to the scene. It is fun to compare one's own reaction to a ghost story, a waterfall, or a crowded room with the reactions of one's friends. We all get a satisfaction from our own attitudes, whatever they may be. It is increasingly interesting to achieve growing alertness to life.

EXPERIMENT 14

Try these impressionistic photographs of your own impressions. Analyze your own peculiar reactions to familiar scenes. The choice of figures of speech will in a measure express a personal attitude. Study carefully, in the scene or person you describe, exactly the qualities in your impression which make your impression distinctly *yours*. Your own reaction to a parade, a wound, a dance, the sea, jazz, housework, machinery, or a detective story may be unique and therefore of interest. As in the preceding experiments, write but brief sentences, "snapshots" of the things you see or hear or feel, this time trying more particularly to include subjective coloring.

Time Exposures.

In this strenuous day of motorcycles, aëroplanes, and moving pictures, the detailed descriptions of Scott, Dickens, or Thackeray are often pronounced by the thoughtless reader too slow to retain his interest. Along with his speed mania in travel, he feels the restless urge to "arrive" in his reading, to get through with the story, to finish the book, as if reading were a race to be run, a distance to go, instead of a pleasure to be enjoyed on the way.

Perhaps when this speed of an overstimulated age has subsided, we shall get back to the calm, reflective pleasures of the

well-poised spirit. We shall tarry again over a long description, feeling no hurry to have done with it. The cultivated mind learns that it cannot afford to risk its literary appetite for the stimulation of the moment.

Modern writing, with its condensed, suggestive phrasing, is a distinct contribution to literary art which the reader may congratulate himself on learning to appreciate. But in his enthusiasm over modern skill, he cannot afford to ignore the artistic triumphs of an earlier age. Modern verse has not replaced the older verse; neither has the modern novel dethroned Dickens and Thackeray. In our feverish desire to appreciate our own age, we may be neglecting important contributions of an earlier age. A restless reader should learn to widen his scope of enjoyment to include all varieties of the best literature.

The short, suggestive description which we have analyzed under the caption of "snapshots," of which modern authors are so fond, seems to be the more practical in that it attains its end more quickly. It seems to be able to present in a flash a whole picture without the necessity for complete detail. There is something almost telepathic in this way of communicating ideas. Perhaps it belongs to the age of radio, the age when distance between the sender and the receiver has been so magically shortened. The suggestive description is just such a telegraphic message shot through the ether.

The long description, on the contrary, is interesting for the very leisureliness of its message. It glories in the minute details it elaborates. The author lingers lovingly over the details of his description much as an artist over his picture. His creation is a piece of handmade furniture where the tiniest knob or the most hidden joint is a perfect piece of craftsmanship. Or it might be compared to the embroideries and tapestries which a loving hand has slowly and patiently woven. One may prefer a Monet picture, where the sole purpose is to produce but one effect — to render the shimmer of light and color and atmosphere on a building; but one cannot fail to respect the art of Meissonier, who was a master of the small brush and finished each minute detail with utmost care.

In the following description by Sir Walter Scott, you may

note a literary artist's genius for detail. To return to our photographic figure, we might call this a "time exposure." One is fairly immersed in the details of the scene by Scott's generosity.

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greensward; in some places they were mingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long, sweeping vistas in the intricacy of whch the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of sylvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discolored light that partially hung upon the sheltered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. — *Ivanhoe.*

Note again this detailed description of a garment by Scott:

His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body clothing; there was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt or ancient hauberk. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet, and a roll of thin leather was twined artificially around the legs, and ascending above the calf, left the knees bare like those of a Scottish Highlander. — *Ivanhoe.*

There is something fine about Scott's descriptions. Perhaps you once saw a handmade garment from your grandmother's trousseau which was finished on the inside as carefully as on the outside. And perhaps you have contrasted this sewing with the quick, careless basting of the more modern garments which seek only for the temporary effect of the outside. The latter do not stand the test of time for all their brilliant exteriors.

Think you the modern girl will have lingerie to hand down to her grandchildren?

Here we have a rough parallel to descriptive writing. There is a fine binding of seams in those old descriptions. There is a careful workmanship which one may well attempt to match.

EXPERIMENT 15

Try this adventure in thoroughness of observation. Note any interesting object — a room, a cabinet, a penknife, what not — and assemble every detail which would make surer its identification. Make the description as complete as those illustrated above. Try for completeness this time, as well as vividness. Don't forget to continue use of the metaphor and simile in order to give color to the description.

Moving Pictures.

Description of interesting action supplies the same stimulus to the senses that the moving picture does. The uncertainties of the next moment lend a thrill. The fleeting scenes must be caught if the kaleidoscopic picture is to be vivid and lifelike. The following description by Joseph Conrad, a master of the story, tells of an exciting moment on board a ship during a typhoon in the China Sea. Note the swift concreteness of the description. Each sentence turns a new horror to the eye.

Pieces of wood whizzed past. "Planks," he [the boatswain] thought, inexpressibly startled, flinging back his head. At his feet a man went sliding over, open-eyed, on his back, straining with uplifted arms for nothing. And another came, sounding like a detached stone, with his head between his legs and his hands clenched. His pigtail whipped in the air; he made a grab at the boatswain's legs, and from his open hand a bright white disc rolled against the boatswain's foot. He recognized a silver dollar and yelled at it with astonishment. With a precipitate sound of trampling and shuffling of bare feet, and with guttural cries, the mound of writhing bodies piled up to port, detached itself from the ship's side, and, sliding, inert and struggling, shifted to starboard with a dull brutal thump. The cries ceased. The boatswain heard a long moan through the roar and whistling of the wind; he saw an inextricable confusion of heads and shoulders, naked soles kicking upwards, fists raised, tumbling backs, legs, pigtails, faces.

"Good Lord," he cried, horrified, and banged to the iron door upon this vision. — *Typhoon.*

In the following description from Edna Ferber's *So Big*, you follow with interest another action. The description here is so simply, yet so deftly turned that the reader finds himself kneeling before the "pot-bellied" stove kindling the schoolhouse fire for the day. Here, by the skillful choice of a few words, this picture is drawn before you:

In the little vestibule there was a box filled with chunks of stove wood and another heaped with dried corncobs. Alongside this a can of kerosene. The cobs served as kindling. A dozen or more of these you soaked with kerosene and stuffed into the maw of the rusty iron pot-bellied stove. A match. Up flared the corncobs. Now was the moment for a small stick of wood; another to keep it company. Shut the door. Draughts — dampers — smoke — suspense. A blaze, then a crackle. The wood has caught. In with a chunk now. A wait — another chunk. Close the door. The schoolhouse fire is started for the day.

EXPERIMENT 16

Try describing a shifting scene. Make a moving-picture reel of a polo game, a brush fire, a circus on a hot day. Notice the comparisons in the moving pictures above: "sounding like a detached stone," "pot-bellied stove." Remember to keep up practice with figures of speech.

EXPERIMENT 17

The following descriptive sketches by high-school students of a school kitchen are offered here for practice in measuring the worth of a piece of writing. Students are to read each one carefully and then attempt to place it in a scale of excellence by arranging in their journals the letters in the order of preference, thus: "Poorest" —— "Best."

Taking everything into consideration, students are to measure the following pieces of writing in terms of what they think poor, fair, good, and excellent. Class discussion should reveal interesting differences of opinion. Every placing of a number on the scale should be determined by specific reasons. Make comments in your journals about the value of these descriptions. Criticize the choice of words, comparisons, etc.

A

The procession filed on, past pile upon pile of crockery, kitchen utensils, and knives of various kinds and descriptions. In the center, suspended from a rough wood railing, was a heterogeneous collection of dangerous-looking implements, ranging from a com-

mon fork to a massive cleaner, the surface of the latter reflecting, refracting, and even scintillating as it dangled under a powerful incandescent. Upon the opposite side stood a large piece of ponderous machinery, painted a dull green and bearing the words "Electric Dishwasher." The marble walls shone like polished silver, so free were they of grime, grease, or dust. A knife, slightly larger than the rest, rested against the wall like some historical rapier handed down from generation to generation, a marker of bravery and bloodshed in the forgotten past. All was silent; there was no sound save for a muffled or restrained tittering of some girl. The kitchen crew stood and stared, a foolish smile gathering around ignorant, yet kindly, countenances. The procession halted at a massive door hewn out of solid oak; then they slowly began to retrace their steps. A large copper vat now came into evidence, apparently for some washing purposes. Then off to the left was a mass of objects piled in puzzling confusion which the eye took in at a glance as a mere indistinguishable blur but which gradually disentangled itself into hundreds of dishes. A large instrument, use unknown, hung from above, vibrating and dangling as though it leaned upon the shoulders of some giant stricken with palsy. The procession passed on.

B

We strolled downstairs, all the while possessed with a delightful sense of anticipation as to our destination. When we passed the greenhouse, with its cool, sweet greenness like many dainty ferns after a light summer's shower, various conjectures were made, which announced that we were bound for the greenhouse. Again we were mistaken. We wandered through another hall lined with lockers, and finally reached a door which was immediately recognized as that leading through to the lunchroom kitchen. A confusion of brightly shining pans, tables and huge black ovens, all through which pervaded the crisp, appetizing odor of frying — or else baking — salmon, was our first impression. At our left, as we entered, stood large black stoves, like huge Negro sentinels guarding a pirate's treasure. Indeed, in a sense they *were* guarding a treasure. At the tables sat the workers in the lunchroom, their faces red and perspiring from the hot morning's work. They gazed rather sheepishly at us — for no apparent reason, except perhaps the unusual one of having become such objects of interest. A few sandwiches had been placed in a corner and seemed rather forlorn. In the cabinets, row after row, the gleaming pans and thick, coarse bowls were neatly placed. Near the opposite door was a clothes-rack, with dish-towels neatly stacked upon it, an imminent portent of the dishes to follow the wild scramble of two thousand students hungrily waiting for an already tardy lunch.

C

Upon approaching the hidden mystery its secret was revealed to us by a pleasing, teasing smell that made me immediately think of lunch and that I was as broke as a glass plate falling from a precipice. Ah! it was the rear of the lunchroom. Daintily clad women prepared our food from the raw state to the unraw state. The dish-washing machine, standing silent and alone, waiting patiently for the slimy, greasy plates to be placed in its boiling, stirring, undisturbed water and to come out clean and ready for dinner like a boy, playing all afternoon, who then must go through the ordeal of getting ready for the next meal.

The Hamburger sandwiches did not tempt me. Were they to be eaten or had they been eaten? I did not know as I viewed the dreadful mess.

The leisurely eating women almost made me think of some famous society women, eating in a fashionable, unconcerned way that took years of practice, in some quiet, peaceful, cool roadhouse.

The stern look given us as we tried to grab a tempting sandwich reminded me of a judge sentencing a man to life imprisonment.

D

A laughing crowd started on a crusade to the kitchen. It was a straggling, expectant crowd just like little children toddling through fairyland. We traveled through the sunny south, which was the wide corridor. Then down the rocky mountains into the land of our expectations. As we moved slowly on, we saw a young woman slouched down in her seat, munching a doughnut. Here in another corner quite a different cook. A prim neat little woman was scrubbing the cupboard with all her might and main. What funny machines! Great heavy things that look like an electric washer.

How quiet and solemn the country around except for the buzzing noise and the stamping sound of the thirty seekers.

On the return the tantalizing smell from the kitchen reached our nostrils. First the hungry mouth would cry for some deliciously tinted brown salmon fresh from the oven. But as we continued our never tiresome trip, the murky waters of the dish-pan filled with dishes made us close our eyes. The gleaming pans hanging from a hook took on a brighter hue of life. We passed the stifling smell of the shop and once more returned to our schoolroom.

E

We started from the classroom and went rather noisily down to the lunchroom. With eager eyes we watched everything so that we could write our descriptions when we came back. The kitchen

is like a long hall, with scoured kettles hanging on the walls. In the kitchen there is an automatic dishwasher that looks like a scale. The baker's man had just come with the bread. The cooks were waiting for the rush at first lunch. There were the brightly polished aluminum vases.

F

We were met at the door of the kitchen by a mingled odor of many different kinds of food. No one odor belonging to any certain food could be determined. It was as mysterious as chow mein. Once inside, we saw a huge canopy over the stove to take away as much smoke and odor as possible. There were tables scrubbed spotlessly clean. On the walls were shelves of shining, clean crockery and large pitchers bright as mirrors, all in order like companies of soldiers.

Our hungry eyes feasted on huge piles of sandwiches, the only food visible, and, no doubt, less were visible after our departure. Everything and everybody seemed prepared to meet the charge of the starving battalions who would be upon them in a few minutes.

G

The class went through the kitchen to observe what was in there. There were pots and pans lined up on shelves everywhere. The spoons were hung up over the tables. The smells of bread and tomatoes and many other goodies were surely inviting to the nostrils.

The aluminum pans looked like large heads of newly plucked cabbage. The salmon looked like large pieces of flaky pink stuff. The potatoes like a sea of clouds. The dishwater with dirty dishes looked like a muddy pond full of rubbish.

The large iron stoves made me think of the olden times when armor was being used to great advantage. The tin pans with large quantities of sandwiches on them made me think of the summer days when every one is getting ready for a picnic. One of the women in the kitchen was washing woodwork. It reminded me of Saturday morning when my mother makes us get busy with the housework in general.

The atmosphere of the kitchen was inviting. Many times when my mother is cooking I snoop around to see what she is making. Instead of being any help to her, I turn out to be a pretty bad nuisance. I guess that is what some of the women in the kitchen thought when we came through and observed their work.

H

As we passed through the lunchroom we saw the cooks sitting at the tables, and one of them waddled across the room to the

counter, where he sat down. As we passed on, we saw a dishpan full of dishes, and at one side of the room was a large sink where the waste material was thrown. A cake-pan was in it and was full of water. The water had a scummy substance on the top that reminded me of scum on a swamp where lily pads grow. As we neared the end, one cook was eating, and as we approached her, she dropped her head. When we reached the end of the room, we turned around and started back.

I

The group of students strolled leisurely through the kitchen. Some of them seemed to devour everything with their eyes; the others seemed devoid of all interest. On a table we saw a motley assortment of viands. Salmon that was a coral pink looked like rose-petals packed tightly together. The mashed potatoes, virginal in their whiteness, were clouds that had left their home in the heavens. The long white tables gave one an impression of a scientific laboratory; the workers, clad in starchy white aprons, increased the effect by their serious and businesslike demeanor.

J

The first thing I noticed was long stretches of tables, scarred in many battles with the chopping knife and such implements of kitchen warfare. The kettles and pans were strung along the wall as reserve battalions. They turned blackened and dented faces accusingly upon us. The dishwater is a grim old warrior ready to vanquish a regiment of dishes at a moment's notice. A tall cabinet which held many gleaming jars seemed to look proudly upon its stores and gaze at the tables as much as to say: "You're such nonentities." The stove, always the kitchen tyrant, clattered its doors disdainfully as we trooped past. No doubt it was thinking: "Those children belong in a heathen land. They don't know how to walk when a cake is in the oven." A small mountain of baking pans fairly fell over themselves in surprise at this invasion of their domain. The enameled sinks sagged wearily and their faucets dripped in a most discouraged fashion.

K

As we passed through the kitchen, the first thing we inhaled was the smell of salmon. The shelves, stoves, and cooking utensils were scoured so beautifully, they gave me the impression of a well-kept kitchen. As we passed through, the cooks hurriedly ate their lunch; evidently they had no time to waste, for it was close to the first lunch hour.

As we scrambled through the kitchen like a bunch of hungry scoundrels, I did not observe much of anything the first time. We

went through a second time. The sandwiches were stacked high; evidently they were expecting a bunch of famished students, by the looks of the stacks. One of the boys quite cleverly snatched a sandwich.

L

The large kitchen is on the first floor. The cooks were idle, for it was about noon. Some of them were munching the last fragments of their hurried meal. Some of them were eating large pieces of salmon.

There were many high ovens along one side of the kitchen. Some of the large dishes were heaped high with white, flaky mashed potatoes. All the fixtures were unusually large, but the gigantic ovens loomed up above them all like a mountain. The dish-pan was large enough to wash all the ordinary kitchen utensils at once. The discarded dishwater was as black as mud. The kitchen, in spite of its great size, was clean. There was a pleasing odor in the kitchen. One couldn't distinguish what it was, because many odors were mixed together.

All utensils were perfectly clean, and they were unmarred by their constant use.

M

The line was formed in front of our room and we paraded down to the kitchen of the lunchroom. At the left was a huge stove which was belching out heat like a blast furnace. On the table were several pans of baked salmon which lent their pungent aroma to the atmosphere. The lunchroom helpers were appeasing their appetites with plentiful portions of salmon and other tasty edibles which are beyond the purse of the average student. The man that pushes the cart which is always laden with milk bottles and plates was watching us, and at the same time munching ponderously as though he was meditating upon the time when he was a schoolboy. The dishwasher was giving off clouds of steamy vapor like a locomotive on a cold morning.

Sound Pictures.

We have become so accustomed in the moving picture to silent dramatic action that few people miss the human voice in the cinema theater. It is quite possible to tell a story interestingly in pantomime without the accompaniment of the human voice.

Not quite so easy is it to tell a story by the voice unaided by action which the eye may follow. The radio and victrola, however, have made us familiar with this kind of story-telling

as well. Those who listen to a dramatic reading on the victrola or radio find little difficulty in creating the pictures of character and setting entirely from the sounds they hear. The brazen voices in a quarrel scene, the contemptuous sneer of the villain, a pistol shot, a knock at the door, photograph the appearance of the characters and the atmosphere of the scene.

In hearing music one also makes pictures from sounds, partly from association and partly from suggestion. It is not difficult for a trained imagination to visualize a minuet or a dance of toy soldiers from the music alone. We may see the smoke of battle, a spring festival, or a prison tower from the sounds that suggest them. The impressions of one sense may be translated into symbols of another. Quite frequently we interchange the adjectives commonly used to describe the impressions of one sense with adjectives more commonly used to describe another. We speak of a "loud" necktie, a "colorful" tune, or a "brittle" speech, as if the necktie were noisy, or the tune brilliant, or the speech would break at a touch. Such an interchange of sense impressions is the basis of much descriptive language.

So far, in the discussion of word photography, we have been discussing the ability of a person to convey a picture through the written word. We are to consider here the possibilities of enhancing that picturesque quality of words by means of the instrument of the human voice. The master of vocal expression is not only able to create pictures with words; he is able to interpret these pictures to another with his voice. He may command at will all the variations of sound — pitch, inflection, tone color — so as to indicate the various shades of thought and feeling which the words themselves suggest. He is not only a master in choosing words; he is a master in using them, as well.

Variation of Sound.

Readers will be able to recall to memory the dreary recitation of some one who spoke in a monotone, every syllable striking the ear as a dull repetition of sound. Variety may be introduced into oral speech by two voice changes, pitch and

inflection. *Pitch* is the name given to those broad changes of tone from phrase to phrase, and *inflection,* to those changes of tone within a word itself. Pitch may register a change of thought; inflection, a change in emotion. By a change of pitch one guides the listener through the complexities of a sentence to the central thought. Pitch is governed by the thought to be expressed. For lightness and joy, a high pitch is used. One's voice naturally rises in pitch for happy moods. A low pitch is used for solemnity. The ghost in *Hamlet* would say "I am thy father's spirit" at a low pitch.

Inflection pronounces a single word so that it indicates the emotion behind the word. One may say the word *yes* in such a way as to indicate extreme boredom, determination, or contempt. Variety is gained by means of sliding from one pitch to another. A well-trained voice may employ the full range of voice — that is, about two octaves.

Consider just how the voice may make a picture more vivid in the following quotation from *Macbeth.* The reader in this brief passage may express his whole interpretation of Lady Macbeth.

The story of *Macbeth* has just reached the point where Lady Macbeth is planning with her husband to murder King Duncan as he sleeps, and thus "catch the nearest way" to the crown of Scotland. Macbeth, the less willing of the two, has just said: "If we should fail?" Lady Macbeth replies:

> We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking place,
> And we'll not fail.

Let us consider what the voice alone may do with this passage in suggesting the attitude of Lady Macbeth.

One interpretation would say it thus, the different levels suggesting a change in pitch:

> We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking place,
> And we'll not fail.

In this interpretation, "we fail" is said with an air of finality: "Well, we fail, and that's all there is to it."

Or it might be said with a special inflection of the words *we* and *fail:* "*We fail!*" — an exclamation of surprise at such a preposterous idea.

The last line may be interpreted like this:

not
And we'll fail.

The emphasis on the word *not* speaks determination which will not admit defeat. Or there may be a reading of the lines suggesting a tender reassurance. In such a case the pitch would remain the same, but the inflection of the words *we* and *fail* would carry assurance.

It is interesting to note the different interpretations of Shakespearean rôles by different actors. Julia Marlowe, for example, reads the lines beginning: "The quality of mercy is not strained," quite differently from other Portias. As nearly as one may indicate the difference by a diagram, it is something like this:

mercy
The quality of is not strained!

She emphasizes *mercy* so as to put "the quality of mercy" on a different plane from the quality of anything else.

In one reading of a line, therefore, we see that it is possible to suggest to the imagination quite a different picture from that suggested by another reading. Different artists will receive slightly different impressions of character and communicate these differences through their voices.

Tone Color.

Tone color is that musical quality of words and syllables which changes the emotional emphasis of a sentence. A sound-artist uses words as a painter uses color, to mark contrast, subtle blending, or vivid effects. For a fuller explanation of tone color, the reader is asked to turn to pages 84–97, where the subject is discussed in connection with poetry.

EXPERIMENT 18

The following descriptions are to be read aloud in an attempt to bring out by inflection, pitch, tone color, something more of the picturesqueness of the scenes than the printed words accomplish. It might add interest to the experiment if the reading is done behind a screen, allowing only the voice to interpret. For each reading, the other members of the class may write in their journals, under the heading "Sound Pictures," something of the effect which the voice produced.

A

The following passage, part of a poem, is to be read so that such phrases as *flash in the sun, splashing horses, flutter gayly,* may suggest through tone color something of the picturesqueness of the scene of cavalry crossing a ford.

A line in long array where they wind betwixt green islands,
They take a serpentine course, their arms flash in the sun — hark to the musical clank,
Behold the silvery river, in it the splashing horses loitering stop to drink,
Behold the brown-faced men, each group, each person a picture, the negligent rest on the saddles,
Some emerge on the opposite bank, others are just entering the ford — while,
Scarlet and blue and snowy white,
The guidon flags flutter gayly in the wind.

— Walt Whitman.

B

In this description can you reproduce with your voice the humor of the scene?

I understand, my friend, for three centimes I can eat, drink, and wash my face, all by means of one of those slices of watermelon you display there on a little table. But occidental prejudices would prevent me from enjoying that simple pleasure freely and frankly. And how could I suck a watermelon? I have enough to do merely to keep on my feet in this crowd.

What a luminous noisy night in the Strada di Porto! Mountains of fruit tower up in the shops, illuminated by multicolored lanterns. Upon charcoal furnaces lighted in the open air, water boils and steams, and ragouts are singing in frying pans. The smell of fried fish and hot meats tickles my nose and makes me sneeze. At this moment I find that my handkerchief has left the pocket of my frock coat. I am pushed, lifted up and turned in every direction by the

gayest, the most talkative, the most animated, and the most adroit populace possible to imagine; and suddenly a gay woman of the people, while I am admiring her magnificent hair, with a single shock of her magnificent shoulder pushes me staggering three paces back at least, without injury, into the arms of a macaroni-eater who receives me with a smile. — ANATOLE FRANCE, *The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard.*

C

The following passage from Sydney Lanier's "The Symphony" is to be read in an attempt to suggest with the voice something of the loveliness of the sound which is described.

But presently
A velvet flute-note fell down pleasantly
Upon the bosom of that harmony,
And sailed and sailed incessantly,
As if a petal from a wild rose blown
Had fluttered down upon that port of time,
And boatwise dropped o'er the convex side,
And floated down the glassy tide,
And clarified and glorified
The solemn spaces where the shadows hide.
From the warm concave of that fluted note
Somewhat, half song, half odor, forth did float,
As if a rose might somehow be a throat.

D

The following passage from *Julius Caesar* offers splendid opportunity for revealing character and attitude through the voice. Study well the differences in attitude between Cassius and Brutus.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I, an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a notebook, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are overearnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

E

Can you read the following passages from *Macbeth,* bringing out with your voice the emotional coloring?

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly; if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked newborn babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other. . . .

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder.
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,

And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*]
I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

EXPERIMENT 19

Too frequently in conversation the speaker omits the description which makes the incidents which he relates vivid in the minds of his listeners.

In this experiment you are to plan the sort of description which you might make in a conversation. Think of an amusing incident, an awkward moment, a tragic figure, and plan to tell it to the class in informal conversation. Choose your words with the care which this chapter has taught you. You will not wish to weary your listeners with long descriptions. Your scenes and characters should be vivid, however, through the choice of picturesque words and appropriate variations of tone.

EXPERIMENT 20

Plan a brief speech on some topic which a student in high school might be called upon to give, such as the following:

1. Address of welcome to freshmen.
2. A solicitation for a subscription to a school paper or magazine.
3. A speech at a "pep" mass meeting.
4. A speech at a victory banquet.
5. A class-day speech.

In planning your speech, make a very brief outline which may be written in very small writing on a series of tiny cards. You may use these as you talk. Your delivery should help, not hinder, the acceptance of your speech.

EXPERIMENT 21

Practice retelling stories of various types. The class might arrange a story-telling contest in which stories of mystery or horror, dialect stories, stories of character, stories of exciting adventure, etc., are told with appropriate word expression. Review in preparation the last part of Chapter I. Your journal should include comments about the success or failure of this experiment.

EXPERIMENT 22

Read to the class some scene from a play, attempting to show by your voice the difference in the characters.

Reproduce for practice, also, some amusing or interesting conversation you overhear. Give it as it might be given in an ordinary interesting conversation.

In your journal criticize your classmates' readings.

CHAPTER III

WORD MUSIC

The Poetic Impulse.

The reader of this book will not be too far away from childhood to remember that urgent desire, common to all mankind, to "see what it feels like." Perhaps an elder brother persuaded you to taste a "harmless" weed, or to put your tongue against a piece of cold steel, or to take hold of the other end of a metal wand; and you counted the feeling of needles in your throat, or the loss of a piece of skin from the tip of your tongue, or the prickles along your arm, all in the interests of a new experience. Children have this natural impulse for experience; they love to find out "what it feels like" for themselves. Childhood is the age of discovery.

Have you ever wondered why you are held spellbound by a blood-curdling tale of murder, or why a crowd will stand fascinated by a horrible accident? It need not startle you to be reminded that human nature likes the taste of life which even horror and tragedy provide. It is a natural impulse to wish to see all life's color and variety, to feel all its fervor and intensity, to taste experience to the full. This zest of living is called the poetic impulse of life.

Not all people, however, retain that enthusiasm for experience which is so strong in children and poets. Too often the joy in things for their own sake is lost in reaching some so-called "practical" end in life. This goal may, perhaps, be to "get through" with school, to beat a rival, or to make a fortune. When the mere purpose to arrive becomes over-strong, it spoils all love for the art of living.

But those who have not lost the poetic impulse find an unceasing interest in life. People who retain the poetic impulse are never bored; to them each present moment of life is precious, whether it brings a sting or a caress.

Not all who have the poetic impulse could ever write poetry. But a try at verse-writing is a pleasant experiment, and one

that fits in with the instinct for tasting experience. The following poem suggests how close to life poetry is:

POETRY

I am the reality of things that seem;
The great transmuter, melting loss to gain,
Languor to love, and finding joy from pain.
I am the waking, who am called the dream;
I am the sun, all light reflects my gleam;
I am the altar-fire within the fane;
I am the force of the refreshing rain;
I am the sea to which flows every stream.
I am the utmost height there is to climb;
I am the truth, mirrored in fancy's glass;
I am stability, all else will pass;
I am eternity, encircling time;
Kill me, none may; conquer me, nothing can —
I am God's soul, fused in the soul of man.

— Ella Crosby Heath.

EXPERIMENT 23

In a section of your journal, headed "Poetic Pleasure" or some such title, recall for your own interest some of the poetic impulses of your childhood. Perhaps it was an early discovery of the beautiful or unusual and you were thrilled by the new experience. A flame, perhaps? Your shadow? The taste of an olive? Electricity from the cat's back?

Quite possibly you gave interesting utterance to these vivid experiences. Possibly your mother can help you to recall those first "poetic" sayings of childhood. Did you first discover height as "nearest to the sky"?

See what your memory, with Mother's or Father's help, will reveal about the poetic impulses of your childhood.

The Art of Giving Names.

To be told a thing in prose, some one has said, *is just to be told;* but to be told in poetry *is to learn by experience.* Poetry may be called the art of giving picture-making names.

Words can do more than merely indicate some object or point out its significance. As the poet uses them, they so enrich the meaning as to give pleasurable experience. In the following lines, familiar words take on this added richness:

Sweet peas on tiptoe for a flight. — KEATS.
Wide are the meadows of a night and daisies are shining there.
— DE LA MARE.

Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care. — SHAKESPEARE.

Choice and Comparison.

And what are the qualities of such expressions by which experiences are made luminous? Is it beauty of expression? Not beauty alone. We enjoy experiences which are not beautiful. The choice of poetic words depends upon more than beauty. The following pictures are not beautiful:

He heard an owl go hunting by
And the shriek of the mouse the owl made die,
And the purr of the owl as he tore the red
Strings from between his claws and fed;
The smack of joy of the horny lips,
Marbled green with the bloody strips.
— MASEFIELD.

A row of bearded fellows . . . four . . .
In handcuffs . . . chained to an iron bar . . .
Their bare feet straining to the slimy floor . . .
Stripped to their ragged underwear . . .
Their bruises not yet hardened to a scar . . .
Four bearded chins upon four breasts in prayer.
— LEONARD.

Expressions of ugliness or horror may be powerful in their realism. Such expressions are distinctive because of the truth of experience which they flash. Perhaps wonder is the basis of poetic choice. Words must startle the imagination into vivid perception with suddenness and surprise.

EXPERIMENT 24

For your second experiment in poetry, try naming the commonplace experiences of the day by phrases which will startle the imagination. With a word or phrase, can you give pleasurable experience? Try naming such things as the following poetically:

candlelight	skating
a locomotive	soapsuds
a forward pass	a siren
a lighted Christmas tree	a fog
an electric fan	a yawn

The Realization of the Senses.

The following passage from Keats's *The Eve of St. Agnes* gives the reader a realization of sensation:

> St. Agnes' Eve — ah, bitter chill it was!
> The owl for all his feathers was a-cold;
> The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
> And silent was the flock in woolly fold;
> Numb were the Beadsman's fingers while he told
> His rosary, and while his frosted breath . . .

And here is another realization of the world of the senses:

THE GARDEN BY MOONLIGHT

A black cat among roses,
Phlox, lilac-misted under a first-quarter moon,
The sweet smells of heliotrope and night-scented stock.
The garden is very still,
It is dazed with moonlight,
Contented with perfume,
Dreaming the opium dreams of its folded poppies.
Firefly lights open and vanish,
High as the tip buds of the golden glow,
Low as the sweet-alyssum flowers at my feet.
Moon-shimmer on leaves and trellises,
Moon-spikes shafting through the snowball bush.
Only the little faces of the lady's-delight are alert and staring,
Only the cat, padding between the roses,
Shakes a branch and breaks the checkered pattern
As water is broken by the falling of a leaf.
Then you come.
And you are quiet like the garden,
And white like the alyssum flowers,
And beautiful as the silent sparks of the fireflies.
Ah, Belovèd, do you see those orange lilies?
They knew my mother,
But whom belonging to me will they know
When I am gone?

— Amy Lowell.

The Realization of Emotion.

Poetry, also, gives the reader a realization of emotion — fear, love, sorrow, disgust, etc. Just as we wish to experience action and sensation for its own sake, so do we like to feel the

poignancy of another's emotion. The following brief poem transmits its emotional tone very readily to the reader:

IN A RAILROAD STATION

We stood in the shrill electric light
  Dumb and sick in the whirling din,
We who had all of love to say
  And a single second to say it in.

"Good-bye!" "Good-bye!"—you turned to go;
  I felt the train's slow heavy start—
You thought to see my cry, but, oh!
  My tears were hidden in my heart.

—SARA TEASDALE.

The Realization of an Idea.

It is the poet who reminds us that ideas are also a part of the adventure of being. Just as the poet loves sensation and emotion for their own sake, so he loves ideas, because thinking is a very real form of experience.

The following passages illustrate the power of an idea expressed in poetry. The same ideas have been expressed before; here they are given the peculiar energy which is the property of poetry.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
  Hath had elsewhere its setting
    And cometh from afar:
  Not in entire forgetfulness
  And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
    From God, who is our home. —WORDSWORTH.

Here is a modern poem expressing an idea:

We all are blind until we see
  That in the human plan
Nothing is worth making if
  It does not make the man.

Why build these cities glorious
  If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the world unless
  The builder also grows.

—EDWIN MARKHAM.

EXPERIMENT 25

The following volumes of verse, compiled by writers who remembered their own youthful tastes in poetry, should be consulted frequently during these experiments with poetry. If your library does not have these, it will have other anthologies of verse which you can use.

For this experiment you are to read some five or six poems and to note in your journal the particular kind of "realization" you find. Perhaps you will wish to copy down in the section of your journal devoted to poetry passages that appeal to you. Make your journal entries reveal your understanding of "poetic realization."

ANTHOLOGIES COMPILED FOR YOUTH

De la Mare, *Come Hither*
Lang, *The Blue Poetry Book*
Lucas, *The Book of Verses for Children*
Meynell, *School of Poetry*
Milne, *When We Were Very Young*
Richards, *High Tide — Star Point*
Spaulding, *Open Gates*
Stevenson, *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*
Teasdale, *Rainbow Gold*
Untermeyer, *Yesterday and Today* and *This Singing World*
Wiggin, *Golden Tablets*

Word Music.

There is an additional aspect of poetry besides those already mentioned — the realizations of sensation, of emotion, of thought. Poetry is word music, to the ear as satisfying, with its rich cadences, as a melody.

The music of poetry is based upon rhythm, which is as deep-seated in our nature as the impulse to learn through experience. Rhythm is a race experience gained in a world made up of rhythms — the rhythm of the seasons, the tides, the breath, the cradle.

The rhythm of the waves lulls our tired senses; the rhythm of the drum incites us to action. We should expect it to follow quite naturally, therefore, that rhythm in poetry would intensify experience.

Another element which contributes to the music of a poem is the sound of the individual letters in a word, and the pro-

nunciation of a series of words in which there is a melodious sequence of sound.

In the following poem you can note, along with the rhythm which suggests foreboding, the mournful notes of the vowel sounds in such words as *home, foam, alone.*

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the Sands of Dee."
The western wind was wild and dank with foam
And all alone went she.

— Charles Kingsley.

Do you not note in the rhythm of the second and third lines a monotony which suggests the endless expanse of the sands?

In the verses that follow, some of the melancholy of twilight creeps into the melody:

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

— Gray.

There is a quiet and peace in the movement of the lines; there are the doleful cadences, again, of the broad vowel sounds — *solemn, drowsy, lull,* etc. — interrupted by such words as *tinkling,* which suggests plaintive night sounds.

The rhythm of the following lines is gayer than that of Gray's poem.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

— Holmes.

Here is a gayer, lighter mood expressed in such sounds as "ship of pearl," "sweet summer winds," "purple wings," etc.

Something of abandon and joy is expressed in such words as "flings," "venturous bark." Say the word *fling* aloud and note its spirit of freedom.

In the following poem, "Ode to a Skylark," the words *hail* and *blithe* are swift-winged words; "higher and still higher" — do not the words themselves rise and float?

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

— SHELLEY.

Rhythm contributes to the sensory effect of a poem. It may suggest the roll of thunder, the leaping of a lion, the tread of marching feet, the dance of fairies, the babbling of a brook, or the noise of horses' hoofs.

Notice in the following verses how the rhythm suggests the "hot haste" of war. Read them aloud to yourself to catch the tone quality:

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

— BYRON.

Do you notice the hurry in the words *mustering, clattering, impetuous?* One may not linger over them.

Again we may hear the clash of steel in the following rhythm:

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'

Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

— TENNYSON.

Part of the effect of this rhythm is produced by the short lines suggesting the acts of "plunging" and "charging." Part of the effect, also, is due to the individual words which sound like their meaning: *flashed, reeled, shattered.*

In the following a galloping rhythm may be noted:

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place.

— BROWNING.

In the following lines, especially the last two, is not the light, swinging movement appropriately reproduced in the rhythm?

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear
When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!

— SCOTT.

In these lines is very clearly reproduced the tread of marching feet:

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet.

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

— WHITTIER.

EXPERIMENT 26

Before attempting to analyze more specifically the elements of word music, as you will do in the next few experiments, try to get the feeling of rhythm and tone by reading various kinds of verse. Read aloud the following poems and see if you can describe the appropriateness of the rhythm and tone qualities. Can you pick out words which are particularly musical?

STARS

Alone in the night
  On a dark hill,
With pines around me
  Spicy and still,

And a heaven full of stars
  Over my head,
White and topaz
  And misty red;

Myriads with beating
  Hearts of fire
That eons
  Cannot vex or tire;

Up the dome of heaven
  Like a great hill,
I watch them marching
  Stately and still,

And I know that I
  Am honored to be
Witness
  Of so much majesty.

— Sara Teasdale.

THE DAWN WIND

At two o'clock in the morning, if you open your window and listen,
You will hear the feet of the Wind that is going to call the sun.
And the trees in the shadow rustle and the trees in the moonlight glisten,
And though it is deep, dark night, you feel that the night is done.

So do the cows in the field. They graze for an hour and lie down,
Dozing and chewing the cud; or a bird in the ivy wakes,
Chirrups one note and is still, and the restless Wind strays on,
Fidgeting far down the road, till, softly, the darkness breaks.

Back comes the Wind full strength with a blow like an angel's wing,
Gentle but waking the world, as he shouts: "The Sun! The Sun!"
And the light floods over the fields and the birds begin to sing,
And the Wind dies down in the grass. It is day and his work is done.

So when the world is asleep, and there seems no hope of her waking
Out of some long bad dream that makes her mutter and moan,
Suddenly, all men arise to the noise of fetters breaking,
And every one smiles at his neighbor and tells him his soul is his own!

—Rudyard Kipling.

TO THE LITTLE HOUSE

Dear little house, dear shabby street,
Dear books and beds and food to eat!
How feeble words are to express
The facets of your tenderness!

How white the sun comes through the pane!
In tinkling music drips the rain.
How burning bright the furnace glows!
What paths to shovel when it snows!

O dearly loved Long Island trains!
O well-remembered joys and pains!
How near the housetops Beauty leans
Along that little street in Queens!

Let these poor rhymes abide for proof
Joy dwells beneath a humble roof;
Heaven is not built of countryseats
But little queer suburban streets!

—Christopher Morley.

THE PHILOSOPHER

I saw him sitting in his door
  Trembling as old men do;
His house was old, his barn was old,
  And yet his eyes seemed new.

His eyes had seen three times my years
  And kept a twinkle still,
Though they had looked at birth and death
  And three graves on a hill.

"I will sit down with you," I said,
  "And you will make me wise;
Tell me how you have kept the joy
  Still burning in your eyes."

Then like an old-time orator
  Impressively he rose;
"I make the most of all that comes
  And the least of all that goes"—

The jingling rhythm of his words
  Echoed as old songs do—
Yet this had kept his eyes alight
  Till he was ninety-two. —SARA TEASDALE.

WINTER'S TURNING

Snow is still on the ground,
But there is a golden brightness in the air.
Across the river,
Blue,
Blue,
Sweeping widely under the arches
Of many bridges,
Is a spire and a dome,
Clear as though ringed with ice-flakes,
Golden, and pink, and jocund.
On a near-by steeple,
A golden weathercock flashes smartly,
His open beak "Cock-a-doodle-dooing"
Straight at the ear of Heaven.
A tall apartment house,
Crocus-colored,
Thrusts up from the street
Like a new-sprung flower.
Another street is edged and patterned
With the bloom of bricks,
Houses and houses of rose-red bricks,
Every window aglitter.
The city is a parterre,
Blowing and glowing,
Alight with the wind,
Washed over with gold and mercury.
Let us throw up our hats,
For we are past the age of balls
And have none handy.
Let us take hold of hands,
And race along the sidewalks,
And dodge the traffic in crowded streets.
Let us whir with the golden spoke-wheels
Of the sun.
For tomorrow Winter drops into the wastebasket
And the calendar calls it March. —AMY LOWELL.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road —
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind —
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

Sprung from the West,
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve —
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
And evermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king:
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,

Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place —
Held the long purpose like a growing tree —
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

— Edwin Markham.

VOICES

All day with anxious heart and wondering ear
  I listened to the city; heard the ground
  Echo with human thunder, and the sound
Go reeling down the streets and disappear.
The headlong hours, in their wild career,
  Shouted and sang until the world was drowned
  With babel-voices, each one more profound . . .
All day it surged — but nothing could I hear.

That night the country never seemed so still;
  The trees and grasses spoke without a word
    To stars that brushed them with their silver wings.
Together with the moon I climbed the hill,
  And in the very heart of Silence, heard
    The speech and music of immortal things.

— Louis Untermeyer.

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain —
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose Thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in!

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE TIGER

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand, and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the Lamb, make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

—William Blake.

AFTON WATER

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stockdove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear;
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear-winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening sweeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

—Robert Burns.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

—Tennyson.

These I have loved:
White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faëry dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamplight; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon

Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is
Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
The good smell of old clothes; and other such —
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
About dead leaves and last year's ferns. . . .

— RUPERT BROOKE.

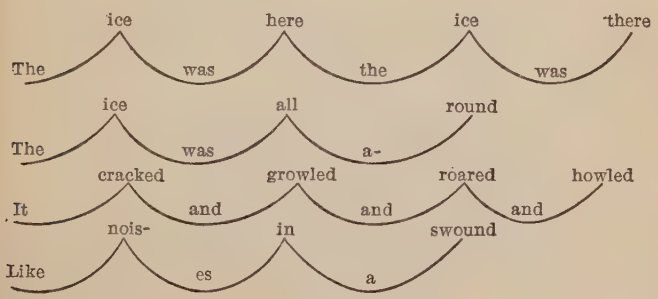
The Pattern of a Poem.

Symmetry and variety underlie the design of any poem. Symmetry, that quality in art which is expressed by one mass balancing another, is created by rhythm, and variety is created by changes in the rhythm pattern.

We may best understand rhythm through a specific illustration. If we think of the word *rhythm*, which comes from the Greek word meaning " to flow," in terms of waves or ripples, we can feel the " surges of emphasis " in the following poem by stressing those syllables which would be naturally stressed in the reading of it. Thus:

The *ice* was *here*, the *ice* was *there*,
The *ice* was *all around*.
It *cracked* and *growled* and *roared* and *howled*
Like *noises in* a *swound*.

We may see a picture of this rise and fall of sound by waves if we let each crest represent the stressed syllable italicized above, thus:



It should be noted that the surges of emphasis are audible, not visible, unless one cares to make them so in some such diagram as the one above.

The Melody of Lines.

The second element in the pattern of a poem is the melody of individual lines. If we count the waves in the preceding design, we shall find four waves in the first and third lines, and three in the second and fourth. In poetry these waves are called feet, and such a stanza would be said to contain four-foot lines and three-foot lines.

The following poem is to be read aloud for the melody produced by the variety in length of line:

Come down at dawn from windless hills
  Into the valley of the lake,
Where yet a larger quiet fills
  The hour, and mist and water make
  With rocks and reeds and island boughs
  One silence and one element,
  Where wonder goes surely as once
  It went
    By Galilean prows.

—JOHN DRINKWATER.

Poetic Feet.

In all the poems quoted thus far, it will be noticed that always the accent falls on the second of the two syllables, thus:

The icé | was heré, | the icé | was theré

Note the difference in the musical effect of the following line, in which the accent is reversed, the first syllable of each foot receiving the emphasis:

Souls of *po*ets *dead* and *gone*,
What Ely*s*ium *have* ye *known?*
*Hap*py *field* or *mos*sy *cav*ern
*Choic*er *than* the *Mer*maid *Tav*ern?
Have ye *tip*pled *drink* more *fine*
Than mine *host's* canary *wine?*

—KEATS.

The first measure, in which the second syllable is stressed, is called *iambic measure,* and each foot is an *iambus;* and the second, *trochaic measure,* and each foot is a *trochee.*

Tone Quality of Letters.

A third element in the music of poetry is the sound of the individual letters, which often gives a word a sound appropriate to its meaning. The effect of such words as *hiss, crackle, moan, trip, sputtering, babbling,* is called *onomatopoeia.* The music of the following lines is increased because of the appropriate sounds of the letters.

THE BELLS

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtledove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon! . . .

— Poe.

In the first stanza the sounds of such words as *tinkle, icy, twinkle, jingling,* and *tinkling,* suggest their meaning. Do you

not note the change in sound in the second stanza? There are the broad vowel sounds to suggest the fuller tones of wedding bells, in contrast to the thin vowel sounds of *i* in the first stanza. The words *silver, tinkle, icy, crystalline, tintinnabulation, jingling,* etc., suggest the thin, crisp air of winter by thin sound.

The repetition of certain letters or certain combinations of letter-sounds within a line produces the melodic sequence called *alliteration.*

> Tears from the *depths* of some *divine despair.*
>
> — TENNYSON.

Here the repetition of *d* in three words produces melody. Sometimes the recurrence of a certain combination of sounds produces the melody, as the repetition of the *ng* and *an* sounds in this line from Shakespeare:

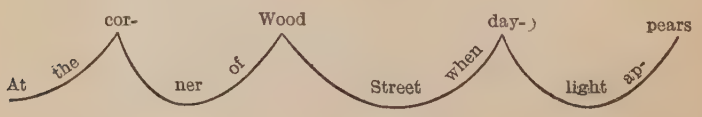
> "*An*d flights of *ang*els s*ing* thee to rest."

Variety in Design.

Practically all of the variation in poetic patterns is due to a variation of the length of the wave and variation in the length of lines. Sometimes there are three syllables in a foot, and the accent shifts from the first to the last.

> At the cór | ner of Wóod | Street when dáy | light appéars
> Hangs a thrúsh | that sings loúd; | it has súng | for three yéars.
> Poor Sú | san has passéd | by the spót | and has héard
> In the sí | lence of morn | ing the sóng | of the bírd.
>
> — WORDSWORTH.

Here again we may portray graphically the *anapaest* measure, as it is called:



The following stanza illustrates the *dactylic* measure, in which the accent falls on the first of the three syllables:

One more Un | fortunate
Weary of | breath,
Rashly im | portunate,
Gone to her | death! — Hood.

It will be noted in some of the illustrations that not all the lines are regular. In the anapaest measure, in the third line, there is an irregularity: "Poor Sú | san has heard" — here we have an iambus and an anapaest. But the essential rhythm is anapaestic. Poetry often varies its cadences to avoid monotony. We are all familiar with the singsong reading of a nursery jingle in which the voice beats down upon each stressed syllable with the monotony of the tom-tom. Patterns which follow too closely an unvaried symmetry are not pleasing. A more appealing melody is produced if the rhythm swings out of the pattern now and then.

In the following pattern, note the symmetry and variation of design from the graphic illustrations. Then read aloud the stanza and feel its pleasant melody:

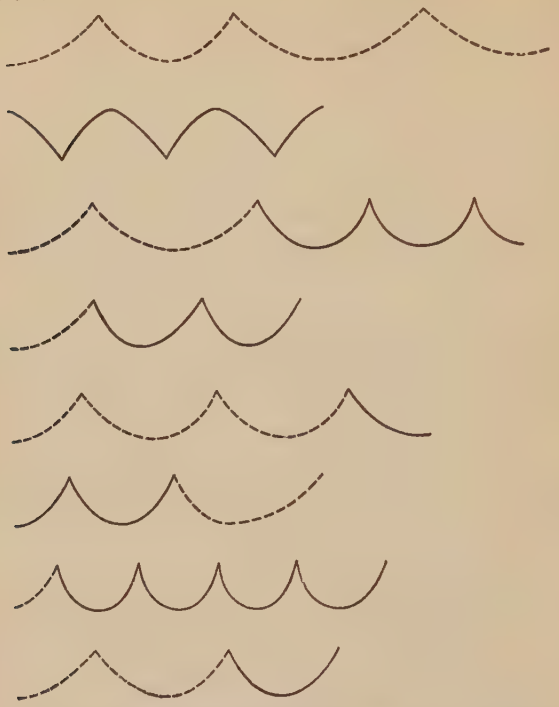
"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveler,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
On the forest's ferny floor.
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveler's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said. — De la Mare.

The poem, reproduced by accents, looks thus:

Figure I

Reproduced in waves, the rhythm looks like this:

Figure II



From the picture of the waves, the reader may see the constant return to the long wave at the beginning of the lines. The pattern rhythm is expressed by the dotted lines, while the variations are expressed by the black.

EXPERIMENT 27

With different-colored inks, try representing graphically in your journal the patterns of some of the poems on pages 88–95.

Let your waves show both the symmetry and variety of design.

At first it will be easier to read the poems aloud, tapping off the accents as you do so in the manner of Figure I, page 99. From these marks you may make the wave patterns.

It should prove interesting practice to compare the design of one author with that of another or to note the similarity of rhythm in one author's different poems.

Try to write a bit of verse yourself according to some chosen pattern. It will be a good idea to set down your pattern thus at first, so as to capture both the sound and sight of the design:

Tra lá, Tra lá, Tra lá
Tra la lá, Tra la lá, Tra la lá
Tra lá, Tra lá
Tra lá, Tra lá, Tra lá

Choose simple patterns for your experiment in rhythm. You may ignore the other elements of a poem in this effort to make music.

The Effect of Repetition.

There are other elements in the design of a poem which produce symmetry. The following poem illustrates the effect of repetition of a single word, *silver,* which is the title of the poem:

Slowly, silently now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way and that she peers and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel like a log
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by
With silver claws and a silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

— De la Mare.

Rhyme.

Rhyme, which is not to be confused with rhythm, is the recurrence of the same sounds at regular intervals, marking the end of certain phases of rhythm. At the end of a line, or within the line, the reader likes to hear the cadences marked off for him by rhyme, thus:

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray: a
And, when I crossed the wild, b
I chanced to see, at break of day, a
The solitary child. b

— WORDSWORTH.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold, a
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold; a
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea b
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee. b

— BYRON.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall; a
Like phantoms, to the iron porch they glide; b
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl, a
With a huge empty flagon by his side: b
The wakeful bloodhound rose and shook his hide, b
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns: c
By one and one, the bolts full easy slide: b
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones; c
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans. c

— KEATS.

Evening on the *olden*, the *golden* sea of Wales, a
When the first star shivers and the last wave pales. a

— FLETCHER.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver, a
Little breezes dusk and shiver a
Through the wave that runs forever a
By the island in the river a
Flowing down to Camelot. b

Four gray walls and four gray towers c
Overlook a space of flowers, c
And the silent isle embowers c
The Lady of Shalott. b

— TENNYSON.

Great care is taken by the poet to see that his rhymes do not sound artificial. There are certain worn-out rhymes, also, which mark a poem as trite: *love, dove; life, strife* — such rhymes have been used so frequently that they have lost their appeal. Clever rhyming is like pleasant sound-echoes and adds beauty to the pattern of a poem.

Poetry without Rhyme.

The following poem is quoted as an example of an especially musical poem in which there is no rhyme. Students by this time will have little difficulty in recognizing the rhythm without the rhyme to indicate it.

Silent are the woods, and the dim green boughs are
Hushed in the twilight; yonder in the path through
The apple orchard, is a tired plowboy
Calling the cows home.

A bright white star blinks; the pale moon rounds, but
Still the red, lurid wreckage of the sunset
Smolders in smoky fire and burns on
The misty hilltops.

Ghostly it grows, and darker; the burning
Fades into smoke, and now the gusty oaks are
A silent army of phantoms, thronging
A land of shadows.

— MASEFIELD.

Poetic Forms.

There is a final satisfaction derived from the reading of a poem besides the enjoyment of sensation, emotion, idea, or music; there is the intellectual satisfaction which comes with the appreciation of the craftsmanship which has gone into the writing of it.

An athlete watches a tennis match or a golf tournament, and is thrilled by the exhibition of "good form." His awareness of the niceties of muscular correlation gives him high pleasure in the exhibition. An artist takes pleasure in a piece of sculpture or a painting when he recognizes artistic standards of good form. There is this intellectual satisfaction in all arts and crafts where we recognize the achievement of the best form worked out by those who are masters of their craft. In poetry there is intellectual satisfaction in the mere form of the poem. The skill of craftsmanship is admired.

The Ballad.

The word *ballad* comes from the root *bal*, meaning "to dance," and is thus related to the words *ballet* and *ball*. This

poetic form takes us back into history to the days when poetry was sung by troubadour or minstrel. Since the ballad comes to us from early times, we might expect it to be the simple poem of a story-telling age. The ballads of old always told a story of some thrilling adventure, often tragic, but always full of popular interest. If we should clip from our newspapers some of the lurid tales of shipwrecks or explosions and, instead of making news stories about them, set them to ballad measure, we might in a way be reproducing the spirit of the early ballad-makers who sang of adventure and misfortune. Very often the hero of an adventure is sung about — Robin Hood, the merry outlaw, for example. In modern imitation we might sing a ballad to the Eskimo dog who with his master took the anti-toxin to the stricken Alaska city, Nome. The following ballads will illustrate the simple measure of the ballad:

SIR PATRICK SPENS

The King sits in Dunfermline toun
  Drinking the blude-red wine:
"O whaur will I get a skeely skipper
  To sail this gude ship of mine?"

Then up an' spak an eldern knight,
  Sat at the King's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
  That ever sailed the sea."

The King has written a braid letter,
  And sealed it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
  Was walking on the strand. . . .

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
  A loud laugh laughèd he:
The neist line that Sir Patrick read,
  The tear blindit his e'e.

"O wha is this hae dune this deed,
  And tauld the King o' me,
To send us out, at this time o' year,
  To sail upon the sea? . . .

"Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alack! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm:
And I fear, I fear, my master dear,
That we shall come to harm." . . .

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heild shoon!
But lang ere a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon. . . .

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Or ever they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,
A-waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm trees, an' the temple bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat — jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,
An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:

Bloomin' idol made o' mud —
What they called the Great Gawd Budd —
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kulla-lo-lo!*"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder, an' 'er cheek agin my cheek,
We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin' teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squudgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

But that's all shoved be'ind me — long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year sodger tells:
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you won't 'eed nothin' else."

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells
An' the sunshine an' the palm trees an' the tinkly temple bells!
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin' stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
Though I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and —
Law! wot *do* they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land!
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be —
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea —

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!
Oh, the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

— Rudyard Kipling.

The Lyric.

The lyric, which by its name suggests a musical movement, is a short song, often set to music, which describes a single emotion. The following lyrics will identify the form:

A VAGABOND SONG

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

— CARMAN.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
  That mark our place; and in the sky
  The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
  Loved and were loved, and now we lie
    In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
  The torch; be yours to hold it high.
  If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
    In Flanders fields.

— MCCRAE.

The Sonnet.

The sonnet, unlike the ballad, is not sung. It belongs to a more serious mood and has a more fixed length and meter. The following sonnet with its lines numbered, its rhyming scheme indicated, and its parts labeled, will illustrate the rigid form of the sonnet.

A SONNET

1. When the long shadows of the sinking sun	a	octave
2. Have fallen on the meadows, and the gleam	b	
3. Rests on the quiet bosom of the stream;	b	
4. When in the distant marshes has begun	a	
5. The evening's chorus, that sad orison,	a	
6. Which steals upon my spirit till I seem	b	
7. Enfettered in the misery of a dream	b	
8. Where joy has vanished as the day had done,	a	
9. Only your smile has magic to restore	c	sestet
10. The gladness that has fled; your hand alone	d	
11. Has magic to shut tight the gloomy door	c	
12. Of bitter thoughts; only the tender tone	d	
13. Of your loved voice causes my hopes to soar	c	
14. In answer to the magic of your own.	d	

— Cook.

The Ode.

The ode is poetic exposition and deals with some lofty theme such as death, immortality, national honor, or duty. The following is an example of this form:

ODE

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there! — Collins.

The Rondel.

Certain French forms of poetry have been ably imitated by English poets, and because they have great musical possibilities for imitation, they are included here.

The rondel, like the sonnet, is composed of fourteen lines, but there are only two rhyming sounds throughout the whole poem. In English it is more difficult than in French to confine oneself to but two rhymes. The following adaptation of the rondel suggests a form easy to imitate:

ADDRESSED TO AN AMERICAN ARTIST

Spring stirs and wakes by holt and hill,	a
In barren copse and bloomless close	b
Revives the memory of the rose	b
And breaks the yellow daffodil.	a
Look how the spears of crocus fill	a
The ancient hollows of the snows.	b
Spring stirs and wakes,	c
Yet what to you are months? At will	a
For you the season comes or goes;	b
We watch the flower that fades and blows,	b
But on your happy canvas still	a
Spring stirs and wakes.	c

— DOBSON.

It will be noted that in the poem quoted above, a whole line is repeated at intervals. This is part of the pattern of the rondel.

EXPERIMENT 28

Parody any poem quoted in this chapter, in an effort to emphasize rhythm by rhyme. You might try some of the other patterns which the anthologies mentioned on page 84 will suggest to you. Try to avoid artificial rhyme and rhymes that are trite.

EXPERIMENT 29

Students will not wish to leave this section of the text without giving some of their best effort to trying to write a complete poem. Here are some suggestions if ideas of your own do not occur to you:

1. Write a narrative poem, using the plot of one of O. Henry's stories. Use the ballad measure. Refer to pages 103–105.
2. Try writing a ballad about some incident related in a newspaper. Refer to pages 103–104.
3. Try a lyric on some such subject as the following:
   (*a*) The joy in finding a new friend.
   (*b*) The beauty of any of the seasons — spring, summer, autumn, winter.
   (*c*) The loveliness of clouds, snow, rain, flowers.
   (*d*) The exhilaration of skating, skiing, driving, coasting, racing.
   (*e*) The fear of the dark, of water, of storms.
   (*f*) The comfort of the commonplace — neighbors, fresh linen, smell of earth, etc.
4. Try a brief poem which features tone color.
5. Try your hand at vivid imagery.
6. Imitate the sonnet on page 108.
7. Try the rondel.

POEMS BY HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENTS

In English high schools it is as common for students to write poetry as it is for American students to work arithmetic problems. Not all the poetry is good poetry; still it is a notable achievement for students to write any kind of poetry. There is no better method of word study than the writing of simple poetry.

The following poems show that American boys and girls can also write poetry. Your journal should include some critical comments about these poems. Class discussion should bring out comments about rhythm, rhyme, imagery, etc.

The poems are arranged according to the school year of the student, so that readers may use them as an informal measurement of the ability of freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors. For a more detailed explanation of the use of such a scale, turn to page 172.

THROUGH THE PINES

(*Freshman*)

A crimson banner, flung across the sky
  Of placid blue,
Tints it with shimmering, waving gleams of light
  Its own bright hue.

Another follows fast; the sky, aflame
  With gleaming light,
Proclaims to man that wonder of the skies,
  The sun's good-night.

A shining path across the lake is made
  Of flakes of gold;
A sea-bird, wheeling low, is caught and stayed
  In its bright hold.

The sun sinks low and lower; the bright rays,
  Robbed of their light,
Fade till the purple, wavering line of distant trees
  Sinks into night.

IS THERE A HEAVEN FOR FLOWERS?

(Freshman)

Gently, gently, little human,
  Tread not thus upon my roots.
Pick my blossoms, if you will,
  But leave, I beg, my tender shoots.

Gently, gently, little human,
  God is looking down on you.
If we perish 'neath your feet —
  Is there a heav'n for flow'rets, too?

Gently, gently, little human,
  Flow'rs bring joy to a sadden'd heart;
If you trample buds and flow'rs,
  Of earth's joy you spoil a part.

Little human footsteps, trampling
  O'er the beds of crumpled flow'rs —
After all, they have forgotten!
  And we — is there a heav'n for flow'rs?

MUSICIANS OF THE GRASSES

(Sophomore)

The wee folk in the damp, green moss
  Their orchestra begin to play;
Enchanted music soon across
  Deep wooded glade has found its way.

Curly fern fronds whisper soft,
  Crooning notes to columbine;
Yellow violets lift aloft
  Their amber flaming shrine.

Tree toads shrill their piping notes,
  Bullfrogs roll their deep bass drum,
Beetles click their cymbal strokes
  Above the hawk moth's roaring hum.

Luna moth on velvet wing,
  The pallid empress of the night,
To hear the wee folk play and sing
  Doth pause a moment in her flight.

The wee folk in the damp, green moss
Their orchestra begin to play;
Enchanted music soon across
Deep wooded glade has found its way.

THIEF AUTUMN

(*Sophomore*)

Thief Autumn! pirate Fall; thou'rt caught!
That tree's of Spanish gold, from Spaniards ta'en,
And yonder woodbine's dyed with blood
Of Spaniards on the high seas slain!

You stole the sails of Spanish ships,
And now they sail forever in the sky;
And I behold upon the grass
The Spanish doña's diamonds lie.

Thief Autumn! pirate Fall! thou'rt caught.
Say ho! where art thou now, thou pirate bold?
Say ho! where art thou, vanished thief?
E'en as I speak, 'tis winter cold.

OH!

(*Sophomore*)

The hum of the motor —
The whir of the wind —
The swish of trees passed by;
The moon rising high in a star-flecked sky,
The bark of some farmer's dog —
The road rolls away
As the miles flash by.
The cry of a startled bird —
A star looms large behind us,
Nearer and nearer it draws.
A blinding light —
A voice in the night —
"You're pinched —
Hand me fifteen dollars!"

THE MAID OF SPRING [1]

(Junior)

'Twas while the branches yet were bare,
I felt a strange joy in the air
And knew that Spring was near —
But where?

Far down beyond the garden,
A brooklet ran so gay.
I heard a robin's mellow note,
I saw a budding spray.

And where blue harebells blossomed,
Within that sapphire ring,
I found the maiden that I sought,
Bewitching maid of Spring.

THE STORM IS ALMOST OVER

(Junior)

Pitter patter, pitter patter, tap, tap, tap.

Tell me, raindrops, what's the hour?
Tell me, was it storm or shower
That thus strangely in the night,
While men slept, has spent its might?

Pitter patter, pitter patter, tap, tap, tap.

Did it thunder? Did it lighten?
Did clouds rumble and skies whiten?
Did strange voices scream affright?
Did the winds in anger fight?

Pitter patter, pitter patter, tap, tap, tap.

Did it storm or did it shower?
Did the downfall spare the flower?
How fared the wee lamb in the night?
Was there a baby bird in fright?

Pitter patter, pitter patter, tap, tap, tap.

Raindrops, tell me of the morrow,
Will the skies show joy or sorrow?

[1] This poem was set to music by its author.

Will birds sing when comes the light?
Will the world yield to the right?

Pitter patter, pitter patter, tap . . . tap . . . tap . . .

Did ye from my sleep disturb me
That ye might with thoughts perturb me?
Prithee, raindrops, in the night
No more seek that strange delight.

Pitter patter, pitter patter, tap . . . tap . . . tap . . .

MYSTERIES NEVER TOLD

(*Senior*)

Back on the hill, with the sea below,
Rough with the west wind's sigh,
Outlined dimly against the glow,
Glow of the great sun's eye,
Stands with its mysteries, never told,
Haunting the valley round,
A mystical, secret castle-hold,
Rising on damp, dark ground.

What are the tales that the old owl hears
Back of the postern gate!
Enchanting princesses veiled in tears,
Waiting a ruthless fate?
Many the suns that have set at night,
Splashes of red and gold,
Many the stars that have twinkled with light
Since those old tales were told.

FREEDOM

(*Senior*)

As one imprisoned through the rusty bar
Sees the faint shadowing upon the floor
Of moonlight, with the memory once more
Of joys that neither steel nor cage could mar
Bringing him thoughts of silver seas afar,
The starry waves, the ships, the breakers' roar,
And, seeing thus, he feels his bonds no more,
And thus is free again, as sea-birds are;

So with the shadows and the creeping night
Come visions clear, which can the darkness fill
With radiant forms that others cannot see.
For never walls could check these spirits bright
Or halt these, wandering wheresoe'er they will;
For man is of his thought, and thought is free.

DOWN JAP-A-LANTERN LANE

(Senior)

Oh, once I went a-wandering in lands unknown and fair
When Night was stealing silently from out his cloudy lair
And with his shadow shutting out the last faint light of day.
Oh, then I sought the path to home, and could not find the way.
I roamed for long until at last I came upon a sign
On which there was odd lettering of very quaint design,
A battered little guidepost stained soft gray by wind and rain;
The printed words read very dim: "To Jap-a-Lantern Lane."
I hastened where it pointed, and soon found a rustic gate
Which as I pushed against it gently yielded to my weight
And opened on a winding lane with colored lights agleam
That led down to a lamp-hung bridge across a peaceful stream,
Wherein the mirrored beams seemed like bright blossoms to unfold,
And change the azure surface into tinted molten gold.
The houses all along the way were built of crystal white,
And through their walls lamps, hung within, diffused a rosy light,
While flashed and shone like jewels from each twig on all the trees
A myriad lanterns fashioned like the kind called Japanese.
Now from the doors on one side came a throng of ladies fair
With lovely trailing garments bright, and flowing golden hair;
And from the others came a troop of gayly clothed gallants
With long plumes drooping in their hats; and whirled into a dance.
The tiny lanterns gleamed and winked, the lamp-lit houses glowed.
The beaux and belles went swaying down the sparkle-shadowed road;
Where crimson, saffron, sapphire blue, and gold, and ruby red,
And pale canary yellow in soft flaring rays were shed
With violet and amethyst and shifting shades of rose
All melted into colors of rich tints that no man knows.

There was a crash, and over all a transformation came:
The graceful dancers changed into small wav'ring tongues of flame;

The crystal houses through whose walls had shone a rosy hue
Became live coals; the stream, a flame that flickered gold and blue
Beneath an arch of burning bark; the little rustic gate
And lamp-decked trees were blazing twigs, soon ashes in the grate.

Whene'er upon the hearth before an open fire I lie,
And watch the glowing embers and the bright blaze leaping high,
Although I always search for it, alas, 'tis all in vain;
I cannot find the gate again to Jap-a-Lantern Lane.

THE WAYFARER TURNS POET AS EVENING DRAWS NEAR

(*Senior*)

All day the flaming sun had held the blue
Of August's sky in her embrace, and through
The summer wind had sent a shaft of heat,
Until, hot-breathed, it seared the full-grown wheat
And made the waving grasses wither'd look
And stole the coolness from the shallow brook.

Upon this scene I'd gazed that livelong day,
And now, as twilight dimmed my dusty way,
I felt a weariness upon my feet,
And in my face a shadow, nothing sweet,
But darkly sad (the traces of a mood
I'd had since morn), stole out. I longed for rest.

Then on my sight there loomed a hill. 'Twas drest
In fairest hues of waning dusk; and there
With arms outstretched and music in her hair,
Her tall, slim grace enfolded in a gown
Of purest white, she waited, looking down at me.

A sob, a cry my lips repeat,
And up the steep I speed my weary feet.
Once there, where quiet reigns, and peace is mine,
Cool evening breathes on me as I recline
Upon soft mosses, gazing heavenward. Then,
The stars, the moon, the mists within my ken
Appear, and with my new-found mood they blend,
As if the tresses of my lovely friend,
My Birch Tree by the Way, had joined with them.

ILLUSIONS

(*Senior*)

Last night the wind blew the clouds into shreds
And strewed them all over the sky;
This morning white daisies were nodding their heads.
Are they bits of the clouds that blew by?

Last night I saw ghost-fires flit through the swamp
And down where the marshland lies;
They glowed till the rain beat them down in the damp;
This morning they're dead fireflies.

* * * *

Little winking lanterns
Twinkle through the dark,
Shining bright like yellow points of gold,
Till the night-black swallows them,
Crushing out their spark,
Leaving spots of emptiness and cold.

Some say they're fairies
Darting through the night,
Riding on the backs of fireflies;
But I think they're only
Smiling bits of light
Night makes when it winks its sleepy eyes.

MOON-SILVER

(*Senior*)

A poplar tree with a star behind it,
And the tip of its top where the moon can find it;
The silver drops drip from the silhouette,
And the leaves on the tree are silver-wet.
Ah! then does the night grip my heart and hold it,
And tell me the things that the moon has told it.
Some night I shall talk with the poplar tree
Of the shadowy secrets it tells to me
Till its moon-silver dew is dried by sunrise
And the dawn wipes the moon-silver tears from my eyes.

CHAPTER IV

THE ARCHITECTURE OF A SENTENCE

In ordinary conversation it is the individual sentence that counts. One seldom holds forth in long sallies. If speech is to have force, this unit must be perfected. What greater effectiveness than the neat, pertinent reply? The sharp, poignant retort? The simple, unaffected request? Or the humorous interpolation? In everyday life it is the sentence, not the paragraph, that determines the merit of one's speech.

Basic Harmonies.

Those who are observers of modern architecture are familiar with the quaint, low-set English cottage, suggesting ease and dignity; the white-columned Colonial mansion, debonair and hospitable; the romantic Italian villa set piquantly into the side of a hill with its blue tile roof showing through the trees. Such artistic houses add beauty to a landscape, delighting the eye of those who see them.

Those who have pondered the architectural charms of houses are aware that it is not the blue tile roof nor the tiny French windows that account for their pleasure, important as these details are. If each house should be stripped of all its embellishments, with but the skeleton remaining, there would still be retained that something which suggests stability, hospitality, or piquancy. The lines of the plan are right; the structure is artistically correct. Without the basic harmony of structure, the details lose their charm. The foundation proportions must first be right.

The Building of Sentences.

The building of a sentence needs no less a skillful architect — one who sees beneath the decorations to the beams that uphold them. A sentence must be well balanced, finely proportioned. Beautiful words and phrases by themselves do not produce good speech or writing. Out of words and phrases one

must build a satisfying sentence. Odd, stiff, clumsy sentence structure displeases, just as crude, eccentric architecture does. A loose sentence tumbles down on one's listeners.

Essential Elements of Sentence Structure.

The essential elements in sentence structure are the subject and predicate. Like the pillars of a portico or the beams of a ceiling, these two parts support the whole structure of a sentence. In a well-built sentence these two elements stand out. Sentences which leave one in doubt about *who* is being talked about (the subject) or *what* is being said about whom (the predicate) win but slight interest compared to those sentences in which the *who* and the *what* are clearly identified.

EXPERIMENT 30

While you are learning to keep track of subjects and predicates, it is a good plan to think in terms of simple sentence patterns.

In a section of your journal headed "Sentence Building," write an original sentence to fit each of the following patterns. Don't be content with meaningless sentences. Continue your efforts to choose vivid words at the same time that you are learning to improve your sentences.

1. _____ _____
(subject) (predicate verb)

2. _____ _____ _____
(subject) (predicate verb) (direct object)

3. _____ _____ _____
(subject) (predicate verb) (adjective or noun complement)

Sentences which fall into these patterns are necessarily simple structures, but it is out of these simple patterns that all the more elaborate sentences are built. Readers will do well to master this basic principle of structure, for without it there is no style.

The following sentences, stripped of all modifiers, are simple sentences which fit into these first patterns:

1. man ran
2. boy hit ball
3. weather is cloudy

The following sentence is an example of a sentence written without this clear perception of the subject and predicate. It is impossible to fit this sentence into one of the above forms:

Some of the fellows that walk down the hall a barrel could be easily rolled between their legs as they are bow-legged.

Stripping the sentence of its modifiers — *of the fellows, that walk down the hall, easily, between the legs, as they are bow-legged* — the sentence reads:

some barrel could be rolled

Some, a subject, has no predicate. *Barrel could be rolled* is a normal subject and predicate. Obviously the writer meant:

A barrel could be rolled between the legs of some of the fellows who walk down the hall.

This sentence, when stripped of its modifiers, contains a subject and fits easily into the first sentence form:

barrel	could be rolled
(subject)	(predicate)

The error arose from starting with the subject *some,* for which no predicate was added. The writer might have said:

Some of the boys were so bow-legged that a barrel could be rolled between their legs.

Here *some* has a predicate, *were.*

The Subject Should Be Apparent.

If it is conceded, then, that it is of importance to understand easily the subject and predicate of a sentence in order to grasp the meaning fully and quickly, it will be equally apparent that the following sentence, in which the subject is buried beneath twenty-eight words, is poor in structure and therefore bad in style:

It is not without a degree of patient attention and persevering diligence, greater than the generality are willing to bestow, though not greater than the subject deserves, that the *habit* can be acquired of examining and judging of our conduct with the same accuracy and

impartiality as that of another. — Archbishop Whately, *Elements of Rhetoric* (quoted in Fernald's *Expressive English*).

Not only is it poor architecture to bury a subject; it is poor architecture to change the subject either needlessly or too many times. Here again the worth of the principle rests on consideration for the reader. A reader's mind should not be asked to jump about needlessly because of the carelessness of a speaker or writer. The following sentence is a case in point. There are seven different subjects. The structure reminds one of those sprawling farmhouses which grow an addition each year. A new kitchen or a new porch is added without consideration of the design of the rest of the house. So in the sentence that follows; a new idea is added with no thought of the rest of the sentence. The result in both house and sentence is incoherent and inartistic.

The *ship* reached her port in safety but two *days* had elapsed beyond the time when her *arrival* had been expected as there had been violent *storms* and the *sea* had been rough so that the *progress* was difficult and a *crowd* of my friends met me at the dock. — Whately (quoted by Fernald).

The Predicate Should Be Apparent.

Sometimes a speaker starts a sentence in which the subject is detained by several modifiers, while the predicate is postponed until the end of the sentence. Unless such a speaker has acquired a *sentence sense,* he is apt to forget to include a predicate at all in his enthusiasm for his subject. Then the sentence is as meaningless as the following:

The hunters having at last reached the conclusion that it would be difficult to follow the trail back where they started.

This shows a sort of error common in speech. The writer does not see clearly the end of his sentence. There is no predicate for *hunters.* There are verbs in the sentence, but none which is not already put to use in another construction. *Reached* goes with *having reached,* which is a participial modifier. *Would be difficult* is the predicate of the clause but not of the sentence. There is no predicate for *hunters.*

EXPERIMENT 31

One's first duty in the matter of sentence structure is to develop this sentence sense.

In the section of your journal reserved for "Sentence-Building," set down in a long column just simple subjects and predicates without modifiers, like the following. Write sentences which are interesting.

Subject	*Predicate*
1. [ ] boy	laughed [ ]
2. [ ] river	sang [ ]
3. [ ] man	told [ ] story
4. [ ] dog	is [ ] Airedale

Such practice will make you sure of the simple sentence and serve as the basis for the more elaborate sentence structure in the next experiment.

To such a list in your journal add modifiers, writing them in the spaces with colored ink. Turn back to Experiment 7 and correlate the two experiments.

1. [elfish] boy	laughed [mischievously]
2. [merry] river	sang [joyously]
3. [bearded] man	told [weird] story
4. [tawny] dog	is [an] Airedale

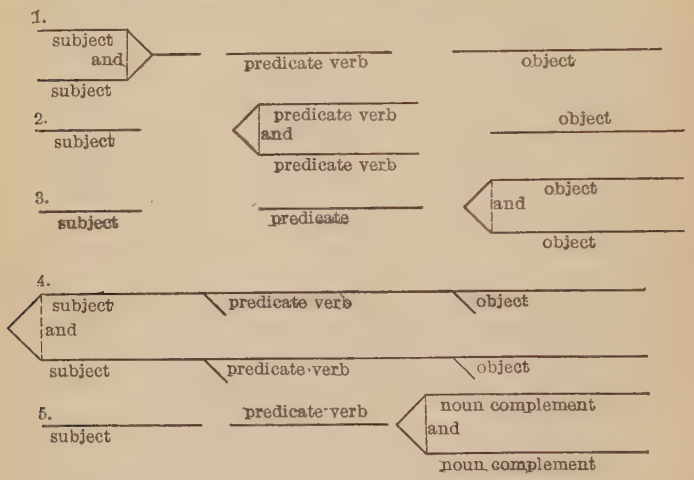
Compound Elements of a Sentence.

The simplest method by which one increases the length and variety of his sentences is adding similar parts. The simple sentence may become a compound sentence if two simple sentences are joined together with *and*. Any of the parts of a simple sentence may be doubled so that it contains a compound subject, a compound predicate, or a compound object. In such cases the patterns shown on page 120 are modified but slightly.

To be able to compound any of the elements of a sentence is a word-saver. A child might say: "John has an apple. I have an apple." A high-school student would say: "John and I each have an apple." Sentences which can thus be combined by the compounding of certain elements make for a very desirable simplicity of style.

EXPERIMENT 32

Write sentences which will fit the following patterns. Your practice should increase your variety of style. Write interesting sentences, perhaps all on the same subject. You may here increase your power over the descriptive sentence.



Relation of Modifiers.

The next essential to sound, clear sentence-building is that modifiers shall bear a clear relation to the words they modify. Such expressions as "who the man was," "of September," "in the lake," "what the man said," etc., must obviously be tied securely to some word if the meaning is to be clear: "*know* who the man was"; "*month* of September"; "*swim* in the lake"; "*heard* what the man said."

There are two chief errors in style pertaining to modifiers:

1. Misplaced modifiers.
2. Hanging modifiers.

Misplaced modifiers are a great detriment to style. Often, when they slip in, the meaning is changed and the effect of the sentence is spoiled. The following sentence illustrates how a

misplaced modifier turns the meaning of a sentence from the serious to the ridiculous:

They secured a nurse *for the baby who was well trained in medicine.*

A mere shift of the position of the modifiers restores the lost dignity of the sentence:

For the baby they secured a nurse *who was well trained in medicine.*

Misplaced modifiers are the result sometimes of carelessness and sometimes of ignorance of the relation between the parts of a sentence.

Hanging modifiers, more than misplaced modifiers, are the result of poor understanding of sentence logic. Hanging modifiers — or dangling modifiers, as they are sometimes called — are modifiers which are not closely joined to the rest of the sentence. A modifier has no significance by itself; it is only in conjunction with a particular word which it modifies that it possesses significance. Such expressions as "over the fence," "when he came," "gladly," "foaming at the mouth," "to eat bread," "sad," etc., find their meaning only in their connection with some noun or verb: "*jumped* over the fence"; "*left* when he came"; "*accepted* gladly"; "*dog* foaming at the mouth"; "*started* to eat bread," and "*sad* expression."

The obvious error in the following sentence is due to this very fault; the modifier has no logical word to modify and does poor service to the word which follows:

Running too rapidly through the fog, a wreck was the result.

"Running through the fog" very obviously does not modify "wreck" — "wreck running through the fog" is absurd. And there is no other word for it to tie to. The author of the sentence was implying a noun — some automobile or train or person. The sentence becomes intelligible only by recasting the it and eliminating the modifier:

The train was wrecked in the fog.

Or else a noun must be inserted:

As a result of running through the fog, *the train* was wrecked.

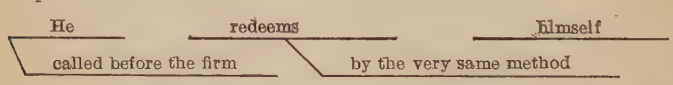
Errors in style such as those illustrated above can be eliminated only by a careful understanding of the relations between parts of a sentence. A modifier should be placed as near as possible to the word it modifies, and the relation between word and modifier should be apparent.

The following sentence is an example of poor construction. The sentence is obscure in meaning because its parts are not logically related.

When the young office boy, bluffing through his work and when called before the firm to answer for it, he redeems himself by the very same method, is enough to try the patience of any manager while the boy cheerfully congratulates himself on his good fortune.

Stripping the sentence of its modifiers, it is reduced to the following simple pattern:

This is the basic structure. Some of the modifiers — " by the same method," " when called before him " — fit nicely into the pattern as follows:

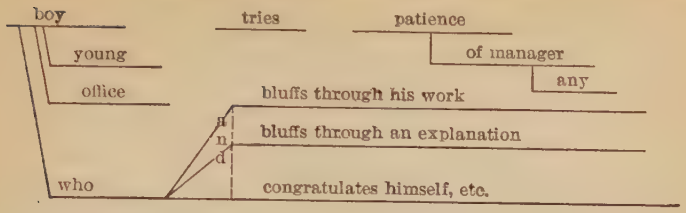


There is no word for " with the young office boy bluffing through his work " to modify. Where is a subject for " is " ? What does " while the office boy cheerfully congratulates himself " modify?

It is apparent that the sentence is a jumble of words which do not make sense without a good deal of revision. It is practically impossible to redeem the sentence, for the author's meaning is too incoherent. It is made grammatically correct, however, in the following version:

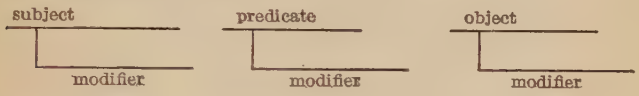
The young office boy who successfully bluffs through his work, bluffs through an explanation, and congratulates himself upon his cleverness, tries the patience of any manager.

Reduced to subject, predicate, and modifiers, it looks like this:



EXPERIMENT 33

Write in your journal sentences — interesting, meaningful sentences — to fit the following pattern. Make sure that no modifier is in an ambiguous position:



Phrase and Clause Modifiers.

Word modifiers, adjectives or adverbs, are very simple to fit into a sentence. One isn't sure of well-built sentences, however, until he can fit his phrase and clause modifiers into the sentence neatly.

There are three kinds of phrases which one must not put in the wrong place or allow to dangle from the wrong word: prepositional phrases, participial phrases, and infinitive phrases. Prepositional phrases are easiest to master: "of the room," "in the pocket," "on the table," "over the sea," etc. These phrases, if put nearest the word they modify, offer little difficulty.

Participial Phrases.

Participial phrases[1] are convenient because of their dual nature; they are part verb and part adjective. In their verb capacity, they may save a clause or, better still, a whole sentence. Instead of —

[1] Those students who have forgotten what participles are should turn to page 440 and do the exercises on participial forms.

The man seemed destined to disappointment. He became discouraged.

or —

The man who seemed destined to disappointment became discouraged.

one may write the following:

The man, *destined to disappointment,* became discouraged.

Participial phrases are elusive modifiers and often get a writer into trouble. A participial phrase must have a noun or pronoun to modify, and that noun or pronoun the right one. Note in the following sentence how the phrase modifies the wrong pronoun — i.e., wrong as far as meaning is concerned:

Being in a test tube, I could see the crystal form.

EXPERIMENT 34

Write interesting sentences in your "Sentence-Building" section which make use of participial phrases as modifiers. Diagram your sentences and show the nouns which the phrases modify.

Rewrite the sentences on page 450 for practice in avoiding the dangling participle.

Infinitive Phrases.

The elements of sentence structure are treated in this chapter only from the point of view of how they affect style. Students who have forgotten their early grammar should turn to Part II.

Like the participial phrase, the infinitive phrase often saves words and insures neat and compact sentence structure. It isn't enough to be able to recognize infinitives in exercises. It is important to learn to use sentences with infinitives in everyday speech.

Clauses may often be converted into infinitive phrases with a saving of words. The sentence —

His wish that he should be elected came true

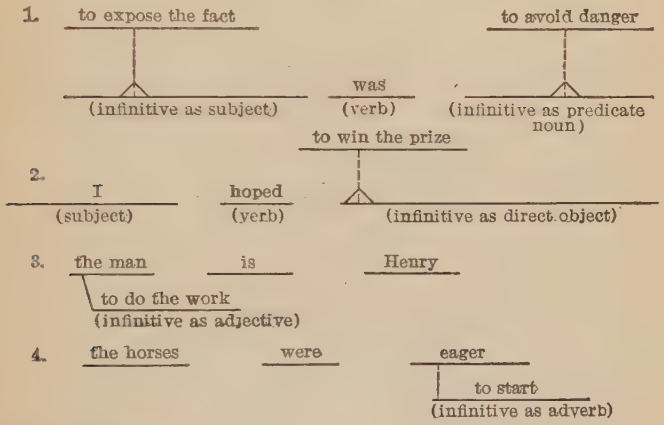
may be changed to —

His wish *to be elected* came true.

Infinitive phrases, like participial phrases, are rather complicated and should be studied in Part II for a mastery of forms. It is enough here to suggest for practice the various sentence patterns which an infinitive provides.

EXPERIMENT 35

Write sentences in your section on "Sentence-Building" in imitation of the following patterns:



Clause Modifiers.

The most difficult modifiers to place within a sentence are clause modifiers. One must not only fit the clause itself into the sentence, but he must make sure that the clause itself has a subject and predicate; the clause must be as complete as the sentence.

The greater use of complex sentences — i.e., sentences which contain dependent clauses — adds to variety of expression. Too often the high-school student contents himself with simple and compound sentences. A greater facility in the use of different kinds of clauses increases the charm of one's sentences. The noun clause as subject, object, predicate noun, or object of a preposition, is too often ignored by the high-school student. The adverbial clauses expressing the subtler shades of

meaning — of cause, condition, concession, etc. — are not often enough included in the student's style. Practice in the wider use of these forms is a first step to a flexible style.

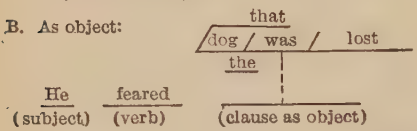
EXPERIMENT 36

In your journal write original sentences imitating the following patterns:

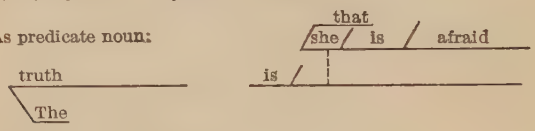
1. Noun clauses

A. As subject:

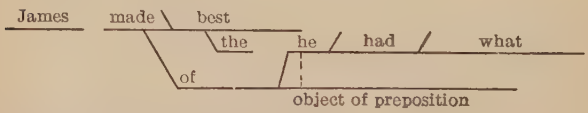
B. As object:



C. As predicate noun:

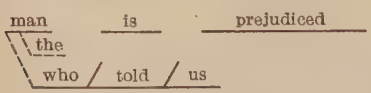


D. As object of a preposition:

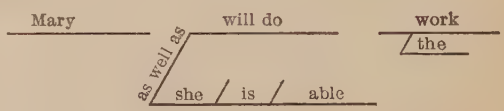


(James made the best of what he had)

2. Adjective clause:



3. Adverbial clause:



EXPERIMENT 37

Sentence structure is best understood when each part of the sentence is set down in its relation to every other part in some sort of clear diagram. Until one has become proficient in the use of the sentence, it is good practice to set down in logical relation the subject and its modifiers, the predicate and its modifiers, and the object or complement and its modifiers. Then to be able to see just where conjunctions join any compound parts or any dependent parts to independent parts is to understand objectively the structure of the sentence. There are many ways of indicating sentence relations. That suggested in the preceding pages in the sentence patterns is one way from which the student will perceive many variations.

In your section "Sentence-Building" write interesting sentences and diagram their parts. Read long, complicated sentences and reduce them to a diagram. Look back over your journal and pick out those sentences which seem poorly constructed. See whether, by diagraming, you can discover the error.

Word Clinkers.

There will be some readers who have tended a furnace fire and with a long iron rod poked through the teeth of the grate to oust the stubborn clinkers that clogged the furnace and prevented the fire from drawing.

Too many words in a sentence, words that do not *burn* with any additional meaning, merely clog a sentence and obscure the meaning. It is a good practice to poke out of one's sentences all the word clinkers.

Notice how wordy the following sentence is and how easily one may dislodge the unnecessary words:

This summer I took a canoe trip in ~~Canada.~~ The Canadian national forest ~~where we went is~~ called Quetico Park. A party of three canoed with ~~a guide. The guide was~~ an Indian guide.

The corrections indicated reduce the sentence by nine words. There is a directness to such unhampered sentences which is an element of forceful style.

There are also the means of economy already discussed in this chapter.

A word, it is plain, is briefer than a phrase, a phrase than a clause, and a clause than a sentence. Becoming deft in the manipulation of these sentence elements makes a fine economy of words possible. For example:

Now we would find a big flat rock ~~which was~~ covered with velvet moss.

By eliminating "which was," the clause is compressed into a phrase, and two words are saved with no loss of meaning.

From her extensive travel she has become
cosmopolitan.
~~one who is interested in all sorts of people.~~

Here one word serves for nine. Of course one must have a liberal assortment of nouns and verbs in his vocabulary in order to accomplish this sort of economy in sentences. Those who were faithful in experimenting with words should be ready to begin this work of improving their sentences.

EXPERIMENT 38

Go back through the first part of your journal. Choose a passage which seems especially filled with word clinkers. With red or green ink, imitate the method shown above for reduction of words. Try to reduce a whole sentence to a clause, a clause to a phrase, and a phrase to a word. Or perhaps a whole sentence may be made to collapse into a single word.

Hereafter set aside a time to go back and "poke clinkers." Then watch the need for red ink diminish.

Adding Style to Sentence Structure.

It takes a construction engineer to plan the structure of a house so that it will be safe and habitable, but it takes an artist to design the structure so that it will give pleasure to those who live in it.

So with sentences. Grammar ordains the basic structure of a sentence, but the artist adds the charm and grace which give pleasure to the reader. To be pleasing in speech or writing, it is not enough to be grammatically correct. Correctness is but the basic, minimum requirement in attaining pleasurable

possibilities of grace, and ease, and beauty, and power, and stimulation.

There are musical sentences, as soothing to the reader as the lap of waves, which lull the mind into a quiet, easy contemplation. There are short, crisp, prodding sentences which goad the mind into unfamiliar thinking. Sometimes sentences are long and tedious, allowing the reader's mind to dawdle; sometimes there are jerky sentences which stop and go, as tiresome to the reader as a flat-wheeled car.

There are smooth styles and rough styles, simple structures and elaborate structures, all of which contribute to the general sentence effectiveness to be discussed in the following pages.

Monotony of Structure.

One of the most serious blemishes of style to be found in the writing of students is monotony of structure. Every sentence begins and ends in much the same manner. Every sentence falls on the ear as a repetition of short, uniform sounds, uninteresting to both mind and senses. The following passage illustrates the dullness of an unvaried sentence style:

> One of my boy friends has a collie dog that is very intelligent. The dog's name is Jim. His master has a paper route. Jim always helps on the route. The boy takes one side of the street, and Jim takes the other. Jim knows every customer, and when told to, will deliver the papers to them. *When it is time to deliver a paper the boy throws the paper to the dog.* Jim catches it and drops it on the porch. During the winter the dog pulls the sled and takes one side of the street. That dog surely earns his salt.

Only one sentence, "When it is time to deliver a paper, the boy," etc., begins out of the natural order — i.e., subject, predicate verb, object. There is little variation from the simple sentence or the compound sentence. There is not one use of such constructions as a participial phrase, an infinitive, or a noun clause to begin the sentence. There is very little variation as to length of sentence. The whole passage awakens but mild interest in the reader.

It takes a little initial pluck to overcome this tendency to monotony of form. One must deliberately set out to be just

different, even at the expense of seeming for a while somewhat forced and awkward in style. Once the old sentence habits are broken, however, a greater smoothness of style may be sought for.

The preceding experiments should already have offered practice in variety of style. A knowledge of the elements of a sentence should allow you now to practice with more ease variety of form.

EXPERIMENT 39

In a section of your journal headed "Variety in Sentence Structure," imitate the newspaper man's variety in the "lead" of a newspaper story. The following illustrations may serve as a model for your experiment:

1. Original newspaper lead:

To see if the bullet was coming was the reason Charles Roberts, aged seven, 2226 North Street, looked down his father's pistol barrel at 8 A.M. today.

2. Variations of the same lead:

Noun clause: That he wanted to see whether it was loaded was the reason given today by Charles Roberts, aged seven, living at 2226 North Street, for looking down his father's pistol barrel.

Conditional clause: If he had known his father's pistol was loaded, Charles Roberts, etc.

Participial phrase: Looking innocently down his father's pistol barrel, Charles Roberts, etc.

Use the sentence forms suggested on pages 129–130. You might paste the original newspaper sentence in your journal and then vary its structure in the way suggested above.

Make a comment, at the conclusion of your experiment, regarding the relative merit of your sentences.

The Length of a Sentence.

The best effect is produced by a pleasant alternation of long and short sentences. A preponderance of short sentences produces the choppy effect already referred to and hinders the mind from gaining a complete idea of the whole by the incessant breaks of thought. The long sentence, even though skillfully constructed, often taxes the average reader's mind;

for he may find it hard to follow a long sentence and grasp the entire meaning. A fine example of the happy combination of long and short sentences is to be found in Lincoln's *First Inaugural Address:*

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every loving heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely as they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

Sometimes the desired effect can best be produced by short sentences. In the following passage the short sentences suggest to the reader the fleeting glimpses one might see in rambling through the ill-lit streets of Warsaw. Here the short sentences contribute to the effect:

Dim tree-tops stir in the cool wind. We take a rather roundabout way. One of the bridges was blown up during the war. The cobblestones become more and more jagged. At last we stop. Our Droschken join in a large semicircle of others. . . . We plunge into a dark, streaming crowd. . . . Long caftans and caps; modern clothes out of little shops. Not only old men in caftans but boys and youngsters. No very long earlocks here. Some concession is made to modernity in the city. The beards are long, however, and but for some red Judas physiognomy here and there, the faces, especially of the old and older men, have a grave and noble beauty. Thus Rembrandt saw them; thus they are today. The women are less definitely marked in character. Only here and there are glimpses of shapely profiles. — LEWISOHN, "Departure" (*The Nation,* Oct. 1, 1924).

The following long sentence from Edgar Allan Poe contributes to the atmosphere of extreme suspense in his story of *The Mask of the Red Death.* The story up to this point has pictured Prince Prospero demanding that his courtiers seize and unmask the "figure tall and gaunt, shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave," who dares thus to mock the gayety of so voluptuous a masquerade:

But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the manner had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth a hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he

passed within a yard of the Prince's person, and while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centers of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple, through the purple to the green, through the green to the orange, through this again to the white, and thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him.

EXPERIMENT 40

In imitation of the sentence effects described in the preceding section, write brief descriptions in which the length of your sentence contributes to the effect you wish to produce. Try to produce an air of suspense with the long sentence; try to create a sense of breathless haste by use of the short one.

Copy in this section of your journal any striking illustrations culled from your reading which produce effects by sentence lengths.

Loose and Periodic Sentence.

In ordinary conversation one expresses himself by following the natural advance and association of thought from point to point. New thoughts are added by new clauses, perhaps one, then another, until the statement originally conceived is more or less complete.

The loose sentence weaves together clause after clause in an easy flow of language. Masters of the loose sentence give the impression of doing some difficult feat without any apparent exertion. Addison is perhaps the best-known master of the loose sentence. Washington Irving and Abraham Lincoln also were skillful in this type of sentence. The following passage quoted from Addison's *Spectator,* No. 565, illustrates the ease and grace of the loose sentence:

I was yesterday about sunset walking in the open fields till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colors which appeared in the western part of heaven; in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another until the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year and by the rays of all these luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene the

full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of and opened to the eye a new picture of nature which was more finely shaded and disposed among softer lights than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

The periodic sentence, in contrast to the loose sentence, distributes all modifiers in such a way as to bring in at the last the essential statement of the predicate.

The periodic sentence is not complete until its close. Loose sentences may be cut into parts. The periodic sentence, on the other hand, is indivisible. The mind of the reader is held in suspense until the close of the sentence. The periodic sentence is capable of great power, for a sentence which makes on the mind of the reader one separate impression after another, and then binds them together with one conclusion, has accumulated tremendous force.

The supreme master of the periodic sentence is Edmund Burke, from whose *On Conciliation with America* the following illustration is taken:

Such is steadfastly my opinion of the absolute necessity of keeping up the concord of the empire by a unity of spirit through a diversity of operations, that if I were sure the colonists had, on leaving this country, sealed a regular compact of servitude; that they had solemnly abjured all the rights of citizens; that they had made a vow to renounce all ideas of liberty for them and their posterity to all generations, yet I should hold myself obliged to conform to the temper I found universally prevalent in my own day and to govern two millions of men, impatient of servitude, *on the principles of freedom.*

Here the whole sentence has been leading up to "on the principles of freedom."

Inexperienced writers will do well to use the periodic sentence sparingly, for in such a conclusion as the above, one may easily lose his way. Except on rare occasions, it is perhaps best to rely on sentences of moderate length.

EXPERIMENT 41

In a brief passage in your section on "Sentence-Building," show by actual use the contrast between loose and periodic sentences. In your periodic sentence remember to make the statements,

"like rank after rank of a charging army," follow toward one conclusion.

From your reading set down illustrations of each kind of sentence, commenting on the specific effect of each.

Allusion in Sentences.

When writers refer to incidents or characters of history or fiction, we call the reference allusion. Allusion increases the charm of writing, for it gives the reader a pleasurable experience, that of recalling an interesting memory. If a passage refers to Robin Hood, or Cinderella, or the goose that laid the golden egg, or the coat of many colors, it suggests a familiar story and a familiar picture. Certain stories have become the common property of the race, and it is from such a wealth that allusions spring. The Greek myths, the Bible, Shakespeare's plays, are the great sources. There are other well-known stories which are frequently alluded to; William Tell, Joan of Arc, George Washington, are known by boys and girls of every race. The following by Thoreau illustrates the way in which allusion may be woven into writing:

I was in haste to buy it before the proprietor finished getting out the rocks, cutting down the hollow apple trees, and grubbing up some young birches that had sprung up in the pasture, or, in short, had made many more of his improvements. To enjoy these advantages I was ready to carry it on; *like Atlas, to take the world on my shoulders* — I have never heard what compensation he received for that — and do all those things which had no other motive or excuse but that I might pay for it and be unmolested in my possession of it.

EXPERIMENT 42

Write an interesting sentence or two, using allusion to the following:

1. Moses in the bulrushes.
2. The Garden of Eden.
3. The heel of Achilles.
4. Romeo and Juliet.
5. Narcissus.

If you do not know these stories, look them up. Refer to the Bible for 1 and 2, any book of Greek fables for 3 and 5, and Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* for 4.

EXPERIMENT 43

The following story written by a high-school student is to be rewritten with special attention paid to sentence structure. First read the story aloud and note the monotony of structure. Rewrite any passage which is especially monotonous, making use of all that you have learned in the preceding experiments about adding "style" to sentence structure, and be prepared to discuss in class ways and means of improving it.

A PLUNGE IN THE WILDERNESS

One bright morning in the spring of 1879 found young Jim Cramer of Dayton, Ohio, in high spirits. He was about to leave his eastern home and seek his fortune in the great West.

He had read many books of pioneers, cowboys, Indian fights and other adventures of the West, and like all other boys he was eager to go and take part in some of them himself.

A whistle of the train and Jim was on his way, flying past trees, houses, and many old familiar sights into the land of glory.

At the station of Eagle Creek in Arizona Jim met Farmer Hawkins, whom he had written to for a job for part of the summer.

The trip in the old wagon over western roads to the ranch of Farmer Hawkins was tiresome to a young eastern boy of twenty, who had been used to riding in comfortable coaches and carriages, but Jim did not mind that. After three hours of travel they came to the ranch, which was about fourteen miles from any other dwelling.

The rest of the day was spent in exploring the place, which consisted of a large log house and many other log buildings used for stock. In one shed Jim found a number of saddles, blankets, ropes, and harness, which looked very good to an eastern college boy.

It was not many days before Jim grew tired of the work on the ranch; so he decided he would take a trip across the mountains to California. So he and another young man from the town packed their clothes and prepared to start.

They took with them two pack horses besides their riding horses, plenty of food, consisting of flour, bacon, lard, fruit, beans, salt, sugar, coffee, etc., two rifles, a tent and camping outfit.

Farmer Hawkins warned them about undertaking such a dangerous trip, when neither Jim nor the other fellow knew anything about traveling in the mountains, but they paid no heed to his warning because they both were eager for adventure.

On May 17 they left the ranch and started west across the mountains. For a few days they got along all right, but as they traveled farther into the mountains they lost the trail that they were following and could not find a pass over a certain range of mountains; so they pitched their tent and picketed their horses and prepared for the night. As Tom, the guide, was preparing the supper, Jim took his gun and left the camp in search of some meat, which they needed very much. He had not gone far when he saw three mountain sheep grazing at a distance of 500 yards from him; as cautious as an Indian, Jim cut down the distance between him and the sheep. When he was within eighty yards of them, he raised his gun to his shoulder and fired at the largest one. The bullet missed its mark and scared the sheep so that they took flight with Jim after them, hoping to get another shot. He chased them through a ravine and over a hill into a small canyon and then lost track of them altogether. After several hours of hunting, Jim turned his steps toward camp, but which way was he to go? He had lost himself while chasing the sheep, and he had no compass. Jim was scared. What could he do? Suddenly he thought of his gun. He fired four shots one right after the other, which meant distress. In a few seconds he heard two faint shots from Tom, who had answered the signal. Jim went in the direction of the sound and soon found camp.

Tom had supper ready when Jim returned, and both boys ate heartily after the hard day. After supper they rolled up in their blankets and went to sleep, for both were very tired.

The sun was just rising when Jim crawled out of his blanket, and a wonderful sight met his eyes. The canyon to the east

was all colors and constantly changing from purple to red and to blue. He called Tom to see it but Tom did not get up as he was too sleepy.

Jim rounded up the horses and started to get breakfast, when Tom came out and said that he would get some fresh meat for breakfast; so he took his gun and left camp. Jim had the horses caught and breakfast almost ready when he heard two shots. Presently Tom came back carrying a young antelope on his shoulder. They skinned it and cut a portion from the hind quarter to fry for breakfast and put the rest in a pack. Jim thought he never ate a breakfast in his life that tasted as good as that fresh meat.

After breakfast they packed the tent and other articles and started out to find the trail again but did not succeed in finding it.

They wandered around for five weeks looking for a trail that would take them out of the wilderness. Jim began to think that he would never see his home again. One day as they were searching around they came across an old trail which had not been used for some years, but they followed it and came to a forest ranger's cabin. Here they stayed for a few days to rest up a bit.

When they were ready to start, the forest ranger drew a map of the route they were to take to California, which was about four hundred miles from there. For several days they kept the trail, but it kept growing dimmer until they could not follow it any more but were left in the mountains without any way to get out, as before. They traveled several weeks but did not seem to get anywhere, were only getting into deeper forest and large mountains, it seemed to Jim.

It was now late in October and the boys had not found a trail or anything to tell them where to go; so they decided to put up a shelter and prepare for the winter which would soon be coming.

They cut small poles and set up a small cabin on the south side of a large hill. They stuffed branches into the cracks of the logs and built a fireplace out of stone which they found on the bank of a creek. The second night after their house

was built it snowed about three inches; so they were glad they had their cabin. The snow melted in several days and the boys were very busy cutting wood and building another shed for their horses.

The weather was nice for about three weeks, all of which the boys were busy preparing for winter.

One morning in November Jim crawled out of bed to find six inches of snow on the ground and the air full of crystal-like flakes. It snowed all day and all the next day until there was about sixteen inches of soft, loose snow on the ground.

The boys were busy now shoveling snow away from the buildings and cutting a path down to the spring. There was a marsh close to the house which had lots of tall grass in it. The snow was shoveled off of part of it so the horses might eat it. The wide blades of grass were tough and the horses did not like it, but they could live on it, and it was all that was to be had.

The boys went hunting one morning and killed two large deer; they had to get the horses to bring them into camp. They skinned the deer and hung the meat up in the branches of a tree to freeze, while they dried the skins to use for blankets, which they needed very much.

That night the boys did not get much sleep. The wolves had smelled the meat and were exercising their lungs in anger because they could not reach it. Jim was a little afraid; he had never before listened to a pack of wolves howling just outside the door where he was sleeping. But Tom was not at all afraid; he went to the door and fired several shots into the pack, which scattered them away, so that they might sleep.

So the winter dragged on. The boys had nothing to do but look after the horses, cut wood, and hunt. On Christmas day Jim thought about his home and wondered if he would ever see it again. He said if he ever got home he would know better than to start on such a wild-goose chase again.

The April sun now shone on the camp of the two lost boys, and the snow was melting fast. Streams of water were running in every low place, and small lakes were common to see.

Squirrels were busy tearing away their old nests, and birds

were beginning to come back from the South, and Jim Cramer began to think of leaving their winter home. He could not decide whether to turn back or to go ahead and try to get to California, which could not be so far away. The latter seemed the best to Tom; so they decided to take the trail again as soon as it was dry enough, and find their way out of the wilderness.

The horses had wintered fairly well on the marsh grass, but they were not in shape to start traveling again; so the boys were obliged to wait until they fattened up on the new spring grass which had begun to grow very rapidly now that the snow had gone.

In May, just a year from the time they left Farmer Hawkins' ranch, Jim and Tom were preparing to leave their own ranch, as they called it. Jim now remembered what Mr. Hawkins had told them, but he did not care so much now because he would have a good story to tell when he got back home again.

The boys went to bed that night feeling better than they had for a long time, for in the morning they were going to leave their winter quarters and go to civilization.

CHAPTER V

"AND THEREBY HANGS A TALE"

Story Value.

The following incidents represent actual experience. How might the stories be told, say, at the dinner table?

John and his chum were waiting in the yard for some candy to cool. Chum's small brother held in his hand a raw egg, with which he had been fumbling ever since the candy-making began. A shining automobile drove past. The small brother let fly with the egg. The auto stopped. A large and angry man got out. Small brother flew to the attic. John and chum hid in the kitchen and listened to the pounding on the front door. By and by it ceased, and they heard the man promising to come back with a policeman.

The large man didn't come back, but a policeman did, with a summons to small brother's father. When the two appeared in court, Father recognized an old friend in the complainant. Of course the case was dropped as far as Father was concerned. Small brother wasn't sure but that he preferred court action to Father's action.

Every one has experienced or witnessed thrilling moments and amusing coincidences. But can the average person relate such experiences so as to communicate the thrill or the laugh?

Here is another actual happening of a humorous turn:

A young man, on turning in to a home to which he had been invited, took note of an electric coupé at the curb. Some time later he left the house in the company of a girl. They talked animatedly on their way down the steps and to the sidewalk. They arrived, still talking and laughing, at the curb. The young man opened the door of the coupé and gallantly assisted the girl in. An awkward moment followed the closing of the door as the man stood bent and uncertain about his seat.

"Pardon me," he said, "isn't this your car?"

"No," laughed the girl, "isn't it yours?"

Laughingly they descended from the running-board and turned toward the street car.

To tell this yarn entertainingly as a part of the dinner conversation, as both these young people undoubtedly did, one must first appreciate the story value of the incident. One's

first duty to his fellows on whom he inflicts his personal experiences is to learn to discriminate between those incidents which have story value and those which are the casual commonplace happenings of the day.

Elements of Story Value.

In the two experiences noted above, what are the elements of story value? In the first incident the element which gives particular delight is the ironic coincidence at the end. There have been plenty of missiles — snowballs or wild cucumbers — hurled at a passing vehicle with just such accuracy of aim. Perhaps, too, the incidents have ended with a chase, a curse, or a spanking. Usually, however, there has been no such neat coincidence to round out the affair. That small brother's aim should not only have hit the shining automobile but should have hit that particular car which belonged to a friend of his father — this is that something in the incident which suggests the deliberate intervention of Fate. The incident ends as neatly as a play. It has just that artful arrangement of events which, out of a million possibilities, brings the one ludicrous combination.

A similar irony marks the second story. Was it not strange that the idea that the car belonged to the other should have occurred to each? And wasn't it amusing that they both got into the car before discovering the truth?

Every one should be able to think of similarly amusing coincidences in the stories he has read, some comic, some tragic. There is O. Henry's story, *The Gift of the Magi,* about the bride who cut off her beautiful hair in order to buy a much coveted watch fob for her husband, who in the meantime had pawned his watch in order to buy an equally coveted comb for the lovely tresses of his wife. And then there is the grimmer coincidence, told in Hawthorne's *The Ambitious Guest,* of the New England family which left its snug home to escape a landslide only to perish outside while the house remained untouched.

Charlie Chaplin's humor is dependent on coincidence, the

coincidence of a pail of whitewash falling at the exact moment that the dandy walks under the ladder.

One of the tragic ironies in *Macbeth* is that Lady Macbeth, who, looking at Macbeth's bloody hands just after the murder of Duncan, says to her husband, "A little water clears us of this deed," should later lose her mind and say over and over again: "What! will these hands ne'er be clean? All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand!"

There are equally dramatic coincidences in life which it is interesting to learn to appreciate, for they are the raw material from which comedy and tragedy are written.

Such combinations of Fate in life or fiction suggest a wise old dramatist behind the scenes arranging events as does the practical joker whose greatest amusement depends on the dilemma of his victim. To be able to discern in life these dramatic ironies heightens one's interest in the everyday stream of life. There may be an amusing comedy just around the corner, or a powerful silent drama across the street.

The Element of Mystery.

There is another story element which one may learn to discover. What, the neighbors wonder, does the strange little hunchback do all day in that dark attic room across the street, from which he emerges but once of an evening? Such mysteries are topics of interesting conjecture at many an evening meal.

These little variations of the usual give rise to an entertaining sense of mystery, which is the second element of story value. We like to have our curiosity piqued both in life and in story. We like to pit our wits against a puzzle. Any one by looking about can find plenty of raw material which has story value; there is plenty of mystery to be seen by a person with sharp eyes. And it is this daily garnering of life's little ironies and mysteries that may serve as the stuff out of which entertaining stories can be made.

The Element of Conflict.

A third element of story value, easily apparent to the observer of life, is the element of struggle, conflict, or contest.

We know the lure of a contest. We see it in the enthusiasm of baseball fans, football rooters, or a public interested in a round-the-world flight of aviators. Shall it be victory or defeat? This is the eternal question that packs life and stories with interest.

Perhaps some one wonders what the proud little lady across the way will do now that her foolish husband has gone to prison for embezzlement. Will she be able to hold her head as high and make both ends meet? Or perhaps some one has watched the silent conflict between father and son, the one holding fast to a lifelong plan for his son to enter the ministry, and the other discovering an irresistible urge to follow his genius for painting. We settle these problems in others' lives, saying confidently: "If I were he or she, I would do so-and-so." It is interesting to step into the other fellow's shoes. And that is just what the story-teller does, in a more artistic fashion than the rest of us can do.

Those who become sensitive to life, who observe the picturesque, the humorous, the pathetic, learn to see what is really significant in the comedies and tragedies about them. They discriminate between the meaningful and the meaningless. One's duty as a companion is to select wisely the stories that he tells. And one's interest in fiction will prove the more fascinating for this awakened interest in the raw material.

EXPERIMENT 44

Jot down in your journal some five or six of the most interesting incidents you can recall. Try to label their particular story interest: ironic coincidence, mystery, or dramatic conflict. Then you might suggest the possibilities of each for a story. You might read some of the short stories listed at the end of this chapter and classify their story values.

Raw Material for Stories.

To the romantic imagination there are other flashes of life which possess story value besides the neatly arranged coincidences already discussed. Often the astute observer will discover the raw material for a story in something less complete than the real little coincidences of life. Story-writers will tell you that the inception of a story lay, perhaps, in the pathetic

phrase uttered by an old man one spring evening, or the sphinx-like face of an old sailor, or the muffled sound of many feet on a padded staircase. We are all at times subtly conscious that certain moments are more significant than others; that at such a time the mere ticking of the clock, the mere tilt of a green feather, possesses a potent meaning. All of us at times are aware of a heightened emotional susceptibility. It is not particularly necessary for us to account for such moods; the psychologist may do that. To the student of writing, it is enough to know that such moments exist.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in *A Gossip in Romance,* tells us that certain settings seem to suggest that " something should happen." " Certain places speak distinctly. Certain dank gardens cry aloud for murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwrecks."

Certain names or faces awaken the fancy. A meaningful look in a stranger's eye, the fall of night upon a grimy city, some quaint old inn where adventure seems to lurk in every creak of the floor — these may be suggestive of some hidden destiny which a story-teller might reveal.

Dorothy Canfield, in telling how her story *Flint and Fire* grew, insists that " everybody knows such occasional hours or days of freshened emotional responses when events that usually pass unnoticed suddenly move you deeply, when a sunset lifts you to exaltation, when a squeaking door throws you into a fit of exasperation, when a dear look of trust in a child's eyes moves you to tears, or an injustice reported in the newspapers to flaming indignation, a good action to a sunny warm love of human nature, a discovered meanness in yourself or another to despair. I have no idea whence this tide comes, or where it goes, but when it begins to rise in my heart, I know that a story is hovering in the offing. It does not always come to port. The daily routine of ordinary life kills off many a vagrant emotion. Or if daily humdrum occupation does not stifle it, perhaps this saturated solution of feeling does not happen to crystallize about any concrete face, episode, words, or phrase. In my own case, it is far more likely to seize on some slight trifle, the shade of expression on somebody's face, or the tone of somebody's

voice, than to accept a more complete ready-made episode." Any vivid stirring of the senses may give rise to a story.

Sometimes, too, the characters of a story come hot upon us and demand a story. In the following excerpts from Joseph Conrad note how the three characters "buried in one corner of his memory suddenly get out into the light of the world," as Conrad expresses it. The characters mentioned are all to be found in *Victory*.

But I wouldn't be suspected even remotely of making fun of Axel Heyst. I have always liked him. *The flesh and blood individual who stands behind the infinitely more familiar figure of the book,* I well remember as a mysterious Swede right enough. . . . I will not say where I met him because I fear to give my readers a wrong impression, since a marked incongruity between man and his surroundings is often a very misleading circumstance. We became friendly for a time, and I would not like to expose him to unpleasant suspicions, though personally I am sure he would have been indifferent to suspicions as he is indifferent to all other disadvantages of life. He was not the whole Heyst, of course; he is only the physical and moral foundation of my Heyst, laid on the ground of short acquaintance. That it was short was certainly not my fault, for he had charmed me by the mere amenity of his detachment which, in this case, I cannot help thinking he carried to excess. He went away from his rooms without leaving a trace. I wondered where he had gone to — but now I know. He vanished from my ken only to drift into this adventure, *Victory,* that, unavoidable, waited for him in a world which he persisted in looking upon as a malevolent shadow spinning in sunlight. Often in the course of years an expressed sentiment, the particular sense of a phrase heard casually, would recall him to my mind, so that I have fastened on to him many words heard on others' lips and belonging to other men's less perfect, less pathetic moods.

The same observation will apply to Mr. Jones, who is built on a much slenderer connection. Mr. Jones (or whatever his name was) did not drift away from me. He turned his back on me and walked out of the room. It was in a little hotel in the Island of St. Thomas in the West Indies, in the year '75, where we found him one hot afternoon extended on three chairs, all alone in the low buzzing of flies, to which his immobility and cadaverous aspect gave a most gruesome significance. Our invasion must have displeased him, because he got off the chairs brusquely and walked out, leaving me with an indelibly weird impression of his thin shanks.

My contact with the faithful Pedro was much shorter and my

observation less complete but incomparably more anxious. It was in a hovel of sticks and mats by the side of a path. As I went in there only to ask for a bottle of lemonade, I have not to this day the slightest idea what in my appearance or actions could have roused his terrible ire. It became manifest to me less than two minutes after I had set eyes on him, and though immensely surprised, of course I didn't stop to think it out. I took the nearest short cut through the wall. This bestial apparition and a certain enormous nigger encountered in Haiti only a couple of months afterward have fixed my conception of blind, furious, unreasoning rage, as manifested in the human animal, to the end of my days. Of the nigger I used to dream for years.

It seems to me but natural that these three characters, buried in a corner of my memory, should suddenly get out into the light of the world — so natural that I offer no excuse for their existence.[1]

EXPERIMENT 45

Like Conrad, a journal-keeper might jot down definite impressions of characters who could be interesting heroes or villains.

A section of your journal might be devoted to "Character Analysis." Perhaps some of these characters, presently, will seek admission into one's first story.

It should be interesting, likewise, to record some vivid sense impressions that seem significant.

The Theme of a Story.

An idea may give rise to a story. Many times in the history of the world, fiction has been made an effective weapon against social injustice, social hypocrisy, or false belief. Every age has had its novelist-preachers. Charles Dickens wrote several of his novels to expose the cruel life of the slums; William Makepeace Thackeray and Jonathan Swift satirized the shams of their times. Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* has for its theme sin; his *House of the Seven Gables,* the influence of past generations. *Silas Marner,* as George Eliot intended, "sets in a strong light the remedial influences of purely human relationships." Winston Churchill has attacked the hypocrisy of the church, and Sinclair Lewis has pictured the stodgy complacency of small-town life.

[1] Joseph Conrad, *Complete Works,* Volume XV, page xi (Doubleday, Page and Company).

Countless are the ideas which could give rise to a story. For instance, should a dead man's wishes have power over the happiness of the living? Is a "conscientious objector" in time of war a traitor or a martyr?

These are possible themes for stories. It may be that an idea so grips a person that he must give artistic expression to it. In such a case, a story is born.

EXPERIMENT 46

What ideas have you often pondered which an author might put in a story? What dramatic conflict of ideas have you witnessed which could be waged in a novel?

Record briefly in your journal several possible themes for stories.

Kinds of Stories.

According as one of the above elements predominates in a story, types of fiction arise. In Poe's *The Fall of the House of Usher,* the incidents and characters are subordinated to the atmosphere. A feeling of morbid apprehension and nameless dread hangs like a pall over the whole story and transmits itself to the reader. In Bret Harte's *Tennessee's Partner,* character interest predominates.

In the legend of "Our Lady's Juggler," pleasure in the story is based on appreciation of the underlying theme. Perhaps some of us will meet some humble person like the juggler who offers with naïve faith his talents to the Virgin. Then we shall recall France's story and remember how the monks were shocked at finding the juggler juggling before the altar. And we shall smile again at their fears and think how the Virgin blessed the honest juggler and accepted his sincere tribute.

There are stories of character, stories of atmosphere, stories of incident, and stories with ideas.

EXPERIMENT 47

The list of stories at the end of this chapter will supply material for a brief study of short stories. In your journal set down a comment on the stories you read, to indicate the type.

Telling a Story with Suspense.

The next step after discovering story material is to learn to tell a story interestingly. Well-chosen words and vivid descriptions go far to give life to a story. If, furthermore, an element of suspense can be introduced, the story is fairly sure to gain listeners.

Suppose that in the second of the two stories on page 144 the happening should be related from the girl's point of view, thus:

> The joke was on me today as I was leaving Mary's party. I met James Conway, whom I had not seen for ages. On our way out we each mistook an automobile at the curb for the other's car and entered it before we discovered our joint mistake. Then we had to go in search of a street car.

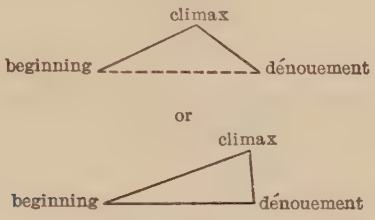
Here the incident is told too briefly to make the most of the story value. No effort is made to tell more than the essential point; no effort is made to hold the listener in suspense. Now a good story-teller tantalizes his listeners much as the small boy teases the cat with a bit of cloth tied to a string. The cat is at first curious to find out what is tied to the string. When he is about to find out, the boy jerks the string. Roughly speaking, this is the essential trick in story-telling. Of course, in a short tale the opportunities for jerking the string are lessened. But at least one may tempt one's listeners to see what is held out on the string. To conceal a secret for a time, not too long a time nor yet too short, is to enhance the enjoyment of discovery.

The figure representing story interest may be shifted to that of a hill or mountain. Every one is familiar with the nursery jingle, "The bear went over the mountain, To see what he could see." The bear had a curiosity to see the other side of the mountain. His interest grew with every step toward the summit. The nearer he got to the peak, the keener was his interest. Finally his view over the crest was either satisfactory enough to repay the climb, or else a disappointment.

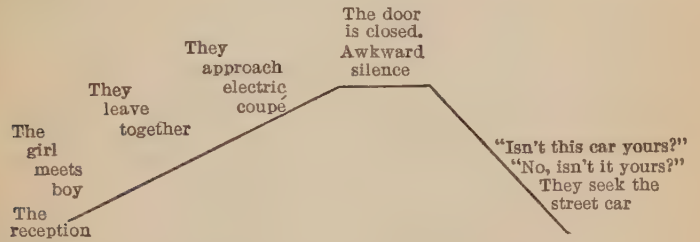
Now a story-teller tempts his listeners or his readers to just such a jaunt up an incline to a peak of interest which shall be either worthy or unworthy of their effort of attention. Every

moment of the climb should be one of pleasurable suspense. What is beyond that peak? is the question. The peak of interest is commonly called the *climax* of a story, and the descent on the other side, the *dénouement*. Very often the story ends beyond the peak very precipitously; sometimes it trails over the summit in a leisurely descent.

Story-telling in its simplest terms, with its rise and fall of interest, may be pictured thus:



The story just told about the electric coupé might be diagramed thus:


The door is closed. Awkward silence
They approach electric coupé
They leave together
The girl meets boy
The reception
"Isn't this car yours?"
"No, isn't it yours?"
They seek the street car

In actual conversation the story might be told like this:

I always did have a fancied prejudice against electric automobiles; now I have a real one.

Today I found myself, after a most delicious cup of tea at the Browns', making my adieux in the company of James Conway. We had chatted most of the hour together, reviving old times, and I just naturally found myself leaving in his company. Our conversation continued animatedly as we stepped out to the sidewalk, and when I saw parked at the curb an electric automobile, I was particularly glad I had met James. He would surely drive me home, I thought. We paused leisurely at the curb and finished a bit of gossip we had been smiling over. I hesitated to hurry him, even

though I was eager to be off. He opened the door of the coupé, and I dipped my new spring bonnet to enter. I have never been entirely certain just how these electrics are operated, and so I felt uncertain about where to sit. My escort entered but seemed in no hurry to sit down. He stood bent over, and seemed as uncertain where to sit as I.

"Why, oh, but — isn't this your car?" he asked.

"Heavens, no!" I laughed. "I assumed it was yours."

And then we both laughed, great peals of mirth, before it occurred to us that the owner of the car might not see our mistake in the same humorous light. We got out of the automobile shamefacedly and turned in the direction of the nearest street car. I had counted on getting home early. I was late.

In this version, an amusing incident is related with suspense. The listener is kept at arm's length until the story-teller wishes to disclose his secret.

EXPERIMENT 48

You might try thinking of the interesting incidents in your memory or observation in terms of a "peak." First isolate one point of the story and then attempt to conceal it up to a certain stage in the telling. The newspaper will help you, for the newspaper story puts its point first. And if you cannot think of incidents of your own life, take the raw material from newspapers.

In the following newspaper clippings note that the peak of interest is pointed out in the headline and "lead" (the first paragraph). Try outlining these stories as they would be told with suspense.

Dog Captured in Milwaukee as Milk Thief

Adventurous Canine Stole Bottles From Doorsteps —Caught After Chase.

Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 15.—(By Associated Press.)—Even in the animal king-

dom the days of high adventure are not over.

A handsome police dog deliberately took up a life of piracy, and by clever thefts made himself a serious police problem here for six months. After exploits that would have done credit to a White Fang, the dog was arrested and promptly was identified as the "milk bottle thief" who has been the despair of housewives.

In this headline can you underline the incident which you would keep back as the climax to the story?

ESCAPES PRISON BY A FINGER TIP

Young Merchant Shows Whorl Where Swindler Had Loop, and Is Acquitted

William Feit, young merchant of No. 398 Manor Road, West New Brighton, S. I., returned yesterday to his business of saving money to bring his family over from Poland, free at last, he hoped, of being mistaken for Isaac Shapiro, notorious diamond swindler, who is now a fugitive from justice.

The third finger on Mr. Feit's right hand has a whorl. Shapiro's corresponding finger shows a loop. When he learned that, Judge Taylor in Kings County Court instructed the jury to acquit Mr. Feit of a charge of grand larceny in the first degree, thereby disposing of a strange case of mistaken identity.

—*The World*

What part of this incident could serve as a climax?

EXPERIMENT 49

Practice arranging simple climaxes in the manner suggested on page 153. Plan your stories so that they may be given orally in class.

Plot.

The principle of suspense underlies plot construction. The figure of the bear's journey up the mountain may be carried further. Narrative "plot" presupposes this hill of suspense — i.e. some complication, or mystery, or conflict, the outcome or explanation of which is uncertain.

There are three cornerstones of plot structure represented in the "hill": *the ascent, the peak, the decline;* or, to use technical terms: *the beginning, the climax,* and *the dénouement.* Now where shall the bear start up the hill? And how far must he go before he may see the other side? How steep and sudden shall be the descent? And what encounters shall there be along the way? The decisions in these matters constitute plot construction. A plot is a combination of incidents so interwoven in the telling that a great or small degree of suspense is created centering upon some particular event. This can best be understood by an illustration.

Let us suppose that one's interest has been aroused by a situation in Satan's Trap, a little fishing village. A certain John Wull, a shrewd, dishonest, unrelenting trader, is profiteering on the simple wants of the fisher folk and extorting unjust prices for the flour and fuel which they need. Every spring, while the ice still isolates the little village from the larger trading centers, old Wull takes advantage of Nature's blockade and boosts his prices. "Supply and demand!" he thunders at those who dare to voice a feeble protest.

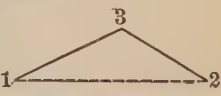
Here is a situation which might have been the starting point of the story, *The Revolution of Satan's Trap,* by Norman Duncan. But one cannot get farther than the initial situation without first establishing some particular point of interest to which the story progresses. The end of the story must be known before — to use a familiar paradox — a beginning can be made. A story-teller must, boviously, know the point of the story about which he is holding his readers in suspense before he can plan that suspense.

Now in the situation at Satan's Trap there are several points of interest to choose from. A story might be told showing

how Jehoshaphat Rudd, one of the exploited fishermen, reacted to the pressure of John Wull. Here the purpose of the story would be a revelation of character. Or a story of incident might be told, tracing the course of a rebellion against the tyranny of John Wull. Here the center of interest would lie in the uncertainty of the outcome. Or a story-teller might try to show that revolutions are futile, never accomplishing what they seem to accomplish.

With the choice of one (let us take the last) of these points, a second point in a diagram of plot is established thus:

Here are the beginning and the end; the next point to establish is the climax, the point which puts the "hump" in the line. Some incident must be planned which marks a crisis in the attitude of the reader toward revolutions. Will the revolutionists win? Will they be suppressed? Will the revolution bring about good times? There must be some dramatic incident which is a focal point for all the gathering interest. Such an incident in the story is the climax and is the third point to be established in the diagram, thus:



The incident presented as the focal point of the actual story is very thrilling. Old John Wull, whose supplies the fisher folk have taken by gentle force, is one day caught on an ice floe drifting out to sea. Jehoshaphat Rudd, the leader of the peaceful revolution, draws up alongside the bit of floating ice in his boat and offers to rescue the storekeeper if he promises not to cause any trouble by appealing to the law. A storm is gathering and threatens both men. Each man remains obdurate. Old Wull swears he will not get into the boat on such a condition and Jehoshaphat that he will not rescue him otherwise. You may read for yourself how the *dénouement* is effected. The dramatic climax is all that is of significance here.

The only other points to be established in the picture rep-

resentation of plot are minor and lie between 1 and 3 and between 3 and 2. On the way to the climax there must be incidents of growing interest, arousing our suspense as we mount to the summit.

Before leaving the subject of plot construction, it is necessary to offer one caution. The following story, written by a high-school student will illustrate the caution:

A FIGHTING CHANCE

THE whistle blew; the ball was thrown up in the center. Our captain tipped it to me and I passed it to Ruth. It would have been a pretty good pass if an A. C. guard had not slipped past Ruth, reached the ball, and shot it to one of their forwards, who made a basket. The word went around to all of us Wesleyans, "*Watch that guard!* She's a wonder."

The ball was again thrown up in the center, and I received the tip-off as usual. Every one expected me to shoot for a basket, but it was a long distance to throw; I didn't want to risk it. In the second that I stood there, I decided to pass to Ruth. The worst she could do was to miss it or have *that wonderful guard* interfere again, I thought. Amid excited calls to shoot, not pass, I threw low. Ruth got the ball and shot a basket, tying the score at 2–2.

A quarter was over, and our captain called us together and of course blamed me for taking such a chance and at the same time patted me on the back. I didn't say anything, but all the time I was thinking a lot. During the second quarter our girls threw for baskets, almost every time they received the ball, instead of passing to some one nearer the basket. I knew they did this because they were afraid of that brilliant guard. When the A. C. guards got the ball, they would pass to a forward near the basket, and our girls failed to see what had happened until the forward had shot for the basket. The half ended with a score of 6–2 in favor of the A. C. girls.

I had kept quiet until then, but I just couldn't keep still any longer. I told our captain we were silly *to be afraid of that guard.* How many passes had she intercepted? Only about three of them, and she had had chances to stop many more. I suggested we stop shooting so much and do a little passing to some one nearer the basket. If we wanted to win, we would have to start scoring immediately.

The third quarter began with both sides fighting to get the ball and neither succeeding very well. We kept passing the ball to our best basket-shooters but to our surprise they kept missing. The

ball seemed bewitched. The A. C. girls had no better luck. If they intercepted any passes, which they didn't very often, their forwards would miss the baskets almost every time, or at least as often as we did. Our girls were just a little dubious as to whether *the guard* was as good as our captain had said she was.

Another quarter came to an end with the same score as before, 6–2, favor of the A. C. I kept silent, because my advice to pass and not shoot had failed to bring us any scores. When the whistle blew for the last quarter, I suggested that we shoot from any distance for baskets. The girls didn't make any comments, and I did not know whether they would take my advice or not this time. The ball was thrown up in the center again. The A. C. girls played hard to get the ball, and so did we. *The wonderful guard* had stopped almost altogether her brilliant plays. Four minutes of play were left when the A. C. girls asked for time out, which was granted them. The score was then 6–6.

Do you note, thus far, that a fairly high degree of suspense has been created? And do you note, further, that it is a particular disclosure you are awaiting? You are expecting some play by the Wesleyan team which should save the game for them. All your uncertainty to this point has been as to whether they would be able to overcome the fear of *that guard*. Now the end of the story must, to satisfy you, settle this question in some fashion or other. It must not evade a problem which it has created. With this in mind, read the ending of the story:

When the A. C. girls settled their dispute and we had rested, we started to play again. Our girls were getting a little too confident, and the A. C. seemed to think so too and of course took advantage of it and played as they had never played before. All of their trying was in vain; even their wonderful guard was not of any use. The game ended with a score of 8–6 in favor of the Wesleyan girls.

Were you not disappointed? Here is illustrated the weakness of a story written without first establishing the three main points of plot. The writer apparently did not know definitely how she would end it. She was not very sure what threads of interest she had started. Consequently the story disappoints the reader.

A good story must satisfy the reader and not frustrate his awakened interest. True, there may be a surprise ending; but in such a case, the writer has not definitely held his

readers' interest to a particular trend of thought. He has in his beginning built up several possibilities, and the interest lies in wondering which one is to count. Then, when the final disclosure is made, this curiosity is satisfied.

EXPERIMENT 50

Hold yourself for a week — five school days — to the slogan "A Plot a Day." This need not mean an original plot. You may make an analysis of some simple plot you know. Try marking off in a diagram the three essential points: the initial situation, the climax, and the dénouement.

One can also attempt symbolic diagrams of more complicated plots, showing more elaborate interweaving of incidents and ideas. There are many interesting symbols which can be used. In a story of conflict or struggle the symbol of two trains in a head-on collision might be employed. Which can establish its right of way and push the other from the track?

Or the hill symbol might be used, indicating a more hazardous ascent than a mere straight line. Perhaps there are minor peaks and dips to be encountered on the way to the principal summit.

EXPERIMENT 51

In the manner illustrated below, plan original plot synopses.

These two simple plots, conceived by high-school students, illustrate how a brief synopsis, without any more description than is necessary to make the idea clear, insures the understanding of a plot. No effort is made to weave the plot with suspense; that task remains for the finished story.

For those who have difficulty in conceiving plots, the pictures that follow are offered for whatever ideas they may suggest. The task for this experiment is to write at least three simple plot synopses.

SYNOPSIS I

Jane was at work upon a pastel for the spring exhibition. There was to be a moon and a little river flowing between a ramshackle old farmhouse and a worm-eaten, wind-battered fence. Big oaks were to half-obscure the house. The whole effect was to be soft blues and purples.

David, a young playmate, found the pastel in Jane's attic studio. He too had leanings toward art. When *he* finished the picture, a grinning old man looked down from the moon; an orange cat howled from the picturesque fence, and boots streamed from an upper window in the farmhouse.

Jane was heartbroken. She threw the picture on a pile of rubbish. David again found it and kept it. Jane gave up art. David took it up. Jane moved away.

Years later at his exhibit David exhibited the orange cat and the grinning moon. Jane came, saw it, and thus identified her childhood friend. Jane and David fell in love and married.

SYNOPSIS II

Mr. Goggins, a very eccentric old bachelor, shuffled down the stairs one morning in orange felt slippers and purple bathrobe in quest of the morning paper. He saw Mrs. Splints, the town gossip, who lived next door, peering at him through her thin curtains. To escape her scrutiny Mr. Goggins made a sudden dash for the paper; his door swung shut and locked him out. With as much agility as he could muster, he scrambled over the railing of the porch and looked questioningly at the open coal chute, the only avenue of escape he could find. He crawled in, to discover the basement door blocked by the coal. After five minutes' imprisonment he yelled: "Help! Murder! Police! Help!" Mrs. Splints telephoned the fire department instead of the police. When they arrived she pointed at the hole whence the sounds issued — unable, in her excitement, to offer any explanation. Mr. Goggins, his purple bathrobe wet and besmeared, was hauled out ignominiously through the coalhole and allowed to scramble up the firemen's ladder to an open window.

Ideas for plots for stories will be found in the pictures inserted between pages 162 and 163.

Types of Fiction.

So far in our discussion of stories we have been thinking about narrative in general, without reference to the form, whether short story, novel, drama, or moving picture. All these forms tell stories, and all rely on the same basic elements of plot construction. How each differs from the others in its method of handling plot will be discussed in the next few paragraphs.

The Short Story.

A short story, as its name implies, is a brief tale. However, it has more to distinguish it from other fiction than mere brevity.

A short story possesses some striking unity of effect. Merely to reduce the story of *David Copperfield*, let us say, to the length of 5000 words, is not to produce a short story. A short-story writer concentrates on some one of the elements of character, incident, or setting. It is as if the writer decided to strike along but a single nerve-path and make us shiver with apprehension, recoil with disgust, or laugh with delight. The short-story writer wishes to secure a single emotional reaction. Edgar Allan Poe, who is perhaps most responsible for the popularity of the short story in modern writing, explains its technique thus:

> A skillful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one preëstablished design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novice. Undue brevity is just as exceptionable here as in a poem; but undue length is yet more to be avoided.[1]

A story which may be read at one sitting possesses an advantage over one that must be laid down and then resumed again. In the short story, "the soul of the reader is at the writer's control." There are no external influences disturbing the impression he wishes to create — no weariness of interruptions.

Poe's situations possess a singleness of effect: a man murdered and buried beneath a floor; a man drawn into a whirlpool; a prisoner in a chamber of torture. His characters are moved by a fixed idea; some are madmen, bent on cruelty and crime; others are maniacs beset by morbid and unnatural fears. Poe lived up to his own formulas rigorously.

[1] *Graham's Magazine*, May, 1842.

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EXPERIMENT 52

Read several short stories by each of the following short-story writers and jot down in a comment in your journal the particular unity of effect the author has succeeded in creating: Dorothy Canfield, Margaret Deland, Conan Doyle, Edna Ferber, Mary Wilkins Freeman, Hamlin Garland, Bret Harte, O. Henry, Fannie Hurst, Sarah Orne Jewett, Rudyard Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, Frank Stockton, Booth Tarkington.

The Novel.

It would be indeed fantastic to assume that many of the readers of this volume will be energetic enough to attempt writing a novel. Consequently, what space is given here to the technique of the novel is intended partly to suggest a contrast between the novel and the short story and partly to arouse an interest in interpreting one's own life in terms of a novel.

It is said that most first novels — and many of these are the best of an author's work — are largely autobiographical. Every one, then, in a sense, might be a character in a novel. To conceive of oneself as the hero — or villain — of a story might well spur one to a critical study of himself. Here might be an interesting leverage for lifting ourselves by those proverbial boot straps.

In the novel, the ideas unravel slowly. They are not presented by the flash-light method of the short story. The novel must give opportunity for gradual character development. The suspense line of the novel is inclined at a gentler angle. There are minor crises before the chief climax, and often there are plots within plots. The whole web of incidents is more intricate and entangled.

Types of the Novel.

Novels, like short stories, fall into well-defined types, depending on the element which they emphasize. There are the novels of character like *Silas Marner;* there are novels of adventure like *Treasure Island;* novels of purpose like *Nicholas Nickleby,* and historical novels like *A Friend of Caesar.* There are other classifications, but these are the most important.

EXPERIMENT 53

The list of novels at the end of this chapter will interest you. Some of them may be read for your outside reading. The best way to study the technique of the novel is to read novels. It will be good practice to diagram some of the plots of these novels in your journal. You should read at least six during the term.

The Play.

It is doubtful whether there will be many readers of this text ambitious enough to try writing a long play. However, it will not be too bold to attempt a dramatic dialogue or even a one-act playlet, and learn through practice some of the interesting principles of dramatic technique.

The play, as any one can see for himself, tells a story by setting the characters into action. The plot unravels before our very eyes and through our very ears. The writer of a play, more particularly than any other author, must be an astute observer of what people do and what they say under all sorts of circumstances. He cannot tell his audiences in an aside that his characters are modest or stubborn or overbearing; he must show these qualities through acts and words which may be interpreted as modest, stubborn, or overbearing.

It is this task of presenting ideas through action and conversation which is well worth trying. How well can you interpret action? If you see a man pacing the floor or a girl biting her lips, you are convinced that the man is restless and the girl is about ready to cry. But what of the more subtle actions? What do they express? The dramatist must be able to interpret action before he can use it in his play significantly. He must have interpreted the frenzy of a madman in order to instruct a character how to act like a madman. He must know how worry, tension, despair, recklessness, or abandon are expressed through action; otherwise his characters will not convince.

The dramatist also knows what people do under certain circumstances. He knows what a deserted lover might do; or a friend who has been betrayed, or a youth opposed in his dearest ambition. If he did not have this knowledge of human

nature, he would not be able to create lifelike situations. The dramatist is a student of life and learns to watch every muscle tension for some significant meaning.

EXPERIMENT 54

Reserve a section of your journal for your own observations of action. Then watch your fellow student. How does Mary's reaction differ from John's in the event of an unjust accusation, a bit of flattery, or a discouraging piece of news? How do their muscles express their feelings? What actually did a boy do when caught cribbing, a girl caught eavesdropping? One way to answer the storywriter's ever-present query — "What do people do under such and such circumstances?" — is to find out what *one* person actually did do. Let your observations teach you something about what people actually do under the common motives of fear, ecstasy, embarrassment, repulsion, or hilarity. You will learn something of human nature at the same time that you are getting ready to write.

EXPERIMENT 55

In your journal, plan for the class one or two pantomimes which will illustrate how action can tell a story. Let these be simple little story situations to be acted in class.

EXPERIMENT 56

From the list of plays at the end of the chapter, you might select a play or two to read. As you read, set down in your journal some of the significant acts of the characters. It might be that a mere step toward a cupboard taken in a moment of fear revealed the hiding-place of some important papers. What are the big moments of action counted on by the author to put the story over the footlights?

The dramatist is not only an alert observer; he is also an acute listener. Five minutes of idle conversation with a neighbor about the weather may give you a pretty reliable notion of her culture, her education, her imagination, or her wit. Speech is a telltale evidence of character which the dramatist notes with serious purpose. His *dramatis personae* must speak in character; their speech must be in keeping with the situation. How would a stamp-collector grow enthusiastic about his stamps? How does a six-year-old talk? Would a railroad

conductor address a clergyman in the same way that he would talk to the porter?

And what do people say in dramatic circumstances? What would a schoolgirl say if she were just informed of her father's death? What do people say in the face of great danger? These are some of the questions which a dramatist must answer convincingly in his plays. Eavesdropping is pardoned in a playwright; some of his dialogue is what he overhears; the rest he fabricates on the pattern of his observation of similar situations.

EXPERIMENT 57

A few pages of your journal should record some characteristic conversation — conversation that reveals a type or conversation that reveals character.

Perhaps you will be able to overhear two stenographers chattering on the way home from work. Listen to the iceman talk about the hot weather, or induce a small child to tell you about its doll. There are plenty of opportunities for eavesdropping. And then, of course, add a comment about what the conversation reveals. Whether you write a playlet or not, this practice in recording conversation will stand you in good stead in other writing.

Writing Narrative.

It is apparent that many separate kinds of skill are necessary to produce a finished narrative. There is the skill of determining story value from the raw material of life. There is the skill of planning a plot — a plot which will serve some literary end. There is the skill required to tell a story with suspense, to make the characters and settings vivid by description, to handle conversation and action realistically. All of these separate skills are demanded of the writer of fiction. And all of these skills the student of this text has begun to acquire to a modest degree if he has followed faithfully the experiments in this chapter. The paragraphs below aim to offer more explicitly some technical advice concerning the actual use of these skills in the actual writing of a finished narrative.

Conversation.

Experiment 57, above, has already provided practice in handling conversation; you have begun to listen to others talk and

to record characteristic dialogue. Now one difficulty in recording interestingly these conversations that you hear lies in the necessity of inserting "he said" or "she inquired," etc. The reader of your conversations must be constantly reminded of who is speaking, and yet he must not be bored by an unnecessary amount of such instruction or a monotonous phrasing of it. An excess of such interpolations intrudes the author into the conversation; a scarcity of them is likely to confuse the reader.

Since the word "said" has twenty-five or thirty synonyms at least, there is little excuse for a monotonous use of the same expression to introduce a direct quotation from conversation. A character not only may have *said;* he may have *replied, maintained, contradicted, asserted, sworn, lamented, averred.*

Sometimes a sentence describing the act which precedes an utterance introduces the speaker effectively: "She laid her fingers against his lips. 'Sh-h-h! You don't want anything of the kind.'"

And sometimes a bit of description added to that part of the sentence which introduces the speaker suggests more picturesquely how the words were uttered: "'Go as far as you like,' said Jimmy *with sandpaper in his voice.*" Sometimes, too, it is not necessary to insert any "he said" expression at all. A new paragraph for each new speaker will direct the reader's attention in the dialogue. Sometimes a certain monotony can be averted by varying the position of the "he said"; sometimes it can be placed at the beginning, sometimes at the end, and now and then, perhaps, in the middle of the quotation.

These, then, are important details to remember in writing conversation. A realistic conversation may be spoiled by the writer if he forgets to record it carefully, with due consideration of the reader's convenience.

EXPERIMENT 58

For future use, record in your journal all the words of "saying" that you can acquire through help from the dictionary. Don't write down just the one word; add a modifier or two, thus: *com-*

plained petulantly; asserted dogmatically; or *uttered with frosty precision.* To do this will identify for you the particular meaning of each word.

EXPERIMENT 59

Write at least one pointed conversation in your journal in which you pay special attention to your "he said" words. Paragraph your conversation so that the entrance of each new speaker into the dialogue will be indicated by a separate paragraph.

Subordination of Detail.

The story-reader's mind is always in somewhat of a hurry — a hurry to get on with the story, a hurry to unravel the plot. His memory, no doubt, includes hours of boredom in which some tedious story-teller hemmed and hawed over a simple narrative: "Let's see now, I think it was the year when Mabel was a baby — no, it was the winter before. Well, anyway, as I was saying, it was a very cold winter," etc. Such awkward rambling rouses irritation, not interest.

Those details which affect the main thread of a story but little should be subordinated. There are indirect ways of telling the "when," the "where," and the "who," without delaying the "what." Instead of saying, "His name was John," the story-teller may introduce his character in the same sentence in which he makes a significant remark *about* John: "John shyly acknowledged the introduction." Instead of saying, "The day on which this happened was Fourth of July," the story may begin: "A giant firecracker abruptly awakened Percy McClellan and reminded him what day it was." Here the reader gains some impression of Percy McClellan — he apparently is not a boy who would be up himself to shoot firecrackers at six o'clock in the morning. We get the impression also that Percy had something on his mind which made him forget what day it was. The sentence arouses interest because of its suggestiveness at the same time that it reveals the time of the happening.

The incidental facts of a story should be handled deftly if the reader's interest is to be aroused. Too much emphasis on the obvious loses his attention. How irritating is the neighbor

at the movies who insists on reading the captions or explaining the action of the hero! The mind likes to work for its own results. Just so in story reading: the reader likes to interpret the facts for himself.

EXPERIMENT 60

From any of your reading, copy into your journal interesting sentences which perform a multifold service to the reader — i.e. reveal the *who*, *where*, and *when*, at the same time as the *what*.

Study also, from your reading, the indirect ways of suggesting more to the reader than the words themselves say. Note and copy examples of interest gained through subordination of detail.

A Quick Get-away.

It is possible in the opening of a narrative to catch a reader's interest in the very first sentence. A tedious explanation at the outset of a story, a delay in introducing a character or incident of significance, or an unnecessary enumeration of minor details — all such halting efforts to begin without accomplishing a real start of the story do not only waste the reader's time but dull his interest. The following opening sentences immediately precipitate the reader into an interesting situation, or atmosphere, or conversation, in much the same fashion that the rising curtain at the theater opens to its audience the first scene. At the theater one does not ask his neighbor or the program to whom the English butler, let us say, is talking on the telephone; he enjoys the exercise of his own wits in putting two and two together and gradually piecing out this idea or that situation from indirect allusions let fall as the play progresses. In story openings, as well, the reader may be thus suddenly dropped into a strange scene and trusted to find his way about. Such dramatic openings may be easily imitated. They offer opportunities for variety and interest in story-telling, as these examples show:

Within gun reach in front of me trudged my little Akawai Indian hunter. — BEEBE, *Jungle Night*.

"You'll have to shift, Andrew." Mrs. Stewart leaned her pudgy weight forward to give a slight additional impulse to the laboring sedan. — D. E. ADAMS, *Truth Is Stranger*.

There is something indelicate about the odor of potatoes frying. Fanny Satz curled her thin lips slightly as the odor from the kitchen stole up into her bedroom. — THELMA FOGHT, *The Histrionic Career of Fanny Satz.*

On his bench in Madison Square, Soapy moved uneasily. When wild geese honk high of nights, and when women without sealskin coats grow kind to their husbands, and when Soapy moves uneasily on his bench in the park, you may know that winter is at hand. — O. HENRY, *The Cop and the Anthem.*

In contrast to these very interesting opening sentences, the following may be noted for their dawdling introductions, which leave the reader's interest asleep. The young writers of these sentences were obsessed by the desire to get behind their opening scenes, to start their recital at the very beginning of things, in order to maintain a purely chronological order of sequence. Their stories thus promise to be but an enumeration of events according to time, without suspense, without plot development, without conclusion:

Mr. Harrison is a widower. His wife died suddenly and he is going to rent his home furnished, just as Mrs. Harrison left it. I went over to inspect his home yesterday afternoon, expecting to be the future tenant. When he came to the door he told me to look over the house as he had an important errand that would take him out of the house. And so I did. And that is how I came to have the experience in the attic which I am now going to tell you about.

When I was at the library the other day getting my assignment for history I saw an old man in a secluded corner. He was reading an old tattered book. He had snow-white hair. I wasn't able to get my book that I wanted and that is how I stood there so long looking at this old man. When the page came back saying my book was out, I still looked at the old man.

EXPERIMENT 61

Without attempting to finish the stories that you start, write opening paragraphs with the sole aim of plunging the reader into a scene of interest.

An Adventure in Writing.

Up to this point in their journals, students have been trying all sorts of experiments with words, phrases, and ideas. A glance back over the pages will reveal a miscellany of entries

which can be made to cohere only by supplying from the mind of the student who wrote them the ideas he has gained by attempting them. In other words, the journal so far, like Emerson's *Blotting Pad,* is probably an unlabeled series of experiments; it is in no sense a finished piece of work which would have much meaning to another reader.

It is now time to assemble what ideas you have learned through these experiments into a piece of creative writing. Not every student will complete a manuscript which will entirely please him, but every one may share the satisfaction of a definite achievement. It will be a milestone in his writing experience, whatever the product may be. To have moved though ever so little from the place of starting, in any experience, shows growth.

Look back over your journal and make, possibly as one day's assignment, a thoughtful review of all that you have written thus far. What well-defined principles of writing can you underline for easy reference? What striking admonitions for choosing words can you mark? What usable ideas for stories do you note? Is there not some character clamoring to get out from between the pages? Does not some scene you have recorded seem just the setting for a romance? And what bits of atmosphere or chance phrasing set your mind on the trail of a plot? Surely your journal should yield as many thought trinkets as Grandmother's old leather trunk. Browse among the pages and see if you cannot bring to light an idea for a story or a playlet. Here are the steps you should follow in planning and working out your adventure:

1. Settle on one idea or part of an idea which will set your mind at work on a plot. It may be but a bit of atmosphere, a character, a casual remark. Just determine on some one point which shall be the prod to your imagination. (Refer to pages 145–150.)

Let the stories of high-school students printed below help you find an idea.

2. Decide what form of narrative you prefer. A short story? A playlet? (Refer to pages 161–164.)

3. Decide further on the kind of story or playlet. Is it to

be a character study? A mystery story? A story with a theme? Your own tastes will determine your choice on this and the preceding point. (Refer to page 151.)

4. Write down, perhaps in diagram form, a synopsis of your plot. Make sure you have a peak of interest. This step in your adventure will be the most difficult. (Go back and study plot construction from pages 152–160.)

5. Make a rough first draft, watching out for suspense only. Make sure your initial situation creates interest; make sure the suspense grows steadily to a certain point. Make sure you satisfy the reader's curiosity. (Refer to pages 152–154.)

6. Make a second draft of your story, this time paying careful attention to phrasing. Turn back to Chapter I. Choose each word with consideration of its picturesque quality. Try some figures of speech. Make your second version as choice a bit of writing as you possibly can. Go back over this draft and correct any errors you can discover.

7. The third should be the final draft and should be the finished product. Perhaps it will be neatly typewritten; it may be hand-lettered on pages which will fit into a book; or it may be a handwritten manuscript. Whatever the form, it should be free of careless errors, smudgy erasures, or unsightly blots or scratchings. (Consult Chapter IX, "Courtesy to the Reader.")

An Informal Composition Scale (Narrative).

It is a common custom in the mechanical-drawing classes of high schools to mount the best drawings of the students in the department and hang them on the wall or bind them between covers. Students of drawing frequently look at them and use them as standards for measuring their own progress in drawing against the best that has been done at their own school in their own year. These drawings are exhibited not as perfect performances but as student achievements of superior merit, which others should strive to equal or surpass.

The following pages represent the superior literary achievements of students in high school, and in like manner they may be used as standards by which students may measure their own

writing. By these selections a student may test his own quality of composition by comparing his writing with that of the best in his own year.

Too frequently students fail to make progress in their written and oral expression because they do not understand clearly what constitutes good expression and have no practical method of measuring it. The selections in the pages that follow should help students to form a tangible standard of expression for each of their years in high school. Readers are urged to remind themselves, in their reading of selections for each year, that some contemporary student is the author.

Students are in no wise to regard the selections as arbitrary limits set upon their efforts. It is to be hoped that class discussion will point out the failure of the standard and that individual achievement will exceed it. It is not intended, furthermore, that any selection should discourage those who cannot honestly measure up to the standard. Writing is not easy even for those who do it best; it is difficult for most men and women, and it is most difficult for all high-school students. The readers of this chapter are frankly urged to attempt the difficult, even though they fail in successful accomplishment.

> Man's reach should exceed his grasp,
> Else what's a heaven for?

SHORT STORIES BY HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENTS

The following short stories written by high-school students illustrate the variety of possibilities for narrative which fall within the range of the high-school writer. Student life and thought are teeming with possibilities.

These stories should also provide interesting material for class discussion. Is there apparent any difference between freshman and senior excellence? What stories show a knowledge of student life? What other incidents of history can the class suggest which would lend themselves to romantic development? Has some one in the class an acquaintance with dialect, equal to that of the author of "Mammy's Little Heathen" and "Barbecue," which would permit a similar study of local color? Which stories seem to have been suggested by reading rather than observation? These and similar questions should assist students to possibilities for their own stories.

TWO CANDLES

(*Freshman*)

The wax dripped, and the ever-widening pools grew wider. The blue flames sputtered and smoked in the semi-darkness of early morning. And he waited. The young boy, looking old and weary from his all-night battle, stared at the two candles, the red and the white, which were to determine his destiny.

The evening previous a band of swindlers had taken a fancy to him. Through an incident in a restaurant they discovered how clever and quick he was, and they made him a proposition. It was a smooth plan, but a far from honest one. He had been shocked at first with the crookedness of it. Though poor and wanting, he had always lived an honest and upright life. Then, out of a clear sky — this! They had laughed at his fears — *they* — had mocked him. But what were they?

"Listen, Bo," they said, "there ain't no chance of gettin' nabbed. A slick un like ya cud pass out right under the cop's nose, 'uthout even stirrin' the atmosphere. It weren't like as if ya was us. Ya won't gamble it all away, or need to go in fer life as we done. Here ya'd have all this dough, and ya cud go straight forever after. Ya'd have enough to live on swell fer the rest of yer life, and no un 'ud be the wiser. Yer sech a greenhorn, ya might think it terrible now, but ya jes' sleep on it, and I reckon ya'll come hoppin' fast to our headquarters in the mornin'!"

Then he had gone home through the crowded streets with their wet pavements and twinkling lights, gone home to the cheap little boarding house that his mother kept, where she slaved from morning till night to keep her family together.

Up in his small garret room he had thrown himself on his bed and stared up into the darkness, his brain in a turmoil. He, a factory worker, could be transformed overnight into an influential man. Then he could have the chance he had longed for. Then he could go to college and make good. And when he had made good he could pay back twice what he had sto—— *Him* stealing! But could he buy back his self-respect?

It grew late, and mist spread her damp blanket over the city. One by one the yellow lights blinked and went dead. The roar of the big city slowly diminished to a distant hum — hum — m — m. Or was the humming inside of his head? Many faces swam about him. A ruffian's face — "rich the rest of your life." The small, pinched faces of his little brothers and sisters — always wanting. His mother's face surrounded by an ethereal light — her worn clothing fading away to be replaced by gorgeous garments, suiting her queenly spirit. He struck the image away. His mother! How could he be so low as even to think of her in this connection? He knew only too well that she would rather die in misery than gain anything by dishonesty. Still, his mother would not need to know. There was no reason why he should tell her. He couldn't tell her; but could he ever look her in the eyes again? Could he bear to hear her say "my son" with that proud

note in her voice? He shuddered, and buried his head in his hands. . . .

Moonlight, clear washed moonlight, from a full moon just appearing after a cloudy night! It shone through the window and cast the shadow of the bedposts like prison bars across the white coverlet. Prison bars! The boy could see his own face, a phantom, peering through them. He jerked off the coverlet to destroy the illusion. It remained on the blanket beneath. Other visions came. A stately mansion with beautiful grounds — all the money he could wish. He wouldn't get caught! The man had said so, and he ought to know. He thrust his fingers in a pile of flaming gold. An icy hand gripped him by the shoulder. Jumping to his feet, he began pacing the room. Up and down — up — down — up — down.

The stars were fading. The street was so quiet that when some lone walker passed, his footsteps echoed like the ringing of a bell in the tomb of the dead. With the graying darkness spread over the chimney pots of the city, all seemed so peaceful that one could scarcely imagine the fierce struggle taking place in that small garret room.

Rummaging in an old bureau drawer the youth produced two wax candles, one red and one white. These, he said to himself, would determine his answer. Surely *he* could not. He would light them together, and if the white one outlasted the other, he would remain honest. If the red ——!

The wax dripped, and the ever-widening pools grew wider. The blue flames sputtered and smoked in the semi-darkness of early morning. Staring with haggard eyes into the flame of the scarlet candle, the youth saw a pile of coins. A huge pile of coins, heaped against prison bars! As his eyes strayed to the glow of the white candle, he saw his mother's face — anguished — wet with tears!

The wax dripped, and the ever-widening pools grew wider. The white candle was now half the size of the red, which seemed to decrease with maddening slowness. Smaller and smaller grew the white — smaller — till there was scarcely any of it left. The flame sputtered — sank — grew dull ——. Suddenly the boy dashed the scarlet candle to his feet, and the

white, for a second, seemed to flame with a new brilliance! As the sun burst forth in all its glory, the man arose to greet the day.

THE RUNAWAY BOX CAR

(*Freshman*)

The figure of a man came into view from around the corner of the little depot at Fentleysville. He paused for a moment, looking at the name of the town on the white sign hung above the rickety platform. Then he turned and trudged down the tracks in the opposite direction from which he had come.

As he walked, his trousers flapped noisily. Shreds of cloth hung down from the sleeves of his coat; and his hat, which was several sizes too large for him, bobbed fiercely at every step. In truth his whole manner of bearing showed him to be a common, everyday tramp.

An old box car loomed up suddenly, lying idle on the tracks. Toward this he moved, looking behind him several times to see that he was not followed. Upon reaching his goal, he grasped the door and tugged at it with a grunt, but it refused to open. He walked around to the opposite side with that same monotonous gait, which seemed to say he was not going anywhere and had all the time in the world. The second door was locked as the first had been, and the man looked around disappointedly. At last he seized the rungs of the rusty iron ladder and climbed to the top of the car. Here he yawned a few times, blinked at the swiftly setting sun, and lay down to sleep.

The car had once been painted a railroad red, but the elements had long since changed it to a dull pink. The top sagged desperately at the middle; even the number was fast disappearing with age. The wheels, however, were freshly lubricated with oil, and a few empty crates near by showed that the railroad company still intended to make use of this antique.

Hours passed; the tramp stirred nervously in his sleep. His snoring came now at irregular intervals and his muscles

twitched as though he were in the midst of some wild dream. He turned restlessly over, and as he did so, his foot came into contact with a small stick thrust between the spokes of the brake wheel. The stick fell to the ground with a clatter, but its noise failed to awaken the tired tramp. Evidently some brakeman had known that this particular car had a broken brake wheel. The catch mechanism beneath the car did not hold. The brake could be applied, but not kept in position. So he had, ingeniously enough, thrust this bar through the wheel and down the side of the car. This makeshift would serve the purpose as well as the most elaborate brake as long as the bar was in place. Now, however, it was free, and the wheel spun around crazily, releasing the wheels of the car, which was standing upon a four per cent grade.

A loud creak from the rear trucks suddenly awakened the tramp. He started up with a jump. He peered into the darkness over the edge of the car, but could see nothing. The sky was heavily overcast, and a mass of threatening clouds in the west told of an approaching storm.

The rumbling of the car grew louder; its timbers creaked ominously, and it swayed to and fro with the increasing speed.

"Hm," muttered the tramp uneasily to himself, "the train's started." He rose and walked unsteadily to the front of the car, reaching out his hand for the forward car; but to his amazement, he touched nothing. His face looked blank as he tried a second time. The result was like the first.

"Tha's funny," he said, "I thought sure we waz goin', not comin'." He lurched to the opposite end of the car. Again he reached out his hand for the car in advance, and again he found only empty space. To say he was astonished would be putting it altogether too mildly.

The rumbling increased to an incessant, vibrating roar, and the car groaned and swayed in the increasing strain. The tramp grew nervous; the surprised look passed from his face, and into it came a look of fear. His face turned white as the terrible truth dawned upon him. Beads of cold perspiration oozed out from his grimy forehead. He crouched close to the

roof and clung tenaciously to the outstanding boards. He tried to pierce the blackness ahead, but the speed created such a wind velocity that he was forced to turn the other way and hold his hand over his smarting eyes. Suddenly a drop of rain fell upon his face, and it left a slight twinge of pain. It was followed by another and another, and in a moment a deluge of water was pouring down.

The low mutterings of thunder gradually increased to a single echoing crash; a flash of lightning of supernatural brilliancy lit up the entire country for miles around; it showed a box car, with its lone occupant, tearing down a stretch of rails that passed through a deserted section of the country. On one side lay a vast wilderness, looking ghostly in the peculiar light and stretching away as far as the eye could see, while on the other was a dismal swamp. The car showed no light, and left no light, save when the revolving wheels struck a piece of track slightly untrue, and then there was only an instantaneous flash. The rain was falling in torrents now, and the heavens became an army of artillery.

Miles to the south, far down the rails, but coming on the same track, was a speeding passenger train. A few people looked out of the windows of the lighted coaches, but there were not many. Most of them had gone to their berths, for the hour was late. Four hundred and thirty-nine people were speeding onward at a terrific rate toward what seemed unavoidable death. What power could lift this runaway monster of the night and throw the approaching train into safety? What power could signal the engineer of danger ahead between two stations miles apart, with a curved and crooked section of track winding in between?

Whoo-oo-oo-oo! ! ! From out the depths of the night a piercing whistle reverberated into the distance beyond. The sound was repeated and then — silence.

Another train! The thought flashed instantly upon the mind of the tramp. He started spasmodically, and a wild light leaped into his inflamed eyes. His nostrils were dilated, and his head swam. The speed of a box car traveling down a four per cent grade is inconceivable.

The tramp crawled to the rear of the car and clenched the rusty brake wheel. To apply the brakes at such a speed would mean instant death. There was one chance in a thousand the car would keep to the rails. The large brake wheel began to turn, propelled by every ounce of muscular strength one pair of arms ever possessed. Somewhere under the car a chain snapped, the sound of steel grinding against steel could be heard, and then with a flying lurch the freight car leaped from the track into the ditch beyond. The figure of a man was hurled high into the air. It reached the ground with a dull thud and lay still near the mass of wreckage of old 33,754.

Whoo-oo-oo-oo! ! ! !

Again there came that moaning whistle, nearer — nearer — nearer. A blinding glare of white light, a roar of rushing wind, and the "Limited" had passed.

Four hundred and thirty-nine men, women, and children — or a tramp?

MERE GIRL

(*Freshman*)

The young sailboat racers of Hilton Yacht Club were all agog with excitement. A girl was entered in the sailboat races! A mere girl! Never before in the history of the club had a girl been allowed to enter — not that any girl had wanted to; but now the dashing signature of a woman blackened the records.

Nancy Harlowe had entered *Louis IV* in the races. Those who did not know Nancy's reputation for courage laughed and said she would back out; girls always did back out of things. Those who knew her knew that *Louis IV's* colors would be waving gloriously whether they bore the laurels of the victor or met defeat. In other words, Nancy Harlowe was termed a "good sport."

The day for the great event arrived, bringing sunshine and a sharp little wind, just the kind of day all sailors hope for.

Docked first in row stood a large, shiny boat, its crisp white sails flapping back and forth with the wind. The scarlet letters

of *Louis IV* stood out challengingly. In the boat were three lithe young figures, all working industriously.

Clad in white, save for a scarlet band on her black hair, Nancy stood giving last instructions to her crew, which consisted of her young brother Billy and her fourteen-year-old cousin, Teddy Jennings.

The warning shot, and Nancy made ready for the flying start. Gracefully *Louis IV* rounded the starting buoy.

" No use, Nance, you're a good sailor, but a girl just can't keep up with a lot o' boys," yelled one youth not far away.

" Don't scare me, Jim! " she returned serenely.

As she sized up the boats near her, Nancy decided that Number Eleven, by far the handsomest craft in the race, would be her closest rival. It was in the hands of a tall, Viking-like young man in noticeably correct yachting clothes. As he waited for the signal to start, his eyes rested for a moment on *Louis IV* and its radiant young captain; a slight smile of amusement passed over his determined, sunburned face.

The echo of the cannon, and some thirty boats glided off, each trying to gain advantage of the first buoy in the five-mile course.

As Nancy had inwardly prophesied, Number Eleven tacked into the lead. Before the first buoy was reached, one boat had capsized and two others had dropped out, discouraged before the first mile was over! Henry Carter, Nancy's old playmate, passed her with a nod and a grin.

Number Seven, too, was pressing hard on *Louis IV*.

" Come on, Nancy, hurry! hurry! " cried Sally Carter frantically from a motor boat. In this case, Sally hoped with all her heart to see her conceited brother beaten by a " mere girl."

" Hurry up! "

" Come on, Sandy! "

" Let her out! "

" Pull on her! "

These were the bits of pleas from excited onlookers that floated out to Nancy.

" No, no, not yet, Ted, we must push Number Seven! Not yet, Billy, please! "

The big boat sped through the blue-green waves at a seemingly miraculous rate. The boom dipped suddenly into the water. People gasped. Like a gull, it came each time to the surface. Crowding between two boats and dodging another, *Louis IV* shot on like an arrow. In and out tacked another boat, determined to get ahead of Nancy Harlowe. Number Eleven went gallantly on, holding first place with ease.

"Wait a minute, Bill; we don't need to do that yet," panted the young captain.

A steady line of yachts was pushing ahead. Number Eleven reluctantly fell back, its place to be filled by Henry Carter's *Sea Hawk*.

With a friendly nod, Nancy passed Number Eleven. He acknowledged her salute with a wave of his hand, which displayed the good will of rival yachtsmen.

At the next buoy, *Louis IV* and Number Eleven sped on and on, each trying not to give in to the other. When the third buoy was finally reached, the girl-sailor realized that it was now necessary to use all the skill that she had.

As the two boats came about, ready to resume the lead, Nancy, squinting her eyes and pressing her lips to a pucker, set her chin firmly.

The chance had come to show these boys what a "mere girl" could do. Guiding carefully, she slipped in between two boats. As she "jibbed," a gust of wind caught her sails. The boat tipped and the sails dragged in the water for a short minute only. Using all the strength she could muster, she rounded the third buoy, but oh! what a close call it had been!

Now some yards ahead of the rest, Nancy was willing to take it easy for a moment.

"Nance, don't let down!" shrilly screamed Sally from a near-by boat.

"That's it! Sandy boy, you're going to win!" shouted an old man as he waved a panama at Number Eleven.

"Nancy, we've got to hurry!" cried Billy.

Sure enough, Number Eleven was close behind, and the goal line only half a mile ahead!

Letting the sheet out to its fullest capacity, *Louis IV* cut

through the waters. Suddenly a loud crash interrupted Nancy's commands. Nervously her eyes scanned the boat; the mainstays were safe. Pulling in her sails, she slowed the boat down to an uneven rate. The main jaws had cracked! What could she do? The race was lost, of that she was certain. Then suddenly her hands touched her forehead. Almost viciously she tore the ribbon from her head. There was no doubt in Nancy's mind but that her close rival would win the race. All she could now hope for was second place.

As though the God of the Winds had heard her prayer, the wind changed to favor her " tack." *Louis IV* slowly but surely gained on Number Eleven.

Its owner, like Nancy, was much too serious to exchange nods. They were much too close to be friendly.

On and on skimmed both boats, each knocking away the ripples made by the other.

Five more rods!

Making a sharp turn, Nancy cried: " Hard to leeward! " Her boat crossed Number Eleven's prow and the finish line just a fraction of an inch ahead.

With the good sportsmanship for which Hilton Yacht Club is famous, each youth, as he passed, offered the winner his hand.

Sandy, Number Eleven's owner, extended a sunburned hand and, trying hard to grin, said: " You're a wonderful sailor, and you deserved to win, only — only I hate to be beaten by a mere girl! "

WHEELS

(*Sophomore*)

Wheels! Lord, would they ever stop? For ten years Helge Thorsen had oiled the small cogwheels that operated the explosive mixer. Each day he started at eight o'clock, and each day he quit at six. Every minute of the time between those two hours, except for his lunch time, he watched the wheels. It was necessary. If one of the cogs had slipped or caught, the munition works would have been blown to atoms. The

hum of the wheels as they slipped in and out, cog after cog, had always bothered Helge; but today it was worse. They hummed and purred in his head; his ears pounded, and his nerves shook.

That night when he went home he neither ate nor slept. All through the night he heard the wheels. The next day he went to work. It was his livelihood; what could he do? All day he watched the wheels with a pale face as cog fell on cog. His eyes stared. He seemed to be waiting for something, something about the wheels. His strained face showed anxiety and fear. That night as he went home, his shoulders drooped and his steps dragged. Again he did not eat, but he lay in bed and his mind, usually slow, was a torrent of thoughts.

Thor should not have stolen Gunda. It was not fair. Hadn't Helge had her first? Gunda had been Helge's sweetheart until a week ago. It was through Helge that Thor got a job at the powder works. When Gunda met Thor she refused to go out walking with Helge on Sunday evenings. Helge wondered at this, but he soon heard that it was Thor that Gunda went walking with. Jealousy tore at the huge Scandinavian's soul. Each night he thought, and the more he thought, the more he hated the handsome Thor who had stolen his Gunda. As hate burned his mind, thoughts of revenge began to gather. The more he thought of it, the more he wanted it.

Why not get rid of Thor? Then he could have Gunda for himself. It would be easy. Thor worked in the chemical mixture room. He tended the huge mixer, whose cogwheels Helge oiled. Supposing a cog should slip? The jar would jolt the explosives enough to cause them to explode. Could not Helge leave the shop for a drink at the time? No one would blame him. They thought he and Thor friends. The explosion would occur; there should be no Thor.

The next day Helge went to work. He had eaten little that morning, and his face looked more haggard than before. He had gone to work early that morning; but that was not unusual, and no one noticed it. Helge took one of the cogs of the mixer out, and by filing notches in the end he made it

rough. He knew that when he put the cog back in, the turning of the wheels would make the cog slip, and Thor would be no more. He put the cog in, and went to get his hat. He stepped into the cloakroom and reached for his hat. He heard the wheels of the mixer start. They began to hum and soon they were running smoothly. How long they would run that way Helge did not know, but he knew it was time for him to leave. He stood thinking a minute; then he grasped the handle of the door and pulled. The door did not give. It was locked! The latch had slipped, and Helge was caught like a rat in a trap. He pulled the door. He kicked it, and he threw his weight upon it. It was no use; the door was soundly built. He was exhausted, and as he leaned against the door he could hear the hum of the wheels. Again they rang in his head, and drops of sweat stood out upon his face. His ears were sharpened to needle points. He was listening! Listening for the slip of the cogs that meant death! At last it came! There was a roar, and Helge knew no more.

They found him that night as the men were leaving for home. He was lying in the cloakroom, his head against the wall and his feet stretched awkwardly out. On his face was the picture of fear. His eyes stuck out, and he looked as if he had died in agony. The doctor said it was heart shock.

The cog? Well, the mixer hadn't been run at all that morning because of a disabled motor. The roar? A truck had backed into a pile of boxes, which, when they fell, may have sounded to Helge like an explosion.

MAMMY'S LITTLE HEATHEN

(*Sophomore*)

"Chile, whar has yo been?" demanded Aunt Celey, unlatching the sagging gate that opened into her cleanly swept front yard. Drawing an old red shawl from her shoulders, she struck her refractory youngster across the back. "Whar has yo been?"

" Down by de branch a-dammen up de water fur to make us a swimmen hole," drawled Alexander Hamilton Jackson, as he picked little chunks of dry mud from between his toes.

" Is yo sure yo ain't been nowhar else? " asked Aunt Celey suspiciously.

" Yessum."

" Den how kum da is watahmelon seeds in yo kinky wool, an' egg yaller all around yo mouth? " questioned Aunt Celey, standing with arms akimbo, eying him severely.

Two large brown eyes rolled up and stared vacantly at her as the culprit wiped the wretched evidence upon his torn sleeve. " Ah jes don't knows how kum hit got dar —— "

" Kum in dis heah house," demanded Aunt Celey, clutching him by the ear as she jerked a switch from a near-by willow, and ushered him through the open door.

Half an hour later, a much subdued youngster sat upon the back step of Aunt Celey's cabin, munching a liberal hunk of corn bread spread with sorghum. As soon as his mother was out of sight, he stole quietly around the house, climbed over the rickety garden fence, and sat for a moment upon the top rail. " Yo all sure is gwine ketch hit dis time," he gloated, pointing his finger at two very much surprised children who were just finishing a melon feast.

" If Ah wishes to share ma refreshments wif ma company, tain't none of your business. Besides, Ah got a good min' to tell Mammy yo done left de yard," retorted his brother, as he tossed the closely gnawed muskmelon rinds into the tall weeds, and smacked his lips contentedly.

" If yo weren't littler 'an me, Ah would slap yo over, yo little ole chocolate drop. Yeh keep yo mouth shut about whar Ah goes, an' what Ah does, or Ah is gwine tell Mammy whar all dem huckleberries and yams done went to," he threatened, as he jumped to the ground and ran through the tall weeds toward the creek.

Upon reaching the canebrake that concealed the camp of his gang, he scribbled a short message in a secret code upon a torn piece of wrapping paper, and fastened it to the entrance of the brush hut. Thus the members of the Dark Valley Rovers were

summoned to an important meeting to plan another raid upon the East Side White Trash Gang.

Before Alexander Hamilton Jackson reached the back fence, he heard Aunt Celey calling him. There lay the hoe just where he had left it between the rows of peanuts. Quickly snatching it up, he ran toward the house. In the side yard Mammy was working over her flower beds. As he drew near, she arose to her feet. " Chile, has yo disobeyed yo respectable parent twice in one hour? "

" Naw," he pouted, hanging his head.

" Whar has yo been? " demanded Aunt Celey impatiently.

" Ain't got nuffin' to say."

" Thomas A. Edison Jackson, whar has yo brother been? " she choked in anger, holding him by the collar, and shaking him with the vigor of a man.

" Ain't none of ma business what ma brother does," Thomas A. Edison whimpered, looking with frightened eyes at his brother, who was washing his face at the rain barrel.

" Ah, Lawd," she pleaded, looking up sadly, " please help dese black sheeps what done strayed from Yo fole. Please don't let de debble git dem. Ah does ma best to makes dem reform dey characteristics, into 'spec'able cullud chillens, Ah do."

That afternoon found Aunt Celey crossing the spacious lawn of Colonel Stark's estate. The huge old-fashioned dwelling was partly hidden by ancestral oaks. As she reached the piazza, the Colonel arose from a cushioned swing and stood upon the steps.

" Well, Aunt Celey," he asked, thrusting his hands into his pockets and smiling at the old darky, " just how are you this delightful afternoon? "

" Powerfully rejected in spirit, Colonel, and Ah comes up heah to ax yo to help me outa some trouble."

" I shall most certainly be glad to. What is the trouble? "

" It's dem chillens of mine. Alexander Hamilton Jackson, he done disobeyed me twice in succession today, and be a-stealin' watahmelons an' eggs in plain daylight," she almost sobbed, looking up into his kind blue eyes. " Colonel, dey is

gwine lan' in de chain gang as sho' as yo' born if dey ain't somethin' done. Dey needs a strong hand fur to guide dem on de right road."

"I understand, Mammy; as the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined."

"Yessah, yessah, Colonel, yo is 'zackly right," she said nodding her head in approval. "Dat's why Ah ax yo, will yo helps me bend dis twig fore hit up an' be too late?"

"All right, Aunt Celey, by morning you will surely find a marked difference, I assure you. Step around to the kitchen before you go. Aunt Linda is preserving fruit today, and I am sure she can provide a choice basket of peaches for you and the children."

"Ah sho does thank yo, Colonel," she exclaimed, her broad face radiant with gratitude. "De Lawd sho do bless yo for stopping to help a poor ole nigger along."

After Aunt Celey had gone, the Colonel stood for a moment thoughtfully considering Mammy's problem. His deep blue eyes were fixed upon the distant foothills which, faintly outlined against the sky, sent a surge of boyish rapture through him, holding and gripping him with a queer haunting sensation. Slowly he entered the house, and sought his son's room.

"Stafford," he said, filling the doorway of his son's room, "would you do me a little favor sometime this afternoon?"

"Gladly, I was just going over to coach a game for the boys at school. What is it?"

"Oh, it's Aunt Celey's boys again, just worrying the life out of the woman. I guess it's up to you, Stafford, to straighten them out."

"Are you passing the buck to me? Well, Mammy's troubles are yours, but mine eventually, anyway," he laughed, as his father left the room.

"The little devils, I'll fix them, you bet," Stafford boasted as he changed his cap, jersey, and corduroys for riding togs. As he passed the study door, the Colonel looked up anxiously.

"Why, Stafford, a riding habit when you had promised to help me?"

" A good general doesn't give away all his plans, you know," the son boasted, tapping his boot with a riding whip.

At the stables, he saddled his own mount and was halfway down the drive before the bewildered groom was aware of his desires.

The Frasier Street School team had assembled, and were already choosing sides when he arrived. Eagerly they crowded about, as he explained why he was unable to help them with their game this time. " And how about the skull that Dr. Cook gave Chuck when the old sanatorium was sold? Could I use it? " he asked, feeling somewhat uneasy after having laid his plan before them.

" Yess'r, Mr. Staff, I know where it is. Me and Julin Martin done hid it in our barn. It's just good as new 'ceptin' one tooth what Julin done knocked out to see if it was ivory," exclaimed Gabe Hodges, his rosy face flushing with suppressed excitement. " I'm thankful that the skull was hidden in his barn."

" All right, Son, go and get it, and I will meet you at Peach Tree Creek down by the bridge."

The entire team chanted its war cry as horse and rider disappeared in a cloud of dust. " Ooo–Raw–Ree-e-e! Who are we? Frasier! Frasier! Can't you see? We are tough, we are rough, we fight rough and *never* get enough! "

Stafford had tied his horse in the woods and was waiting by the bridge as Gabe came trudging along the dusty road, kicking with his bare feet little clouds of dust that sprinkled the frayed cuffs of the faded blue overalls. The tanned and freckled face that peered out from beneath a battered old straw hat thrilled Stafford, for not so many years ago he himself had been just such a boy.

" I've got it," Gabe said, proudly holding up a paper bag which bulged awkwardly.

" Now, Gabe, there's just one more favor I must ask. Will you show me their camp? "

The boy's face turned pale, and a fearful chill crept over his body as he felt the man's hand rest upon his shoulder. He stared at the ground, unable to speak. He felt the blood

pounding at his temples; then a strange sickness suffused him. Could he betray a trust?

" Son, I guess that favor was too much to ask. I hoped you would trust me, but then I'm a man and no doubt could not hope to share that faith," he said, starting toward his horse.

" I trust you. Honestly," cried Gabe, " but how did yer know I knew about these niggers' camp? "

As Stafford looked back, he saw the hurt look upon the boy's eager face, and knew in an instant what he had done.

" Gabe, I don't know how I knew, but somehow I just knew you had the facts."

It seemed moments before either spoke, but when Gabe turned and beckoned him to follow, he did, carrying the bulging paper sack under his arm. They passed through an open stretch of hardwood and entered a canebrake in the valley, through which a small stream flowed.

" How did you happen to find their camp? " he found himself asking scarcely above a whisper.

" Just up an' ran onto hit when I waz scoutin' around, an' never tole the kids, kuz them niggers helps us lick them East Side white trash fellers in rock battles. Yer ain't aimen ter tell, air yer? "

" You said you trusted me, didn't you? " reminded Stafford.

When they neared the hut, they remained hidden for several moments to be sure that no member was present. In a short time, Stafford had attached a wire and battery to a light within the skull, and lined the eye sockets with green tissue paper, and the nose and mouth with a brilliant red. Placing it in the corner of the brush hut, he ran the wire along the ground into a thick clump of holly near the creek. From this point, he could see all that went on within the hut.

" Now, Gabe," he said, feeling very much pleased with himself, " you go get my horse, and take him home. Tell Dad I am too busy to eat supper tonight. I will tell you all about this affair in the morning," he said, making himself comfortable beneath the holly's thick branches.

YELLOW

(*Junior*)

"Cheer, boys, cheer, for Hayward has the ball, and when we hit that line, there'll be no line at all."

Quite suddenly these words came back to her as she slowly recalled the music. There was something so familiar about the gay little tune, though it was fully twenty-three years since Margaret Hartely had been one of those enthusiastic students that had supported Hayward High School so vigorously. Twenty-three years with little football and less thought of it, but now those full years came rushing back to her as she sat in the low, chintz chair with a book on her lap. What a vivid picture it presented. And to think that she was to have a chance to live it all over again. Not the school part of it, of course, but the part where she might sit on the bleachers and cheer and hope with some definite reason.

David Hartely was half-back on the Hayward team. Her son half-back, and on the Hayward team! The same school that had been hers. Margaret Hartely wondered if her son felt the same pang that she felt. She doubted it. Boys of seventeen seldom had room for "pangs" in their strenuous young lives. She wasn't sure that she wasn't glad that David had little room for sentiment. Sentimental people weren't always the best kind, and yet, how wonderful it would have been to be able to tell David just why she was so glad that he was playing football. Then a sudden fear swept her, a fear that made her ashamed of herself. She remembered a certain boy that had been half-back when she was in school. He had always run out rather than be tackled hard. How well she recalled the disdain they had all had for him. They had called him "yellow" and "coward." The squad had hopelessly tried to protect him. "He's light and easily hurt," they would say; nevertheless, he had left school with his record ruined merely because he had run outside rather than be tackled.

And David was light. Almost too light to be a football player. "No, no, Dave isn't that kind," she told herself.

Suddenly the door swung open and a large figure loomed in the room.

"Why, Dave, you look tired, dear," said his mother anxiously.

The youth turned and glanced out of the window nervously. He ran his fingers down the cold glass pane.

"Tired as the deuce, Mother. No mail for me today, was there?"

"No, how did your practice go?"

"We were out on the field for two hours. Practiced everything for Friday's game. Going to be a hot fight. You'll be there, won't you?" As he faced her, Margaret Hartely studied the white, dirt-stained face. How very slim he looked in that blue suit. She laughed. "I'd hardly miss it, Dave. Why, I must see you play."

He grinned. "Guess you'll see me start, anyway. Gee, I'll be glad as the dickens." Then he lapsed into a peculiar silence again.

All that evening, as David studied, his mother wondered what had come up in the afternoon's practice. Of course she could ask him, but she'd wait. She knew that if it were particularly vital, he would come to her as he always did.

The following afternoon, as the time when David usually came home passed, Margaret Hartely said to herself: "I wonder where Dave is." She snapped on the hall light. Lurking in a shadow stood a hatless, coatless figure. Margaret Hartely ran forward. Her son stepped back a pace.

"David, what is the matter?" she demanded. His face took on a dull red, and his head fell.

"Nothing," he lied, knowing that she knew that he was not telling the truth.

His mother caught his arm and drew him toward her. "Dave, tell me!"

"They called me yellow," he told her huskily.

"Yellow," she repeated, a dazed expression on her blanched face. Then she laughed hysterically.

"Who called you yellow?"

"Coach Singer and Captain Blake," he choked.

"And you let them? Of course you didn't! No, of course not. You proved that to them, didn't you?"

He looked at her in mute surprise. "But they told me to clear out. To get out of my togs."

His mother shook her head. "You stayed and showed them that you weren't yellow. That they were all mistaken. You would do that. You would know that that was the thing to do, that they were all wrong. They were wrong, weren't they?" she asked him.

He nodded. "They didn't give me half a chance. They thought I was scared to let Curt McGill bring me down. I wasn't, but it was just practice, and I didn't intend to let any fellow lay me out so that he could have my place. I ran outside. Singer knows that McGill has been hoping to get in all season. He wanted to be half-back. I beat him to it. Because I fooled him and didn't give him a chance to break my leg, Singer and Blake call me 'yellow,'" he related bitterly.

"You didn't accept that. Didn't you explain?"

"Explain! Mother, a fellow can't explain things like that to a coach that thinks he knows everything. Blake knows what I think, but he's so darned smug that he agrees with Singer every time."

Then a smile, a weak smile to be sure, but nevertheless a smile, broke over David's face.

"Golly, Mother! Don't take it so hard. You know I'm not yellow, anyhow. I suppose a fellow has got to take a certain amount of this sort of thing if he expects to get anywhere. I have another year, you know."

His mother didn't seem to hear. "Tomorrow is the big game. I'm going to watch you play, Dave. I'm going to watch you make a fine long run. I'm going to see you push aside any man in your way, or I'm going to see the man who brings you down. Down inside of the white lines!"

"Listen, Mother! Please!" he begged. "I'm not playing, don't you understand? They've kicked me off the team."

Hopelessly the youth argued, and when finally he went to his room, his mother sank weakly down in the deep armchair. She had told him that he was to play. That he would play

until he was hurt. Now, panic-stricken, she groped for something to cling to. She knew that she couldn't forgive herself if he should be hurt. And David was light. Half the night she thought and worried, but the crisp, gray dawn brought no hope. She must see that her son redeemed himself. He must not leave school with the same kind of a name as that youth twenty-three years before.

The bleachers were filled to their capacity. The band was playing the school song. As Margaret Hartely stood mechanically singing the words of the song, her eyes were fixed upon the gate through which the team must pass.

The air was crisp and full of eager young voices. Waiting, not as Margaret Hartely waited, yet waiting for the team to enter to give them a hearty cheer. Somehow she envied them. In reality how little it mattered to them whether David was called " yellow."

Then the team entered, the team and many hopeful substitutes. Nervously she scanned them for a sight of David. He would be number thirty-five if he were there. She sank back in despair. Another youth wore sweater thirty-five. A broad, stocky youth with red hands. With all she had said, had Dave backed out? Wearily she tried to brush aside the thoughts that entered her mind. No son of hers could be yellow. It was impossible, incredible, and yet ——

Then she caught a glimpse of a tall, thickly built man with a boy on either side of him. Then closely following on his heels came a youth so padded that he was scarcely recognizable.

Something within Margaret Hartely broke. Something within her swelled. A new feeling overtook her. She felt gloriously happy and alive.

When David Hartely realized that it was utterly useless to try to make his mother see that he had been told to leave the team, he decided that the only thing he could do was to see the coach and tell him in a few words what he was there for and what he expected to do. That afternoon when he entered the dressing quarters, he could see Singer near the door giving orders to the team. Because Singer liked his spirit and the

way he said things, he ordered him into his uniform. Happily he proceeded to get ready. He saw Curt McGill's eyes upon him. They were rather amused, yet strangely distant. Then he saw Blake. He stood by himself, and his face was set in a grim line and his eyes were hard.

Dave had forgotten about his mother. Forgotten about her until he reached the field and remembered that she would be sitting on the left end of the bleachers directly in front of the forty-five-yard line. He remembered that he was there to show her that he had grit. He looked up and vainly searched for her. She caught a glimpse of his face.

As the team, with Curt McGill, went through practice formation, David stood beside the coach, hoping and praying that he would call McGill out and put him in before the game started. Quite suddenly Singer turned upon him. " Here, boy. What are you doing? Snap into it. Get out there and limber up with the team." As McGill tossed him his helmet, he drew him aside.

" Dirty deal, I suppose. Hartely, don't you understand that they were Singer's orders to give you a scare or two and knock some horse sense into your head? I want to play like the deuce, but I'm not quite low enough to put you out to do it. They wanted to make you sore. Give 'em a big fight, Dave."

David didn't have time to answer, but he fell into his place with a different feeling toward McGill. It stirred a still deeper hatred for Blake and he determined that Singer would take back what he had said before the next day.

Hayward won the toss and chose to kick off. Tom Gilbert, full-back and the school's best kicker, gave the ball a clean boot, sending it down towards Douglas High School's goal. Spears, of the opposing team, caught the ball, fumbled, recovered it, and returned it fifteen yards, only to lose it again. This time Ashley of Hayward covered the ball. On the next play Gordon, flashy quarter-back, advanced the ball for Hayward to the twenty-five-yard line.

The air was full of hundreds of voices cheering, begging, and jeering. Hayward advanced the ball to the opponents' five-

yard line, only to fumble and have a Douglas man take it and make another spectacular run. Blake, the center, yelled to Hartely: "Don't be a fool. This isn't croquet. Pitch in and do your stuff." David, keyed to red heat already, was now livid with anger. Blake could talk, but when it came to blocking interference he crumbled. David only waited for his chance.

As the grand stand cheered, Margaret Hartely stood, hungrily absorbing each play of the game. The voices around her didn't mean a thing. All that she had supposed would mean so much had been obliterated, and a thing of far greater consequence stood foremost in her mind.

A reactionary silence swept the bleachers as the ball was advanced to Hayward's one-yard line. And then Stanley, a perfect giant, went plunging through Hayward's weakening line and, with a final leap, laid the pigskin behind the Hayward goal post. What a blast of disappointment escaped from Hayward's section! What a cheer of joy from Douglas'.

Hayward chose to receive the kick, and as Gordon glanced at David, he hoped that the next signals would give him a chance to play. Hartely's blood was mixed to real fighting level. Nelson called off the signal, "34-82-105-99-hep!" The team shifted. Again David saw the full-back make a coveted yard. Gordon took it up to make two yards more. Then Ashley, the other half-back, took the ball and, zigzagging and plunging through Spears and Stanley, placed it on the ten-yard line. It was good for a gain and David had a chance to carry it three yards, when King, left tackle, brought him down. With final determination Gilbert carried the ball across the Douglas goal, but failed to make the goal kick, leaving the score 7 to 6 at the end of the first half.

"Cheer, boys, cheer! For Hayward has the ball!" These words echoed in Margaret Hartely's ears as they were sung by every one around her. Her spirits went soaring high, when suddenly she heard a clear, young voice say: "Have you heard what's going around the school?" The girl's companion turned, full of interest.

"No, what?"

" Well, some one said that Ted Blake said that David Hartely was yellow and had been put off the team."

" Why in the world is he playing today, then? Don't believe everything you hear, Roxanne. How absurd! " she returned scornfully.

Margaret Hartely turned away. She didn't care to hear any more of the conversation.

A roaring cheer went up as the team reëntered the field.

Curt McGill took David's place. Singer had not been satisfied with his playing. David tried to feel glad that McGill was having his chance. The game moved quickly, showing little difference in either team's playing.

" McGill isn't up to par," commented the assistant coach to Singer.

" As good as any one else we've got," returned Singer in his usual gruff manner.

" Better put Hartely in," advised the other.

Singer didn't answer and neither did he act upon this advice until the last ten minutes of the game, after the Douglas team had made another touchdown.

He slapped David on the back. " I'm giving you your chance. If you're worth anything you'll pull hard. Now go in and mix! " he directed.

That group of ten tired boys welcomed the fresh player into the game with " Do your stuff." David knew that there was only one thing to do, and that was to follow their directions.

" 75-66-101-35-hep! " David caught the ball and plunged forward. He smacked through right guard. Only one thing was clear and that was " Do your stuff." He knew what that meant, and he stiff-armed the approaching tackler. He saw the blurred white lines before him. A few leaps and he had passed them, only to be confronted with more white lines to conquer. The cheering he didn't hear. He fell — stumbled! The wind brushed his face. He choked for more air. The clouds seemed to be closing in on him. And then he saw Stanley, like an angry steer, rushing to meet him. David changed his course. His first impulse was to run out. Then he remembered. This wasn't practice; " yellow," " outside," rang

in his ears. Once again he turned, this time to face Stanley. With the ball tucked in the crook of his arm he bounded forward. He went close enough for Stanley to tackle. Just one inch! Stanley fell. David kept on going, but there was some one right behind him. As that person prepared to leap, David leaped too. Leaped across the goal line with some one clinging to him that brought Dave down with a mighty thud.

As the tackler disentangled himself, a horrible silence prevailed in the Hayward bleachers.

A pathetically small heap of humanity, which two minutes before had been running wild, now lay perfectly still with the ball still clenched in the curve of his arm.

The doctor and coach were beside him. His mother rose from her seat and then fell weakly back. She mustn't go to him, and yet ——

Slowly the figure moved and was raised. A roaring cheer went up: "What's the matter with Hartely?"

The cheering did not reach David as he lay out there on the field, but he heard the words of Singer: "You're a real man, boy." The pain of the broken leg felt good. He was a real man, and real men weren't yellow!

"Isn't Dave Hartely the bravest thing!" Margaret Hartely smilingly turned to see Roxanne address her friend concerning the school's newest football hero.

THE LOST TAPESTRY

(*Junior*)

A low muttering of thunder coming from somewhere to the west, followed a moment later by a flare of lightning, warned the traveler of the approaching storm. He increased his pace and walked on. The path he had been following disappeared in the fast-falling darkness, and he began to stumble blindly through the forest, searching vainly for shelter. Gradually the truth dawned upon him, that he was lost. He stopped, hesitated a moment as though retracing in his mind his preceding steps; then, seemingly certain of his move, he turned abruptly

to the right. A few steps brought him out of the forest and into a little glade. He stood for a moment, silhouetted against the night sky-line, staring at what lay before him.

Piles of masonry, the remnants of fallen capitals, fragments of walls of solid granite; amid this stood the ruins of a single, long building, vague and indistinct in the gloom of the overcast sky. Four pillars towered majestically before the entrance like sentinels guarding the palace of some forgotten king.

There came another angry rumble of thunder, and then without warning the rain began to fall in torrents.

With his collar turned high at the throat and his clothes already drenched, the traveler made for the building, stooped at the pillars to pick up a stout stick, and entered cautiously through the blackness of the entrance. His hand fumbled in his pocket and, after a moment's search, drew out a box of matches. At the end of four trials, he at length succeeded in igniting the knotted end of the stick; the flame flickered and sputtered unsteadily, throwing weird and fantastic shadows upon the walls.

With the torch thrust before him, the traveler began slowly to walk down into the recesses of the dark, long hall that lay stretching always on beyond the path of light. A spell of depression seemed to reign over all. Perhaps it was only the silence of this vault-like tomb, or the musty, damp odor that developed from lack of sunshine or fresh air. The man walked on, the rhythmic thud of his steps echoing through the high stone walls and out into the stormy night. Moss lay on all sides, clinging to the ruins, and here and there a tiny stream of water oozed slowly down from the ceiling, scintillating under the rays of the torch, like beads of crystal.

Hollow and muffled, there came the distant booming of thunder and the sound of the wind as it scurried around the corners of the outside walls. A bat flew for a moment past the flickering flare and then disappeared again into the blackness that lay behind.

Suddenly the hall came to an end; a wall of granite barred the traveler's way. The makeshift flambeau sputtered and momentarily grew dim, and he failed to see a small mound of

fallen débris directly in his path. He tripped, lost his balance, reached for some support, found none, and fell heavily against the wall. To his surprise it gave way before him. A huge slab opened slowly, revolving on a concealed pivot, disclosing a yawning opening.

The torch held by a hand trembling with emotion revealed hazily a large-sized room behind the secret door. Cautiously, a step at a time, the traveler entered. At the middle he came to a sudden stop, rubbed his eyes, stared, and then gave a hoarse cry of amazement. The walls, the ceiling, and the floor all answered the cry in the echo, but the traveler, deaf to other happenings, was walking slowly as one in a trance to the end of the room.

There, hanging down from the darkness of the ceiling, was a large rug-like weaving, a tapestry. The traveler knelt close to the lower border, and through the smoky beams of the light, read the signature — *Jean Valdreaux* — Valdreaux, a name that stood out most in the memory of his studies as an art student.

Gradually, the history connected with the name came back to him. The famous Valdreaux tapestry, worth countless fortunes, was a masterpiece of art of the twelfth century. It was spoken of by Voltaire in his memoirs, owned by Louis XV, and purchased by Frederick the Great. Then, lost or stolen, it disappeared during the French " Reign of Terror."

Here, in these ancient ruins in a little forest in northern France, hidden in a secret room, year in and year out, for decades, for more than a century, this priceless tapestry had hung, unknown.

The traveler gasped as the train of thoughts ran through his mind. Here before him was a vast fortune; every historical society, every museum, artists, painters, even the French government itself, would offer thousands for it.

Suddenly through the profound silence there came a loud crunch as of granite grinding against granite. The traveler looked around furtively; he was alone; who else would have followed him into this mausoleum? And yet that sound ——

His glance led through the doorway. A cry of horror issued from his lips and went reverberating its way down the passage.

A huge slab of stone which formed the entire upper part of the wall over the entrance had become loosened, slid partly down the doorway, and now hung suspended at a forty-five degree angle, resting by a hair's breadth in a slight indentation in the side of the aperture.

The slightest movement, the brushing of a jacket against it, even sound itself, might tumble the tons of dead weight into space. The sudden opening of the door after years of solitude had removed a natural brace from the wall, and under the strain the dry and crumbling mortar had given.

A quarter of an hour passed; the traveler stood motionless in the center of the room, his countenance expressionless while a panorama of thoughts raced through his mind. By only a motion of his arms a priceless treasure would be his. Visions came of a large estate, servants, luxuries, of his name famous as the finder of the tapestry — gold. But also by only a motion of his arms, a slight miscalculation, the brushing of the cumbersome weaving through the doorway or a misplaced step, he saw that enormous weight falling upon him, crushing him in agony. There was but one chance in a thousand the tapestry could be removed safely. Should he "toss a coin" with Death and Fame by trying that one chance, or ——

His eyes became dilated, his nostrils inflamed, a look of greed flashed across his face.

He rushed to the tapestry, caught its beautiful colored folds in his hands, and gave a terrific downward lunge.

A moment's hesitation, a rending of sodden cloth, and the tapestry, molded and decayed, from centuries of age, fell to the floor, a torn and worthless heap of fragments of thread and dust.

The bare lapse of a second, and then came a startling, roaring, thundering crash, a cloud of dust, the suffocating odor of powdered stone, dull reverberations, and last — silence.

The traveler wheeled around, stared through the volumes of dust that hung like a pall over him, and then he ran toward what was once the doorway. A wall of fallen stone confronted him. He understood now, fool that he was. The slab had

fallen! Oh, the bitter irony of it; a worthless heap of dust and thread for his life. He had chosen. He had flipped the coin, and Death "had won the toss." Yes, Death; the truth gradually ebbed into his confused brain.

He was vaulted in! He dropped to his knees; he clutched frantically at the stone, tore and scratched at it until his bleeding fingers hung limp from the knuckles.

The torch grew lower — lower; it sputtered, flickered . . . flickered, and went out.

THE BLUE DIAMOND

(*Junior*)

"Get settled comfortably," I said to Peggy, "for it's a long tale. Help yourself to some more fudge." I curled my feet up under me and leaned back among the cuddly cushions of the morris chair and, between generous bites of fudge, related my story.

"When I was graduated from college, my great-aunt presented me with a very valuable watch, which, she said, had been in the family for years, and which she had had put into a modern wristband for me. The casing itself was unusual, having a garnishment of tiny sapphires and rubies, but the most attractive and costly part was the face. Each of the hours was marked by a tiny diamond, and in the center was a gorgeous big blue stone whose splendor overshadowed the others like a haughty monarch. It seemed, when I gazed deep into the heart of this great jewel, which rivaled many of those in the crowns of emperors, that a face appeared, that of an old man. In a short time we became quite well acquainted, this old man and I. I no longer had to look into the diamond for ten minutes before I could see the long white locks, majestic beard, and steel-blue eyes that gleamed with power and wisdom. He had always looked at me with kindness, and I appreciated the honor, for all others who looked upon the face of my diamond had shuddered, and a look of fear had awakened in their faces."

"Horrors!" Peggy exclaimed through a gooey mouthful of candy. I smiled and continued:

"The only reason I could think of was that my old monarch had frowned upon them; I could imagine how cruel and penetrating those flashing eyes could be when displeased. Often I recalled the words of the donor as it was presented to me:

"'If you lose this watch, it will always come back. It brings evil to all who wear it except the owner; to him it will always bring the best of luck, and protection from all harm!' I had laughed at the time; wouldn't you?"

"I just love fairy stories. Don't stop."

I couldn't be indignant. I knew it sounded very unreal; I could hardly believe my own words — and yet, there was that look of fear in the faces of those who looked upon it! I reminded Peggy of this.

"Spooks!" She rolled her eyes and feigned a shudder. I went on:

"At the time of my story I was on my way to California with Louise Fleming, of whom you have probably heard me speak before.

"Louise has a mania for keeping track of the time. She was lost without her watch, which she had left at a jeweler's for repairs. I'm sure she had asked the time of day twenty times since we had started, and it was fast becoming a joke. I noticed that the poor girl was nervously looking out of the window and then glancing cautiously in my direction. So, thinking to save her the trouble and embarrassment of another such interrogation, I looked down at my watch."

"But, Phil, did you wear this precious old heirloom, or whatever you call it, all the time? At the rate I lose things, I'd be afraid to try it on." Peggy was renowned among our set for her propensity for losing things.

"A natural question, my child; no, I didn't wear it all the time, but, on such an occasion as this — and I assure you this trip was an epoch in my life — I thought it only fitting that I should bedeck myself in as much splendor as possible. However, you shall see what came of it."

"It's awfully thrilling. Go on. What happened then?"

I replenished the plate of confection which, in our absorption, we had unconsciously emptied. Settling myself once more, I continued:

"I looked down at my watch, but didn't speak immediately. In fact, I couldn't! The casing and wristband were there, but the watch had been deftly removed by some skillful fingers; I knew not how or when."

Peggy gasped and pretended to faint. "Water, water! Fan me quick, or I'll pass away." Squelching her with a look, I went on:

"Looking down into that gaping hole, I suddenly felt a strange sensation such as one feels when being watched closely. I glanced out from under my lashes in the manner described by Sherlock Holmes, in which a person may see without the observed's knowing it. Yes, the man across the aisle and down a way was looking at me! "

"Was he young and handsome, and weren't you just terribly frightened? "

"No, I wasn't frightened, but I did feel awfully queer. I couldn't begin to describe the feeling. The man's age was indefinite. Certainly he was not old, and there was something arresting about him. He was slumped down in his seat so that I couldn't determine whether he was tall or short, but he was thin. Not thin either; just of that fine slenderness that disguises marvelous strength. His was the beautiful, lazy grace of the tiger, sleek and shining."

"Rodolpho! " murmured Peggy.

"His fine, raven-black hair was straight and glistened above a high, slanting forehead and a pair of narrowed black eyes that fairly glowed as he watched me, unconscious that his gaze was being returned. He smiled — I felt rather than saw it — for his thin lips did not move, and the expression of his eyes changed little. It was a smile of satisfaction and power. As he placed a slender, beautifully manicured hand over his breast pocket, I received my first glimpse of this man's superhuman strength in the muscles that rippled and chased each other across his hand as he moved it."

"Oh! What an ideal man," said flippant little Peggy, under her breath.

" The smile spread till his lips twitched and finally disclosed two rows of faultlessly perfect white teeth, then vanished and was replaced by a cruel look in my direction from under graceful black brows. I repressed a shudder with difficulty."

Peggy failed to repress hers.

" These observations were made in less than a minute, so Louise didn't notice my silence, but as her thoughts again drifted to that subject of time, her eyes helplessly strayed to my wrist, her only salvation.

" ' Phyllis, where is your watch? It's gone! ' Hysterically she clasped her hands together, and I thought from the expression on her white face that the poor girl was going to faint or cry. Several fellow passengers idly turned their heads in our direction, but seeing only two girls, one of whom was smiling, decided that nothing was seriously wrong and did not give us any more attention.

" Strangely, I was not flustered; I had never felt more calm, but it was a dead sort of calm, like that before a storm. I felt that something was going to happen, but as to its nature, I had no idea. And, Peggy, my reply was so strange that I can scarcely believe that it was I who said it.

" ' I am not worrying, Louise. It will come back. And I am not at all superstitious.' However, she would not be satisfied with this ambiguous assurance.

" ' But, dear child, something must be done at once. We must speak to the railroad officials about it.'

" ' Is there not some way I may be of assistance, ladies? ' The calm, courteous voice at my shoulder startled me not a little, but the fear was momentary. When I turned to face the speaker, I was not surprised to find the gentleman of the black eyes.

" They were no longer cruel and cold. My heart was melted by their large dreaminess. The second or two in which our eyes met seemed ages to me; I lost myself in their warm, limpid black depths. The strength left my limbs, and a curious lethargy stole over me. It took all the power of my being to shift my eyes to Louise. She was still somewhat pale, but her look of fear had disappeared and the outstanding emotion portrayed in her sensitive face was that of relief. I

realized that this man's charming personality and voice had indeed captured her heart. I turned once more to the gentleman, and a flood of embarrassment surged over me as I realized that he had been standing there fully forty seconds and had as yet received no reply to his gallant offer of assistance.

"'Thank you,' I said in no very steady voice, 'my watch has been stolen, and as it is very valuable and an heirloom, I am very anxious to regain it. We were just talking of summoning the conductor to our aid.'

"He smiled kindly and sympathetically. It was a smile that radiated from the eyes as well as the lips. It was so different from that other.

"So, talking it over, we decided that it would be best to defer action until the next town was reached, where a conference with the local official might help smooth matters a bit. Until then, our conversation veered to more general topics: the weather, California, etc.

"We steamed into the small but thriving town of X, and the stranger soon brought the sheriff to us. The thirty-minute lay-over afforded us ample time, but we stated our business in as few words as possible. After a short discussion, during which I again scrutinized Chadwick's face closely, I laid down my hand.

"'I think, Mr. Fletcher, if you will search this man, you will find my watch.' I glanced bravely into the stranger's eyes, and met his quiet smile with one of triumph.

"'Have you this lady's watch, Chadwick?'

"'No.'

"'Of course you will allow a search?' stepping closer to the other man.

"'It is not necessary. I have the watch in question, but it does not belong to this young lady. Miss Grayson, you are under arrest.' And he handed me a small white card. Too stunned and indignant to answer, I glanced down at the card, but it was some time before I could gather my senses to read:

MR. CRAIG CHADWICK
SECRET SERVICE
U. S. A.

"As I looked up, after some moments in which various thoughts flashed through my perplexed brain, I again looked full into those splendid eyes, to find triumph."

Peggy sighed.

"And I?

"Where was my triumph? But such nonsense! I could prove the watch was mine.

"Then I realized that Craig Chadwick was speaking.

"'Yes, Sheriff, this mystery has kept us all guessing. We had no clue whatever to follow. It has been like looking for a needle in a haystack.'

"'Whoever the owner is, Chadwick, he must be quite a wealthy man.'

"Mr. Fletcher tried to assume an indifferent tone, but the curiosity was there in no small quantity.

"'That I am not at liberty to disclose at present. We've had a beastly time, as it is, keeping those man-eating reporters from getting hold of it.'

"Listening, I wondered — and wondered. My universe was standing on end. Objects swam before my eyes. Could any person ever have had such an experience before? Again Chadwick's voice pierced the maze of my thoughts.

"'How did this watch come into your possession, Miss Grayson?'

"'M-m-my aunt gave it to me,' I stammered. I felt the blood rush to my face, and my hands became icy.

"'It seems incredible, but perhaps —— Oh, well, we'll not rush anything until my employer arrives. In the meanwhile, I think perhaps we four had best get off the train before it carries us to Los Angeles.' The two men took our luggage in hand and we left the train.

"Louise and I were ensconced in two small rooms — comfortably, shall I say? Well, as far as physical comfort was concerned, we could not have found more; but mental comfort was not for me that night — nor for many nights to come."

Peggy sat forward in her chair, and her eyes followed every movement of my lips, while she fairly drank in my story.

" After a restless night I arose, dull-eyed from lack of sleep and feverish with anxiety and excitement. Breakfast was served in our rooms by a very neat little maiden not older than twelve, but the appetizing viands were left untouched. Louise was as nervous as I, and neither was very amiable. Before we had been up very long, there was a light tap on the door. With knees knocking against each other so that my steps were perceptibly impeded, I answered the summons. My hand shook as I grasped the door knob, and taking a deep breath, I opened the door. The little maid stood before me and primly announced that there were three gentlemen waiting in the parlor to see Miss Grayson.

" Had not Louise been sure of Craig Chadwick's charming presence in the room below, I'm afraid I should have had to descend those stairs alone. With racing hearts we stepped into that ' Chamber of Unknown Horrors ' together.

" The secret-service agent was accompanied by two other men, strangers. The one with whom I was most impressed was an important-looking personage, gray of hair, immense of stature, and somewhat portly. The other was young, not over thirty, and quite good-looking in a foppish way. His features seemed strangely familiar, although I knew I had never laid eyes on him before.

" I was not allowed further opportunity for observation. Mr. Chadwick stepped forward with a graceful bow for each of us and a flashing glance of encouragement for me from those startlingly black eyes.

" ' Mr. Shaunessy, meet Miss Grayson. Miss Grayson, Mr. Shaunessy is my employer.' I acknowledged the introduction and put forth a trembling hand, which disappeared from view as the mammoth paw of the towering detective closed upon it. After some seconds, during which he scrutinized me openly and mercilessly, he released my reddened hand and made way for the other man. The detective had been accounted for — but who could this man be?

" ' And now, Miss Grayson,' went on Mr. Chadwick's deep rich voice, ' may I present Reginald Mordaunt, to whom belongs the blue diamond watch? '

"'Er-a-how de you dew, Miss-a-a Grayson? I must say I'm very glad to meet you. I have been looking forward to this meeting for some time — ahem!' I decided that he was not good-looking, as a sneer twisted his weak mouth, and his eyes leered at me. My outstretched hand was purposely not touched.

"'Enough of that, Mordaunt; we have no time for that sort of thing, and Miss Grayson is a lady.' The huge Mr. Shaunessy was a gentleman for all his rough appearance.

"'Oh! Yes?' murmured Mr. Mordaunt, and then turned his attention to Louise, whom Mr. Chadwick introduced as my traveling companion.

"'Be seated, ladies. We have much to talk over.' Chadwick smiled and motioned us to chairs. Reginald also seated himself, but the two detectives remained standing, the elder man lighting a large black cigar.

"'Now then, first of all, Miss Grayson, where did you get this watch and —— Well, tell us all about it.' Shaunessy inhaled deeply.

"'Yes, Miss Grayson, how did you do it?' Mordaunt's insinuating tones angered me, and I told exactly how I had received the watch from my great-aunt. It was a simple explanation of facts. However, Mr. Mordaunt was not inclined to believe my story.

"'A very neat tale, young lady. A fool might believe it,' he said, and laughed.

"'Well, I may be a fool, Mordaunt, but I believe every word of what Miss Grayson has told us. I have met many criminals and thieves since I have held this position, and I know one almost upon sight. Miss Grayson is not like any criminal I have ever met. She has neither the characteristics nor earmarks of one.' Mr. Chadwick smiled at me, and I knew that I had one friend there who would do everything in his power to prove that I was not guilty of this theft.

"Louise had been listening, seemingly quite calm. Now she rose with flashing eyes and clenched fists and fairly shouted in Mordaunt's face:

"'Don't you dare say that Phyllis Grayson stole that watch!

She never would do that, and she's a perfect darling. You horrid old thing! '

" ' Oh! So her name is Phyllis? Quite a pretty name. I wonder if this generous old aunt gave her that too,' drawled Mordaunt.

" Chadwick stepped close to the leering face, and, once more, cruel strength blazed in his eyes.

" ' I wouldn't talk like that if I were you,' he said quietly. Mordaunt turned pale and said no more.

" Mr. Shaunessy had been watching us all silently. Now he stepped to the foreground.

" ' Enough for today. I move that we adjourn. The young ladies are tired.'

" ' But surely you aren't going to let Miss Grayson go about — a — free? ' Mordaunt hesitated. ' No! She might go away.'

" ' Miss Grayson won't leave. We are trusting her.' Chadwick glanced at me for confirmation of his words.

" ' You had better rest today,' he suggested. ' And, Miss Grayson, won't you give me the name and address of this aunt? Perhaps she could help us straighten out a few things.'

" I complied.

" ' I will leave you, ladies, and if you need me for anything, I may be found at the Sheriff's. Good morning, Miss Grayson and Miss Fleming '; and Chadwick left us.

" The next day, after a good rest, we went down strong and unafraid to meet the three men.

" ' Today,' began Shaunessy after the conventional salutations, ' it is our turn to tell a little story. We've elected Chadwick to be story-teller for the day. Go right ahead, Chadwick.'

" He, Chadwick, sat down in one of the most comfortable of the remaining chairs, crossed one leg over the other, and folded his slender, graceful hands around one knee. With head thrown back but eyes on us, he began:

" ' You probably read in the newspapers about three years ago of the death of one Philip Mordaunt, the wealthy grandfather of Gloria and Reginald Mordaunt, then just out of high school. Their parents, as you perhaps know, had been dead

five years, and the children made their home with the eccentric grandfather. Philip Mordaunt left a will, but not such a one as his extravagant young grandchildren had expected. Very little money was left, and most of that was willed to the old servants. Among the many miscellanies which were to be divided between the children was an invaluable watch bequeathed to Gloria, which was to be given to her on her twenty-first birthday. The watch was unusual by reason of the large blue diamond in the center. A diagram of the watch has been found.' Chadwick handed me a piece of parchment. On it was the exact picture of my watch.

" ' The three years passed, and Gloria was to realize at last her fondest desire, possession of the blue diamond watch. As stated in the will, she was not to have it till the clock struck midnight of her twenty-first birthday. Two minutes before the clock struck the hour, the two lawyers rushed in to announce that the watch had been stolen! The safe had been broken open, and the watch was gone!

" ' You can guess the rest. Not a trace of any kind was left. The detectives were told to find the watch. I was on my way to Los Angeles to confer with Shaunessy about some facts I had turned up, and it so happened that I saw your watch, Miss Grayson.'

" ' Mine, you mean,' broke in Reginald.

" ' I beg your pardon; the watch is Miss Grayson's. I am the original owner of the blue diamond.'

" And there in the doorway stood my Great-aunt Phyllis!

" ' What! ' gasped Mordaunt.

" ' Great guns! ' ejaculated Shaunessy. ' How many owners are there to this thing? '

" ' You are Mrs. Gerald Grayson, I presume. You have arrived at the opportune moment.' Chadwick accepted her hand with that beautiful bow, but Auntie impatiently brushed him aside and embraced me tenderly.

" ' Poor little girlie,' she murmured and kissed me.

" Such relief! My troubles were over, thought I. I introduced Aunt Phyllis to the other members of the group. Shaunessy vowed over and over that he ' just couldn't understand it.'

Mordaunt said nothing, but his face showed anger and uncertainty.

"'Court is adjourned for the day,' said Chadwick. 'Not another word about this matter now. I have told my story; tomorrow, at this time, Mrs. Grayson will tell hers.'

"The next morning we had barely finished eating breakfast when the men were again announced. Louise and I were just commencing to enjoy the situation. We were relieved of all responsibility by Aunt Phyllis' presence.

"We descended that same stairway and stood before that formidable door which had formerly seemed like a great monster opening its capacious jaws to devour us whole. Aunt Phyllis' eyes twinkled as she stepped into the presence of the two detectives and Mr. Mordaunt.

"Without any unnecessary preliminaries Auntie began her episode in the mystery that baffled us all.

"'A little over sixty-eight years ago a boy and girl were born to a very wealthy man and his wife, residing in Boston. The two children grew up together devoted to each other, their sole aim in life to promote each other's happiness. They graduated from high school at the same time, and both received honors. As may be supposed, these youngsters were the pride and joy of their parents. Nothing was too good for them.'

"Auntie gazed straight ahead with unseeing eyes, and her tiny white hands were clenched.

"'They were so happy when the Christmas of their second college year arrived! Together they went to parties and teas. Evenings, they sat together before the old-fashioned fireplace, and with clasped hands told of their various experiences. This time, the parting was the saddest of all. Their mother was not so strong as in former years, and intuition of coming sadness gripped the girl's heart. However, this fear was dismissed, and both returned to school.

"'One bright day the following spring, the father received a telegram from the dean of Wellesley, stating that the girl had eloped. The shock was fatal to the mother, whom the daughter never saw again. With a deaf ear to his boy's pleading, the father disinherited the girl. More than this, he forbade the boy's ever seeing her again. Thus the girl, at the age of nine-

teen, was banished from her father's fireside, and went with her husband to a distant part of the country to live.'

"'And who were the twins?' queried Shaunessy.

"'The twins were Phyllis and Philip Mordaunt,' replied Auntie. 'I was that girl.'

"'What!' shouted Shaunessy.

"'Then you are my great-aunt?' gasped Mordaunt.

"'Yes,' said Auntie quietly, 'and you and Phyllis are second cousins.'

"'But still I don't see what this has to do with the blue diamond.' Mordaunt was more interested in the watch than in our relationship.

"Some one knocked at the door. 'Come in,' said Chadwick. A tall, thin, gangly man strode into the room. His lean face gleamed with pride and happiness. Seeing the several strangers in the room, he hesitated.

"'Hello there, Smith. Have you something to report?' Shaunessy broke the silence.

"'Well, rather,' Mr. Smith almost choked with excitement.

"'All right, let's hear it,' prompted the huge detective.

"'I've found the blue diamond watch!'

"'Glory be! You must be crazy, man,' Shaunessy laughed boisterously.

"'But — why — here it is!' and the man, after fumbling a moment, held forth his hand. Upon the outstretched palm gleamed the exact replica of my watch!

"'Great guns!' Shaunessy's surprise was so complete that the rest of us forgot our similar amazement to laugh at him. Aunt Phyllis alone retained her calm. With one accord we turned to her for explanation. She smiled through tears.

"'Open them both,' she directed Chadwick. He complied and studied them steadily for several moments. Then a slow smile spread over his face. 'On the back of each watch is an inscription. Shall I read them?' he said. The assent was unanimous. Slowly and distinctly he read these words:

A mi amiga mia
Phyllis Mordaunt
De Pedro Cordeza
Madrid 1870.

" Inspecting the other watch, he continued:

A mi amigo mio
Philip Mordaunt
Madrid 1870.

" Have another piece of fudge, Peggy."
Peggy sighed — contentedly.

THE DERELICT

(*Junior*)

The western horizon was gradually changing into a peculiar lead-colored hue, a molten gray. From its depths came the constant, angry mutterings of distant thunder and occasionally a flare of heat lightning. The air over the ocean was absolutely quiet; not a sound could be heard save the lapping and gurgling of the water against the ship's bows and the bellowing voice of the captain shouting his commands of preparation against the oncoming storm. The mutterings continued, interrupted occasionally by a slightly louder crash. A mass of heavy, black clouds began to race across the threatening sky, and the dank atmosphere became more and more oppressive.

A loud swish from directly off the ship's lee-bow suddenly attracted the captain's attention. Out of the gloom a shadowy, uncertain mass was slowly approaching. As it grew nearer, he made out the form and prow of another vessel. For a full moment he scrutinized her and then a gasp of amazement came to his lips. Scarcely thirty fathoms away lay rolling in the swell, almost awash, the wreck of what appeared to be an ancient ship, the type of ship that sailed the main years ago, an old caravel. Her outlines were vague and indistinct in the fast-falling darkness, and the captain had but a fleeting glimpse of her. In shape she was not unlike an enormous shoe with a high deck in the rear and a prominent forecastle. Altogether her architecture seemed of a very ancient design. Three stumps, protruding scarcely three feet from the deck, were all the evidence left of what were once high masts. The decks

were a heaving mass of wreckage as each wave washed over her, and the bowsprit dangled dejectedly into the green, swirling waters. The mysterious arrival disappeared into the murk as rapidly as it had come, leaving the captain staring in its direction.

Then off in the west a wall of racing water could be seen. It grew nearer, nearer; the sky became a river of black. Suddenly without the slightest warning a tremendous flash of lightning of supernatural brilliancy issued forth from the sky; it was almost instantly followed by a vibrating roar of thunder. With a shriek of the wind the hurricane broke upon the ship.

The lightning flashed at rapid intervals; the sky became a steady cannonading of artillery. Shrieking as it passed through the rigging, a seventy-mile wind raged overhead. Bolt after bolt of lightning cut zigzag streaks across the heavens, each bringing into vivid relief the wild and frightful scene below. Upon one side the *Richard Varkly*, modern freighter between New York and South Africa, was being tossed on the mighty, storm-lashed waves of the Atlantic like a cockleshell. Upon the other, separated from the first by only impenetrable darkness, wallowed the ruins of an ancient Spanish caravel. Mountains of water were sweeping over the two ships now as the fury of the gale increased.

Hours passed . . . the lightning grew more incessant; the thunder developed into a single reverberating crash. Then suddenly, as quickly as it had come, the wind passed on and there was left only the swish of the racing sea and an occasional boom of some delayed burst of thunder. The storm had come and gone. . . .

The captain left his post upon the bridge and quickly ran to the companionway, only to return a moment later with his glass. He focused it on the horizon, searching long and intently as he revolved it from left to right. He saw nothing but an endless expanse of water, no lone gull whose presence might indicate the close proximity of another ship nor a vestige of the derelict of but a few hours before. It was gone. Was it but a mirage caused by some electrical effect in the ether, or an illusion on the part of the captain?

There came the sound of rending of wood at the prow of the vessel as she plowed through the heaving swell. The ship was in the midst of a mass of wreckage piled in loose formation and covering a large area. In a moment with a series of clappings and cracklings the outer edge was reached. A spar, slightly larger than the rest but of the same dull brown color, bobbed up suddenly some distance off, and upon it under the strong magnifying power of the glass the captain slowly made out the partially obliterated word *Rosario.* It was the name of the vessel. The captain's countenance remained absolutely expressionless as he tried to place the name. *"Rosario? Rosario?"* he kept repeating to himself over and over again. Where had he heard it before? Nationality? It must be Spanish, but this fact suggested nothing new to him. At length he went to his cabin and here, opening a cabinet, drew forth a large volume whose title read: *History of the Sea.* His hand nervously pushed through the pages until he suddenly saw the word he was looking for.

Rosario, the name of the flagship of the famous Spanish Armada, defeated by the English in the year 1588.

Three hundred years! History tells us that after one of the most important battles of the world some of the Spanish ships fled up the English Channel never to return. Was it possible that this caravel had been a derelict driven by the winds of the seven seas for over three hundred years? The captain returned to the deck and stood staring at the wreckage until it became but a blur on the horizon.

MONSIEUR MARAT

(*Junior*)

Monsieur Marat, between twenty-five and thirty years of age, was an artist. He didn't make colorful blotches on a canvas; he didn't crash out discordant notes on a piano; he didn't write masterpieces of literature. In short, Monsieur was the sort of artist in whose works Mr. Sherlock Holmes and

Dr. Watson would be interested. Indeed, if his memoirs were published, the reading public would gasp, the events in the arch-crook's life would be so without the bounds of one's imagination or reasoning. Such bold cunning and audacious confidence were startling. But the Monsieur's extraordinary success lay in the fact that he was possessed of a cherubic countenance. People thought he just couldn't do anything wrong, not with that frank, handsome face, they argued. Monsieur Marat himself could testify that his face was no drawback to him; so also could a certain wise prince.

One quiet summer evening in the distant year of 1803, Monsieur Marat was strolling leisurely on the Pall Mall in London, enjoying the cool night air. His attire was faultlessly correct. The young bloods of the day would have sworn that such a style could have come only from Paris, while the delicate lace cravat would have made the Beau and the Prince Regent squirm and sputter with envy, so original was its design. Marat turned from the Mall into a less frequented side street. The lights were very dim, but one could yet catch the gleam of his satin waistcoat and jacket, the glint of the silver buckles on his shoes, or hear the occasional clank of his sword, as he walked along with a peculiar military stride. Suddenly the balmy stillness of the night was broken by the dull rumbling of wheels and the sharper clatter of horses' hoofs upon the cobblestone pavement, and out of the night there drew up by Monsieur's side a splendidly equipped coach and four. A liveried footman stepped majestically to the ground.

"Monsieur Marat?" he questioned, bowing his elegant length almost double.

"Yes," the owner of that name answered, while a little smile of conscious pride flickered about his lips.

"My master's compliments," said the obsequious footman, "and he wishes me to say that you will do him a very great honor by accepting the loan of his carriage as far as his door."

"Very polite, I'm sure," murmured Marat, with a raise of his eyebrows, his only expression of surprise. "Who is your master, my good fellow?"

The footman's face became a mask of inscrutability, baffling to the crook.

"You will be enlightened in that respect upon reaching his house," was his quiet answer.

Marat eloquently shrugged his shoulders.

"Does your master think that I will comply with that strange request?" he asked, in a tone of incredulous inquiry.

The other's attitude became offensively polite, mockingly obsequious as he answered:

"Monsieur will pardon if I correct him a trifle. My master *knows* that Monsieur will obey his *command* when he is informed that the summons concerns the fortunes of his emperor."

Marat's face had paled with anger at the beginning of the speech, but at the mention of the emperor he excitedly cried:

"Napoleon! What know you of him? How can it concern his Majesty? Speak, man, speak!"

"I do not know," came in the same noncommittal tones. "I am merely repeating what I have been told. Come, monsieur, hurry. My master expects you within the hour." And he moved toward the coach.

"And if I do not choose to come?" Marat, despite his interest, was defiant.

The footman turned, and one hand went to a pocket of his brilliant coat.

"Then I shall leave you here," was the calm answer.

"Yes?" Marat's voice was coolly inquisitive.

"Yes. With a bullet in your heart." And the hidden hand moved suggestively.

"Oh!" The exclamation was accompanied by a reckless laugh. "I think perhaps it would be wise to accompany you."

"Most certainly, Monsieur. The carriage is waiting."

Marat, with a careless shrug of his shoulders, stepped quietly into the coach, and settled back in the luxurious cushions. The coachman called to the horses, the whip cracked, the wheels rumbled dully on the cobblestones, and the Frenchman had set out on an unknown mission to an unknown destination for his Emperor Napoleon.

An hour later the carriage drew up before a huge stone mansion. The footman opened the door of the equipage and requested monsieur to alight. Marat was led up the wide stone steps into a dimly lighted, medieval hall where a liveried servant relieved him of his hat. Thence he was ushered through a pair of high, oaken doors into a long, beautifully furnished room. Marat faced a company of six men, all elderly, all very elegantly dressed. A tall man rose as Monsieur entered.

"Monsieur Marat, I presume?"

"Exactly, sir," replied Marat, bowing very low with the exaggerated formality of the period.

"The friend of him who calls himself Emperor of the French?" pursued the tall man.

"His Majesty does not only *call* himself emperor; he *is* emperor. The people have acclaimed him thus." Marat's tone was cool and slightly patronizing.

"Certainly," said the spokesman with a trace of bitterness. "The people of France in their ignorance have acclaimed him as their master. But enough of this! Let me present my friends to you. Monsieur Marat, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Rochester, Viscount Kendale. The Earl of Chatham, the Duke of Brunswick, and I am ——"

"The Duke of Wellington!"

"Ah, you know me?"

"Most certainly, your Grace," easily replied Marat. "I have heard the names of your friends; they are enemies of my emperor. Therefore, I deduced that you must be the sixth and deadliest enemy of Napoleon — the Duke of Wellington."

Wellington looked a trifle startled.

"Do you know my reason for having you brought here?" he asked.

"Ah, my dear Duke," was the suave reply, "it would not be in good form to state that I positively know your reason. Not being a mind-reader, I can only surmise."

"Smooth rascal," murmured the old Marquis of Salisbury, as he took a pinch of snuff and as a result almost sneezed his powdered wig into a corner of the room.

Marat turned in the Marquis' direction and bowed deeply, ironically.

"Monsieur flatters me."

"Enough of this," interposed Wellington in impatient tones. "Let us go about our business. Be seated, monsieur, while his Grace of Brunswick tells you of our reason for bringing you here."

Marat seated himself on a large chair at the long oaken table. The ancient candelabra threw a faint, mellow glow over the assemblage. Shadows gathered in the far corners of the room. The air from some open window gently stirred the old tapestries. The old portraits on the walls looked grotesque and misshapen in the shadows. The group at the table looked strangely grim in the faint light. Marat tried to shake off that faint feeling of oppression. If only they would make the light brighter, he thought.

Finally, the Duke of Brunswick, a tall, stern-looking man, spoke.

"We know," he said, in deep, bullying tones, "that you are a close friend of Napoleon. You are possessed of his political and military secrets. *We want those plans, and we will stop at nothing to obtain them.* Disclose them to us, and name your own price. Do I make myself clear?" The piercing eyes of the Duke were fixed with a steely stare upon Marat as he finished.

"Perfectly, my lord," came from Marat in a cold, grim voice. "And suppose I refuse your handsome offer?"

His Grace of Brunswick shrugged most eloquently.

"Dead men tell no tales," he said, and his deep, almost uncanny voice lent a certain awfulness to the words.

"Naturally not," laughed Marat, but it could be noted by a keen observer that a still grimmer note had crept into his voice. "Do you intend to make a dead man of me, your Grace?"

"We should regret to be compelled to do so, monsieur," replied the unbending Duke. "You hold your life in the hollow of your hand."

"A comforting thought," murmured the Frenchman under

his breath, and then aloud: "You want my decision now?"

"Of course, sir."

"Then, gentlemen," slowly exclaimed Marat as he arose from his chair, and with a proud gesture drew himself to his full height, "I have the honor of telling you that my answer is — no! And I would not change that answer for half of every kingdom that Napoleon has conquered!"

A long, ominous silence, filled with baffled astonishment, followed this startling announcement. At last Viscount Kendale broke it by asking, with a certain awe-struck wonder in his voice:

"And are you ready to suffer the consequences of your refusal?"

Marat was smiling coldly as he answered:

"Do your worst, gentlemen; I am at your mercy. I am ready to die for my master. He trusts me, and I will not betray him."

"Do you really mean that?" asked the confused Duke of Brunswick, who had dropped his bullying manner, and was now gazing at the Frenchman in a sort of wonder and helplessness which was amusing to behold.

"Most certainly," proudly answered Marat, with a quiet, noble dignity that sat well upon his handsome person. "I can die but once, and I shall not be the first of the name to perish at the hand of an enemy. My illustrious kinsman met his death at the dagger of Charlotte Corday. I cannot do better than follow his noble example; can I, sir?"

"Gentlemen!" cried the Duke of Wellington, who had been a silent, interested spectator of the scene. "This has gone far enough. I admire Monsieur for his devotion to his emperor, and we shall not wantonly kill a man for loyalty. What we cannot win by fair means, we shall not win by foul. I am in authority here and my commands will be obeyed. Monsieur Marat, you are free to go when you please. I shall call my carriage for you. And tell your emperor when you see him that I congratulate him on the possession of such a friend. I respect your loyalty."

Marat bowed deeply, respectfully.

"I thank you, Monsieur," he said. "I take pride in your words, and I shall take pleasure in reporting to my Emperor Napoleon that the Duke of Wellington, although an Englishman, is a noble and fair opponent. And again, Monsieur, accept my gratitude for interposing when the gentleman from Brunswick would have made a corpse of me. Although I am no coward, I do not relish a fight, as I am anything but expert with the sword. Your Grace, gentlemen — adieu."

With another courtly bow he was turning to leave the room when he heard Lord Rochester exclaim:

"Your Grace, are you going to let a friend of the impostor Napoleon escape?"

At the word *impostor,* Marat's blood fanned into flame. Napoleon was his deity; Bonapartism was his religion, and he loved his emperor with a devotion worthy of a better object. With a sort of fiery coolness he turned to Lord Rochester. His tone was crisp and cuttingly formal as he spoke.

"My lord, your words demand an explanation. In the name of my Emperor Napoleon, whom you have seen fit to slander, I demand satisfaction!"

Lord Rochester, visibly surprised, rose and bowed most politely.

"As monsieur wishes," he said. "I shall give him satisfaction where and when he pleases."

"Here and now!" impetuously cried Marat, and in less time than it takes to tell, swords were drawn, positions were taken, and the blades met in a grim, desperate conflict.

Half an hour later, Monsieur Marat, arch-crook, gambler, man of destiny, raised his head from the thick carpet where he lay in a pool of his own blood. Monsieur had won, but the victory was a costly one. Dizzily he struggled to his elbow with the help of the Duke of Wellington. He pulled a tiny silk tricolored flag, the symbol of tyranny, from his waistcoat pocket, and pressed it to his lips. "Long live Napoleon," he gasped.

THE SATYR

(*Senior*)

" Devils! "

The word came with a sneer from the lips of a young patron of the Old Moot Ale House, standing tense and rigid at the window, looking with steely eyes at the gay revelers in the mansion opposite.

The room was quite still now save for an occasional clink of glass or dice, a jeer, a laugh, as a dozen or so men gathered about a huge table gambled and drank. The atmosphere reeked with the smoke from the pipes of the lad's companions — companions in body only, for were they not, unlike himself, content and happy to live as tools in the powerful hands of Sir Henry, to be used in building up his fame and fortune? Were they not satisfied to exchange their honor for the price of a cup of ale?

" Deluded creatures! "

This time the remark was directed to the men about him, who in their ragged coats of frieze presented a pitiful contrast to the participants of the scene across the way.

Once more Ricart turned his eyes to the window; instantly his mouth set in rigid whiteness, viciously his hand sought the small dagger at his side; his fingers clenched, unclenched on it. He did not notice one of the group nearby rise and approach him. As one who regards life with commiserating toleration, the old man, placing his hand on the boy's ragged shoulders, spoke:

" There, my lad, you are too young to take the actions of your fellow men so seriously to heart. Life is too short to be spent in rebellion."

" Bah! Life is too short to be spent in slavery! " retorted the boy.

At this, the friendly one, with a gentle shake of the head, returned to the group at the table. Yet still Ricart stood!

Directly across the road, the inner part easily observed from the Ale House, stood the pretentious town house of Sir Henry

Fastolf, Duke of Rounceval and lord of the manor. Through the window a number of so-called gentlemen could be seen being instructed in the graces of the latest dance recently introduced from the court of France.

"Fops! Rats!"

Again a mutter escaped the boy's lips. "See the proud peacocks strut in their worse than borrowed feathers! Aha, the gallant Lord Bromley has dropped his fringed glove. Careful, old curmudgeon, or the flaxen wig will need readjusting!"

Would the story of the honorable Sir Henry's means of sustenance not make a juicy bit to tickle the royal ears? How delighted his Highness would be to know that his favorite, the illustrious Sir Henry, was the chief promoter of the formidable band of plunderers which had for the past two months kept the capital in constant terror, and that these same plunderers were none other than the tenants of Sir Henry's estate who were compelled to act as their lord's agents.

"What an interesting bit for the court to know that Sir Henry's new embroidered coat was part of the booty captured at the last pillage of the Oxford coach, or that his imported snuff *was* imported because it happened to be a part of the Portsmouth mail!"

At last Sir Henry had learned the new step, and the guests had stopped their lesson to refresh themselves. An hour had passed, yet still Ricart stood, the same drawn look about his eyes, his lips still white and set, his whole body stiff and immobile. A moment later, however, with a start that caused the men at the table to turn curious eyes upon him, he was at the door.

"A child — a girl — my brother's child — only a piece of bread stolen — flogging her — oh, the demons — pity of heaven, is there no justice?"

Dagger in hand, Ricart dashed through the open door, but upon reaching the middle of the road, he stopped abruptly. He had caught sight of the symbol of the House of Rounceval — a satyr in bronze. The moon shone weirdly down on the taunting face, pug nose, budding horns, goatlike ears, beady

eyes, a hideous mouth that grinned fiendishly at him as he stood, stunned, in the middle of the road.

The friendly one had followed quickly and now asked: "What is it, my boy? What troubles you tonight?"

"That creature — that creature — why does he grin at me so?" Ricart asked as with an involuntary shiver he stepped back.

"Perhaps he grins because he sees he has lured another soul and soon will have possession of it."

"But — can you mean that my intent is as evil as their action?"

"Quite true, my boy. Come back and think more sanely."

"But do you call gaining justice a sin?"

"Is real justice ever established by means of sin?"

Unable to reply, the boy again scanned the face of the satyr, but the smirking grin had gone; he was scowling now.

Slowly he retraced his steps, and dejectedly cast himself on the floor before the fire. The sputtering blaze offered him no solace, though, for his eyes were held by the haunting image of the satyr in the flames — scowling — scowling!

It was not long before Ricart and his friend were left alone, the boy stretched out before the fast-dying fire, the old man smoking and silently watching the youth.

The last coals in the grate had sputtered and turned black when the silence was broken by a low, pitiful moan not far away. Quickly the two were on their feet and at the door. They listened; again the moan came to them, yet fainter.

Across the way all was in darkness; yet the cry seemed to come from that direction. "Wait here — I shall see — the child — I suppose."

"Be careful, my lad, lest the satyr shall have reason to grin," the friendly one called, but the boy had already reached the road. "His intent is firm; perhaps it is better so!" murmured the old man as he saw the boy disappear on the other side of the road.

Cautiously Ricart made his way through the hedge that surrounded the house, and hastened in the direction of the voice. Presently he stumbled upon the body of the little vic-

tim of Sir Henry's flogging, lying in a crumpled heap. No sound came from the thin lips now. The bony little hands that continued to grasp the piece of bread were still warm, yet no breath came from the pitiful little body.

"Villain — murderer!"

Again the spirit of the caged surged up within him. Again he madly clutched his dagger, and wild-eyed stared at the foreboding massiveness of the mansion before him.

"Now, my little peacemaker," and Ricart gently stroked the small weapon in his hand, "you shall have your chance tonight."

A few moments later, with dragging feet, Ricart again entered the Ale House. Anxiously the friendly one scrutinized the face of the boy. What he saw there was not a sign of relief, but one of greater oppression.

"It is done?"

"It is done!"

And Ricart disappeared into the night knowing that still the satyr grinned, for he had won another!

THE BARBECUE

(*Senior*)

Three dark, solemn faces peered over the fence near Bob Pruett's barn. Upon the barn door was stretched a calfhide. Three pairs of brown eyes were rimmed with tears.

"Da just ain't no justice in dis heah world," pouted Alexander Hamilton Jackson. "After Mistah Pruett done say he gwyne gib us dat calf if us picks 'nough cotton to covah de cost, he up an' sell hit to de barbecue celebrations."

"An' now us can't have no circus after us done learnt him a heap o' tricks," added Thomas A. Edison Jackson, as he tried hard to swallow a lump in his throat.

"Bein' da ain't no justice compartment to settle de case, Ah appoints mahself chief executer, an' Cousin Lee am de attorney-general, an' yo', Thomas A., am justice administer."

Both boys edged closer along the fence toward Alexander, well knowing he would find a way to give vent to their sorrow. As they climbed down, they stood waiting for him to speak.

" Look heah," he said, drawing himself up to full height and looking as forceful as possible, " yo all knows if one business man ruin de prenamptions o' another business firm, he am guilty in de first degree. Ain't Ah right? "

" Us don't dispute yo' words."

" Den as Ah has de unamous vote o' both houses, Ah declares de verdict."

A long silence followed as they watched his dark eyes flash. " If one person destroy de repossible chances o' other folks a havin' a circus an' travelen around de world, us sure has de right to distinguish de meat he unrightfully sell to de barbecue."

Neither made any comment, but both shrugged their shoulders and wriggled their toes deep into the sticky red clay.

" Cousin Lee, what yo' done wif dem mule ears us found down at de tallow factory? "

" Dey is hid in de old pine stump down by de mill road."

" Us gwyne need dem when us talks about wondern how de mule meat taste while de cooks am a-cooken Jerry."

He watched them until he saw a strange light glow in their eyes, and then without another word they started toward the mill road.

It was nearly noon before they reached the open stretch of hard wood at High Rock Spring. Through open canopies of walnut and beech stretched vast rolling hills, forest-clad hills, where patches of cloud shadow and sunlight swept silently across them. To the north lay the low walls of the Dug-Cap and Chauda; while, faintly edging the sky line, the foothills of the Blue Ridge seemed strangely far away, like ghosts of lost mountains. Overhead a cool breeze tarried among the leaves, and billowed the long panicles of blue grass that carpeted the hillside. High Rock Spring formed a deep, limpid pool that emerged from lichen and moss-covered rocks at the foot of an age-old tulip tree. Its iron-tinged icy waters scur-

ried away in a dancing brook that murmured mysterious, enchanted tales to the smooth round pebbles.

Years ago, Colonel Stark had given this little natural park to the people of Cedar Ridge. It is a remote and beautiful place. In the shade of those great trees he provided a playground as well as a barbecue pit. Folks always held their holiday outings there. It so happens that each Fourth of July the Lincoln Republican Marching Club has a barbecue there. It is strictly a colored association, to which every adult in Cedar Ridge belongs. Fourth of July is an all-day affair with them. In the evening the left-over food is served, and there are fireworks; Colonel Stark sees to it that there are fireworks, plenty of them, too.

The boys had left the road and were standing under a tree. Thomas A. was slowly chewing a long stem of grass and appearing very casual, while Robert Lee had stretched himself full length upon the grass.

"Dis sure am a reviven cool breeze," he remarked contentedly.

"Git up, niggah! Us got some reviven to do ourselfs. Reviven de death o' Jerry."

"Ah don't feel very reviven when Ah thinks about our calf," he sighed, slowly getting to his feet.

They wandered down toward the crowd that gathered about the barbecue pit. Large kettles of Brunswick stew simmered over separate little fires, and sent pungent odors into the air that mingled pleasantly with the savor that arose from the pit. The cooks were basting the plump carcass carefully, and would now and then stand back to admire their work. One cook was standing with his arms folded across his crisply ironed apron. He tilted his white cap over one ear, and smiled at the boys as they stood there with wide eyes and open mouths.

"Um-m-n, don't hit look good!" breathed Robert Lee.

"Hit sure do, but Ah don't cares to eat none aftah Ah knows how hit used to look."

"Ah don't cares to, neither," Alexander said, turning up his nose, "but just de same, Ah sure do crave to know how do mule meat taste."

" Hit sure was a sorry ol' mule, an Ah am sorry hit got killed, but Ah don't reckon hit would o' lived much longer nohow."

Alexander drew the mule ears from his pocket, and stroked them with his fingers as he stood gazing at the cooking meat. The basting suddenly stopped. The cooks' eyes rolled up at each other. One pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his forehead. The other swallowed several times and blinked his eyes.

" What yo' say, black chile? "

" Us say hit sure was a sorry ol' mule."

As they shrugged their shoulders and walked away, Alexander returned the ears to his pocket, but was careful to drop one, although he pretended not to notice.

" Did yo' all heah what dem young ones say? " gasped the cook, picking up the ear and holding it in the palm of his hand.

" Yo' reckon us done cooked a mule? " they stammered, their faces turned ashen gray.

" Dis carcus got a powerful long neck, an' hit ain't customary fo' de tail to be cut off when hit be delivered! " exclaimed another, hurrying from the crowd to look at the carcass.

The vague rumor spread like flames before a wind. Suddenly the feast had ended. Scores were leaving the tables and gathering into groups. Parson Gibson sprang to his feet. " Folks! Folks! " he shouted. " De ways an' means committee an' me is gwyne look into dis mattah." The crowd swarmed about him. " Us goen right up to Mistah Pruett's place, an' demands to know why fo' he up an' sell us a mule."

The committee seemed to vanish. Three miles on a hot day? Why, even a ways and means committee was human.

" Brother Wiley," called Parson Gibson, after a moment of thought, " will yo' take de committee ovah to Mistah Pruett's? Ah hates to ax yo', but yo' is de only membah o' de club who has a car." The Parson felt he could impose upon him for such a favor, as they both were fraternity men of the same secret organization, and Wiley was indeed proud of being called brother at such a time.

" Ah sure will. Ah is glad to rendah mah services whenevah dey is needed."

The committee returned as suddenly as it had vanished, and by the time the car was ready to start, it was somewhat larger. In fact, the back seat supported three tiers of passengers stacked upon one another's laps. The running boards, too, were used to the last inch. Even the driver himself could scarcely move.

For a mile or more the brave old car limped onward. The uneven pounding of but three cylinders grew more painful. It quivered and strained in its frantic effort to climb a steep hill. With a rasping, tearing sound Wiley shifted to low. A pistol-like report, followed by several other explosions, tumbled two-thirds of the passengers from the car.

" Lawsey, yo' reckon dis mechanism gwyne blow up? "

" Ah ain't gwine be heah when hit do," shouted another, as he picked himself up from the middle of the road.

The car, relieved of a goodly portion of its weight, back-fired a few more times and mounted the hill. The down grade was steep, and the loose brake-bands were mere toys. Like a frightened steed it dashed on, rocking over bumps, and darting around curves, on but two wheels. It seemed ages to the three crouching figures in the back seat before it jolted to a halt. With relief, the remaining committee left the car, and trudged up the narrow path to Bob Pruett's house.

It was a low-roofed little cabin of pine and cypress logs, grayed and dulled with years. From the huge stone chimney a thin line of yellow-blue smoke coiled lazily upward. Under a scrawny myrtle bush near the porch, a lean razorback sow had routed a cool bed. As the visitors approached, she made no effort to move, but her pigs squealed with fright and ran under the house.

" Am Mistah Pruett home? " asked Parson Gibson, removing his hat and twitching the rim of it nervously in his hands.

A wrinkled old woman looked up from a pan of turnip salad she was preparing. Her straggly gray hair was drawn tightly back from her face and wadded into a tight knot. She slowly placed the pan upon the porch and took an old corncob pipe

from her mouth. Her worn and faded dress fell limply about her bare feet as she arose and pointed toward a small field hemmed in by forests.

" He be down thar a-hoe'n' them peanuts just de other side o' them sorghum rows," she answered in a high, cracked voice. Her stooped shoulders again bent over her task as the committee turned and followed her direction.

In the rough little fields, won only by constant battle with nature lest the dark forests close again over them, Bob Pruett slaved doggedly. They found him there hoeing the soil about the grasping roots of the thin rows. He looked up on seeing them, and came forward to greet them.

" Mistah Pruett — Ah — we — us wants to know how come yo' up an' selled us a mule? " His voice was quivering with rage, and he looked straight into the eyes of the man before him.

" Sold yer all what? "

" A mule! "

" Do yer think I'm crazy? Ain't I sold yer all the best calf I raise every year fur nigh on seven years? I ain't dressed no mule yet." His blue eyes flashed with that strange full pride that belongs only to him who has wrung his wealth from the soil.

" Us means dat — dat us heard yo' sold us a mule."

" Wal, yer heard wrong! " he shouted. " I'll show yer the hide on my barn door." He threw down his hoe and started for the barn with long, slouching steps, that the committee found hard to keep up with.

Each of the committee looked carefully at the hide, and Parson Gibson felt of the ears that were attached to it by nature.

" Us very, very sorry, Mistah Pruett, an' us sure begs forgiveness. Some o' dem cullud chillens must o' played a prank on us. Us hopes yo' will understand."

" If hit be them kids, I ain' understanden nuthen, 'cept they done made right good fools out o' yer all."

The committee lost no time in reaching the road, and as the members climbed into the car, they could still hear Bob Pruett

telling his wife, over and over again, that niggahs would believe all the foolery that could be created, and still need more.

As Wiley started the engine, Parson Gibson leaned over and touched him on the shoulder. "Niggah, Ah don't cares how fast you drives goen back, just so you gets us there before dem chillens gits such a head start."

BECAUSE OF THE CORSICAN

(*Senior*)

The stars hung low in the southern sky. The moon floated high above the heavens, behind a gray, thin veil of clouds. A quiet calmness lay over the deep Atlantic, and a faint, faraway breeze stirred tiny ripples along St. Helena's shore. Upon the heights a steady light beamed, sending a path of light across the island.

Suddenly there came the rhythmical lapping of oars, and out of the dimness came a small boat. Two men plied the oars, and a third sat wrapped in a dark cloak. Slowly, almost noiselessly, they made their way to the shore, leaving behind them a rippling, silver-streaked path in which the stars grotesquely danced. As they neared the island, two figures moved stealthily, and hastened to the edge of the water. Presently the boat stopped at the shore, and a hand was extended to the cloaked figure. It arose, stepped to the shore, and stood before two men. A question came in French from the taller of the two.

"Your name and business?"

"Jacques Moreau, the Corsican, here on business to his Majesty, the Emperor." The answer came in a clear, low-toned voice, a voice that caused the two to look with greater interest on the stranger.

"You are expected," again spoke the taller. "I am Roland de Mauban. My companion is Paul Marat, brother of him who suffered death at Lord Rochester's sword for his emperor. Doubtless you know the story."

Marat and Moreau bowed deeply; then Moreau again spoke in his arresting voice.

"The story, Monsieur? I know not whereof you speak."

"What!" exclaimed Marat. "You have not heard of how Henri Marat fought a duel with Lord Rochester at the Duke of Wellington's home in London so many years ago? Why, my friend, what know you of Napoleon?"

Jacques Moreau slowly shook his head.

"Sadly little, I fear. But I am ready to lay down my life for him if need be."

"You know so little of him, yet would die for him? I cannot understand you."

"Enough of this," interrupted de Mauban. "We will be discovered if we tarry here longer. Come, follow me."

Moreau turned, gave a few instructions to the oarsmen, who pulled off, and, wrapping his long cloak tighter about him, he followed the other two into the darkness. After a silence, Marat turned.

"Do you wish to see his Majesty tonight?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Moreau, "if it is possible. Will he admit me into his presence?"

"Yes, for he was informed today of your expected arrival," replied de Mauban. "Do you see that light far up the hill? That is from his study. There he sits all day and part of the night, brooding and thinking of things which are beyond our ken. His Majesty has not his wonted vigor of late; it is whispered a wasting disease is fast claiming him. But come; we will go to him."

"But what of Sir Hudson Lowe? Is he not with the Emperor?"

De Mauban gave a short laugh.

"Not tonight," he answered. "He is at present playing cards and drinking ale in the servants' hall. A clever accomplice has decoyed him there. Besides, six years of peace have made them unwary, but to avoid possible detection we will enter by the secret way. And now be silent; discovery spells death."

In silence Moreau followed his guides along the sandy beach.

At length the guides stopped before what seemed to be a low cave.

"Here," explained de Mauban, "is the entrance to the subterranean passage to the house. Follow us carefully."

Moreau, preceded by the two Bonapartists, stooped through the small opening and found himself within a large cave, at the farther end of which was another opening. Torches were lighted and the three proceeded on their way, first through the opening, and then started the most unusual journey ever undertaken by man. Up and down rude stone steps the trail led, down dark passages reeking with the accumulated dampness of centuries, across natural bridges spanning bottomless wells, while occasionally there came to the ears of the three the sound of a distant waterfall, and always onward and up the way went, like the cry of a soul for the finer, better things in life. At last the trail ended at a large oaken door, which Marat opened. Moreau found himself in a small bare room, whose only entrance seemed to be through the door by which they had just entered. But Marat proceeded to the other side of the room, pushed a hidden spring, and gently, noiselessly, pushed a panel from its place; then he motioned for Moreau to enter.

But Moreau, his soul on fire from excitement, paused a moment to take in the scene before him. There before him sat the man whose very name had struck terror into the hearts of thousands of people, the man before whom dynasties had fallen, the man who made men love him, his beloved emperor. Napoleon was sitting in an armchair before the fireplace, and in that position looked taller than he really was. His dark hair was graying about the temples. His face bore the traces of physical suffering. The well-formed lips were drawn together in a thin, grim line, and his handsome, intellectual head, set on massive shoulders, was bent forward till it rested on one delicately beautiful hand. A shabby uniform graced the powerful figure, and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor was still proudly displayed on his waistcoat. His feet rested on a footstool, and a gray blanket was wrapped about his knees. Moreau, hardly knowing why, was disap-

pointed. He had expected something different, but that something was so intangible as to be unexplainable. With a little sigh he stepped through the aperture, and instantly, but without surprise, Napoleon's imperious steel-blue eyes were fixed upon the newcomer.

"Your Majesty!" exclaimed Moreau.

A white hand, beautiful, but lacking in femininity, was extended, and presently Moreau found himself on one knee by the chair, paying homage to the man he had loved from afar since childhood and whom he had now come to serve. When he arose, he took a sweeping glance at the apartment. In the center of the room stood a huge mahogany desk, on which reposed a large map of Europe as it was in the days of the Empire. The walls were lined with books of the old Greek and Roman authors and philosophers, and books on the science of war. On the mantelpiece over the fireplace stood a life-size bust of Napoleon himself, fitting symbol of the man's egotism.

Napoleon's impatient voice brought him back from his scrutiny of the room.

"Pray take off your cloak and cap. That passage is very damp. Then state your business."

Moreau silently complied, and when he had taken off the long cloak, unwound the wide scarf, which had closely concealed his face, and discarded the cap, de Mauban and Marat, who had followed, stood open-mouthed with astonishment. Even Napoleon's cool eyes narrowed as he looked at the lad, for lad he was. They had expected a man old in years and experience, and here was a beardless youth; but what a youth! Fully six feet tall he stood, broad of shoulder, and lithe of limb. The dark hair curled about his temples and his brown eyes glowed with an inward, holy fire. His features, not necessarily handsome, were still arresting with an intangible something that defies explanation. This lad from the Corsican hills was dressed in rude peasant garb, but his quiet dignity as he stood before his master was such that even Napoleon might envy him. The Emperor motioned for the other two to withdraw.

" Your name, young sir? " he asked.

" I am Jacques Moreau, the Corsican," answered the youth in the same full, sweet voice that had startled Marat and de Mauban at the water's edge.

" Your business? "

" I have come to take you back to Corsica."

" Why to Corsica? "

" For we who love you want you there, your Majesty. And from Corsica it is only a step into France."

Napoleon's eyes glowed with a covetous fire as he asked:

" Are you offering me the rule of France? "

" Yes, your Majesty," answered Moreau in subdued excitement.

" Why? "

" Because, your Majesty, you are a great and good man! "

Napoleon's blue eyes narrowed.

" Why," he asked in a crisp, biting voice, " do you call me good? "

" Every one knows that you are good, your Majesty," eagerly continued Moreau, " and that you are a man of God."

Napoleon's hands gripped tightly the arms of his chair as he leaned forward.

" A man of God, did you say? " he queried.

" Most certainly. For when your Majesty held the rule of France, did you not relieve the poor, succor the needy, foster the Christian religion, and make France a better place to live in? "

The " man of God " leaned back in his chair. A peculiar smile touched the corners of his handsome mouth, and from out of the blue eyes there shot a sardonic, amused light.

" So," he said, " you did not come in my interest; you came to further the interests of France. In reality you are serving God, and not me."

" In serving you, your Majesty, I serve God, for you are the instrument of God to help the French as you once did."

Napoleon gave a short, cutting laugh.

" You young fool," he said, and his voice was like frost. " Some one has deceived you. I am telling you this because

my days are fast coming to a close; the hold of a dreaded disease is upon me, and I shall never return to France. I am not a 'good' man, not a man of God in the sense that you mean it. I have taken lives, betrayed confidences, broken hearts, lied, intrigued, and cheated for my own interests. I helped the poor that I might win them to my cause; I fostered the Christian religion that I might have the support of its followers. I have furthered my own wishes and desires at any cost, and you call me a 'good man.'" His speech ended in another laugh, a laugh with enjoyment in it for the hurt he was inflicting.

Moreau started. In an instant his ideal had been shattered, and he saw the tyrant as he really was. For the first time, in one all-illuminating glance, he saw the littleness of the man, and he shrank as if from something contaminating. The veil had been rent asunder quickly, so quickly that it left his thoughts in a chaos. The room was silent with a shrieking stillness. Napoleon looked at the youth and winced at the look in the brown eyes. The deep, holy fire was glowing with a poignant disappointment tinged with a deep wonder.

The silence was becoming unbearable. Napoleon tried to speak, but could find nothing to say. He could not face the lad, and, in desperation, he fixed his eyes upon an elusive flame in the fireplace. After what seemed an age, Moreau's voice, still soft, but inexpressibly aged, broke the stillness.

"Then you are not a Christian?" A world of doubt struggled with hope in the question.

The tyrant's head came up with a surprised jerk, and an amused light shot from the piercing eyes.

"Oh, I dare say I am." As he spoke, a smug, satisfied look crept over his countenance.

"How can you say that you are a Christian," wonderingly asked Moreau, "when, by your own admission, you have broken most of the Commandments, and have lived your own life, while, by His own order, it should have been lived for Christ?"

Napoleon drew himself up proudly. "What," he asked, "have the moral laws to do with such a man as I? *I* am the

maker of my own destiny. Do not answer; I am tired of your fanatical prattle about the Almighty. Marat! De Mauban! "

As the two entered, they looked with surprise at Moreau. He seemed to have aged, and the fire and the enthusiasm were gone. His head drooped as if beneath a heavy burden. His eyes were dull and tired, and as he gazed at his emperor, they filled with a great compassion. He straightened with a sigh.

" You have commanded me to cease my prattle, your Majesty," he said, " but I *will* speak. You are the maker of your own destiny on this earth; your life is what you make it. But your rewards in the hereafter are in the hands of God. You have had your choice; God will have His, and it is your duty to live your life in the service of Him who gave it. And remember this: none but those with righteous lives and holy hearts shall inherit the Kingdom. Adieu, your Majesty."

And with a courtly bow the sad-faced youth was gone, and with him his shattered ideal.

After the three had disappeared, a vague uneasiness settled over Napoleon. What was it the lad had said? Oh, yes. " A great and good man." " A man of God." Irony! He, Napoleon, a man of God! He wished the candles were brighter; he could feel the shadows gathering behind him, and the fire was dying. He tried to shake off the growing feeling of uneasiness. Should he have lived his life differently? He remembered a picture he had seen in Paris, a picture of the Christ on the Cross. He had wondered what had made Him give up His life for a world of sinners. The face remained in his memory, a face filled with suffering, compassion, forgiveness. In the dying embers he thought he could discern that face, and hastily covered his eyes with his hand, while through his soul there crept a deep, overwhelming fear of God, the first fear he had ever experienced.

" God! " he ejaculated, then cursed himself for having uttered that name.

The shadows deepened, the candles flickered and died, the embers became cold, and Napoleon was alone with his accusing soul.

In a little, bare room, of the existence of which very few were aware, lay Moreau in a restless, fitful sleep. Slumber had been long in coming. The vision of his ideal, as it had been and as it was, tormented his thoughts until he had slipped into unconsciousness. Even then he was not free from the obsession, for into his dreams walked the vision of Napoleon, first with a crown of thorns upon his head, and next with the sword and shield of sin in his hands.

The sun was just awakening on its bed of clouds when a faint knock sounded on Moreau's door, and de Mauban made his entrance. His manner was agitated, and grasping Moreau by the shoulder, he half pulled him from the rude bed on which he lay fully dressed. He stared at de Mauban with haggard, uncomprehending eyes.

"What's the matter, Monsieur?" he asked. "Why do you intrude?"

"Your pardon, Monsieur," gasped de Mauban. "The Emperor wants you. Come quickly. His Majesty is very ill."

"Ill, you say?" asked Moreau, now fully understanding. "Why, last night he was well."

"He was found ill in his study this morning. But come. He wishes to see you."

"But are there not others with him? We will be detected."

"Hope for his recovery has been abandoned, and at his command he has been left alone for a while. Hurry, we have only a few moments."

Moreau followed de Mauban and presently he found himself in the small room which terminated the subterranean passage from the seashore. They passed through the secret door into the study, and thence into the bedroom of the Emperor.

The high windows were hung with dark tapestries through which the rising sun tried desperately to filter. The furniture was scanty, but of the best. On a big canopied bed lay the Emperor, struck down at last by the disease that he had dreaded. His face was white and drawn with pain, and his eyes were filled with a great hunger and a greater remorse. With one white hand he motioned for Moreau to approach,

while de Mauban withdrew. The young Corsican slowly drew near his countryman's bed, and looked down into the face of the dying man.

"Young man," murmured Napoleon, and the bitterness was gone from his voice, leaving it singularly sweet, "I have sent for you because I want to tell you something. I am dying. Listen carefully. Go back to your Corsican hills and to your religion. Such lips as yours were not made for profanity and lies; such eyes were not made to see the sordidness of life; such a mind was not meant for the intrigue of the world. You were made for the heights." Here the speaker paused to take breath. The excitement of talking made a red spot glow on each cheek. Carried away by what he wanted to say, he tried vainly to raise his head from the pillow. His voice, quavering though it was, become more earnest as he continued. "Go back to your hills. Walk with Christ — to the Cross, if need be. Pray for me, good youth." Here a spasm of pain contracted his features. When it had passed, his face was still contorted with anguish. God was soon to require his soul of him. Already he could hear the ripples on the shore of the dark river, dark for him because he had made it so.

"My God!" The cry echoed through the room like the cry of a lost soul sinking in the depths, like the cry of a hungry heart that had come too late to the mercy seat. "Forgive — my sins are many — for Christ's sake — forgive." And with the name of Jesus trembling on his lips, he lapsed into a semi-conscious state.

Moreau, with a great conflict in his heart, gazed at the face of the Emperor, then, with a heart-tearing sob, dropped on his knees by the bed and prayed as he had never prayed before, prayed for the soul of the tyrant Napoleon.

That night a frigate pulled out from St. Helena's harbor. The stars still hung low in the southern sky. The moon floated high above the heavens behind a gray, thin veil of clouds. A quiet calmness lay over the deep Atlantic, and a faint, far-away breeze stirred tiny ripples along St. Helena's shore. But the man watching from the frigate, a man with

an inward, holy light shining from his eyes, saw that from the house up on the hill no steady light beamed, sending a path of light across the island.

THE FRATERNITY BROTHER

(*Senior*)

Droning, murmuring voices filled the library of the Midland High School. The room was not as crowded as usual, for the fresh-smelling spring breeze, which drifted through the tall windows, had lured many from their studies. The student monitor, at the end of the long room, tapped with his pencil for attention. But it was of no use. Contrary to the rules of the library, conversation was continued.

At one end of a long table, two girls sat. The golden curls of one touched the auburn locks of the other, so absorbed were they in conversation,

"Really, Peg," the auburn-haired girl was speaking, "there's no excuse for him in the least. I've been in his classes ever since his freshman year, and I don't believe he does anything but study. High school is a snap for him, though, he's ever so smart. But I've never seen him at one football game, or caught the least glimpse of him at a dance. Bill, he lives near him, says all he does, besides pore over the books, is walk, and he says he lights out almost every afternoon, all by himself. All in all, to me, he's dumbness personified."

The girl addressed as Peg laughed at the vehemence displayed by her friend.

"Most likely he'll turn out to be professor of thingambobology, and devote the rest of his days to stuffing scientific facts into the craniums of dumb students like you will be, Marge, if you don't settle down and study for that test."

The two girls inclined their bobbed heads toward their books, but Marge, unable to keep her mind long on anything as dull as an algebra problem, looked up. Then she carefully nudged Peg.

"There's Peter Lenton, now," she exclaimed in a stage

whisper. "See, he's seated there at the corner table. He's scribbling in that English notebook of his. He does that so much I should think he'd get writer's cramp. I wonder what he's writing about. I was thinking the other day what a knock-out he'd be, with that wavy hair and those brown eyes of his, if he only could hand a good line. But some people never —— Oh, here come Bill Willis and Allen. They promised to tell me if the test was hard."

Marge turned to beckon to them, but the cold, stern eyes of the youthful monitor were on her as he again rapped for attention, this time speaking in a voice which had the properly subduing effect. "If the two girls at the end table can't keep quiet, they will be reported to the library board next period."

The campus was aflurry with gay students and whirling bits of white. The gnarled, black branches of the traditional oaks were fast being changed into white arms, beckoning. The campus knoll was swarming with hungry students, late from classes and bound for lunch. Three hurrying figures on the north walk conversed as they made their way to the "Cinnamon Shop," there to battle with a crowd of classmates for the privilege of eating at a table. One of the figures was that of a slight girl, snugly wrapped in a large coon coat. Her two tall companions were pictures of the winter fashion. They were listening with interest to the vivacious chatter which seemed to issue from the great shawl-collar.

"Studying always has been hard for me, but this quarter in college has almost finished 'yours truly.' It was different when you and Bill were right there to help me with the tests — of course, that was high school ——" She turned and addressed the taller of the two men. "Why, do you know," she continued in a despairing voice, "I can't be initiated for another whole quarter, just because that old rhetoric prof chose to hand me a flunk." Marge sighed gustily.

"Oh, by the way," Bill's voice tried hard to sound calm, but it rushed with the eagerness of news, "did I tell you that Old Study Hard has gone Alpha Beta, too?"

Marge stared. "Do you think I'm that gullible, Bill?"

"Verily, verily I say unto you, verum est, and that's no phantasmagorical idyl," Allen laughed. "Shouldn't we know our own fraternity brother?" Allen showed plainly that he enjoyed her amazement.

"What's up? Has he bounced the book and turned society hound?"

"That from you, Marge, whose intelligence I so greatly admired?" Bill shook his head in mock sorrow, then continued: "You see, there is a tide in the affairs of fraternity men when the scholastic standard falls low and they find they must admit to the fold a few grinds. So if they meet a man who is a pretty decent fellow and a student besides, they pick him to help raise the record of marks. Peter's a good fellow, and can knock off a string of A's, so — but, do you know, he takes it all as a matter of course, as if every one made a fraternity. He's a queer bird, anyway. I can't dope him out."

By this time they had reached the shop, and each of the boys, taking a firm hold of one of her arms, propelled Marge through the crowd at the door and exultingly took possession of a small table at the rear of the rose-and-gray room, where they fell into silent contemplation of the menu card.

The March wind whistled and screamed about Bill Willis, whipping his tweed coat against his knees as he crossed the slippery, rickety Lowell bridge on the "U" campus. Clutching frantically at his hat, he turned his head from the grasping fingers of the piercing wind and, in turning, looked squarely into the face of a man who had been vainly trying to pass him. They halted simultaneously in the middle of the creaking structure which spanned the narrow, frozen ribbon of Crazy Creek. The wind raised its voice to tearing screams of joy at having two such easy victims to torment. The two men gave little heed to the wind, who, finding they made no objection, lost the pleasure of teasing, and whirled by to shake the bare, helpless trees as a child might shake a tattered doll.

"Hi there, old top! Darn it all, Allen, it's good to see you. Haven't been at the house for about a month, have you?"

" Nope, I've been spending all my time at the Publication Building. A lot of work to be finished before graduation. How does it seem to be almost through? Remember how we used to talk about what we'd do when the gates of college clanged behind us? They sure clanged for Marge, after her freshman year, too. That was three years ago. Bad business, flunking out — whew! I came pretty close to that stage myself. Peg's still plugging along, though. S'pose you're going in with W. Willis, Sr.," Allen continued. " I guess I will join the dad, too. Any news over at the house?"

" Not much — Chuck's engagement to Marion has been announced. It took a long while to make the parents come round, I guess. Brother Peter has a position, assistant prof of rhetoric under old Newton. That's about all the news. Can you feature being a rhetoric prof, though? I can't see it. Peter will stay there till he rots, and with all his knowledge won't know enough to be dissatisfied. No imagination," Bill ended, coughing. It was cold there upon the bridge.

" It's a great life if you don't weaken, Bill, but between you and me and the antiquated, overworked gatepost, it's the only thing Lenton will ever be good at — school. Well, I'll have to move on; got a dinner date for six."

" All right, Al, drop around at the house later tonight, and I'll be there." A few strides, and the bridge was left alone, loudly groaning reproaches at the battering wind.

The sun glared hotly down upon the imposing gray stone office building. A slight young woman, auburn hair glittering under the bright rays of the summer sun and a fresh henna rinse, threw her weight against one of the huge swinging doors and slid through the aperture into the gray coolness of the marble hall. At one end of the corridor a door leading to a private office opened, and a young man stepped out and stood waiting. As the woman approached, she scrutinized him until her face spread into a broad smile of recognition.

" Well, Bill!"

" Why, hello, Marge. Haven't seen you since you were married, but I have seen the husband, now and then. How's the happy family? "

"Oh, I forgot to feed the canary yesterday, but otherwise it's thriving. I just drove down to get my husband. He's taking me out to lunch."

"What do you think about old Allen, secretly embarking on the perilous sea of matrimony?"

"Why, I think it's great. His wife is a dear, but who would have thought it of Allen? By the way, have you heard anything of Peg? You know, after I was ushered out of college, she stuck right on and finished that nurse's course of hers. I didn't see her often. Somehow, Peg and I were not as chummy in college as we were in high school. I heard she got a chance to go abroad as nurse and companion to some old lady. Remember how crazy she always was about Europe? Well, she accepted the offer, and one of the girls said that Peg liked it so well there in England that she decided to stay and take training in a hospital where they specialize in nervous cases. I'm sure," Marge smiled nonchalantly, "I hope she succeeds."

"Talking of old friends, do you remember Peter Lenton? Well, you recall that he never turned up to take that position under Professor Newton, and we all sort of lost track of him. Do you know what he's been up to?" At Marge's negative reply, Bill Willis leaned back against the door of Willis and Willis, Inc. He delighted in telling a woman a novel bit of news. "It seems he went to India, and for the last three years has been working on a cargo steamer running between Madras and Hong Kong. Now, Marge, I'll tell you truthfully, I haven't much sympathy for a man who gives up a perfectly respectable position in a civilized country and hops off to sweat with coolies on a ship full of tea. You see, I got all the information from Al. He's corresponding secretary of the Alumni for the new library drive, and he managed, after wasting much time and many postage stamps, to locate him. He sent back a liberal pledge. It's queer how that kind will deny themselves and save to help their Alma Mater."

"Yes, he always was an odd character. I can't see his idea in rotting down there, either. I always said, Bill, he'd never amount to much. Boy! look at the time. I almost forgot the honorable husband. He'll be good and tired of waiting. I'll have to skip along."

"Give my regards to your better half, and tell him to take me on for lunch some day."

With a laugh and a swish of her short skirt, she was gone, and Bill, lighting his cigarette, strolled off, his mind also intent upon the problem of satisfying the inner man.

The towering walls of books, the soft glow of the low lamps on the rich rose carpet, the deep upholstered chairs, and the long walnut table, made Ye Brooklyn Book Shoppe an attractive place. Two gray-clothed figures entered the shadowy room. At their advent they lowered their voices, for the atmosphere commanded quiet.

"Yes, my wife is leaving for a short visit, so I thought I'd get her a book to read on the way." The taller of the two was speaking.

"Get her *The Fakir of Panjim,*" said the other. "I haven't read it, but I hear it's the best seller this year. It's anonymously written, and they say the author is an Englishman."

By this time they had reached the table and stood idly fingering the books upon it. A small saleswoman appeared softly at their side from a dark recess of the great room. At the request for *The Fakir of Panjim,* she was all fluttering excitement.

"But did you know the author has become known? Yes! and such an interesting man. He's started a second book, but he had to postpone the finish of it until he completely recovered — a serious nervous breakdown. But here is brought in a real romance — he fell in love with his nurse, a girl from his native city. And what do you think? This is his native city. He and his wife have just moved to their new estate, a beautiful place at Portslade by the Sea, the report says, and ——"

"But his name," Bill interposed.

"His name? Why, Peter C. Lenton, and do you know it is very probable that ——"

"Peter Lenton! Why, he's a good friend of ours. He ——"

"Peter! Why, he was a wonderful fellow. 'Member, Al, what a good sport he was?"

"Well, I should say so! A fraternity brother of ours."

PLAYS BY HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENTS

The following playlets show that writing drama is not beyond the powers of the high-school student. Note the serious problems attempted by the junior in "The Other Half" and "Within One Hour." That romance and fantasy are within the range of high-school students' powers is proved by "The Caliph Goes Adventuring" and "The Enchanted Violin."

THE OTHER HALF

(*Junior*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A poor woman
BOBBY, her son
A wealthy woman

Curtain rises.

The eye of the audience is attracted at once to a snow-banked window in the middle of the stage. Through the window, in the light of a near-by street lamp, can be seen gay groups of people flitting by on their way to the holiday festivities at the great city club, which next door towers too high to see the misery at its feet.

A bleak, barren room gradually reveals its scant contents to the inquiring eye of the audience. A tiny laundry stove slumps in the right of the stage, its yawning cracks outlined at intervals by faint-hearted flickers from within. A woman, huddled before the fire, wearily raises her head and contemplates that sole piece of furniture. Then, picking up what appears to be the remains of a cane-chair bottom, she hesitatingly gazes into the stove. With movements that reveal her hunger-weakened vitality, she chops in two the already cracked framework with a hatchet.

Aroused by this noise, a little boy, who has been huddled on an old mattress at the side of the stove, sits up.

BOBBY

(*After rubbing his eyes for a bit*) You've almost let the fire go out, mamma.

THE MOTHER

(*As she puts the remains of her former furniture through the darkening mouth of the stove*) I have to stretch it out as long as I can.

(*She fans the dying embers with a corner of her shawl. She nearly despairs both in strength and in spirit before the wood reaches its kindling temperature.*)

BOBBY

(*Apprehensively*) Mamma, are you scared? Your eyes are so big.

(*The woman crumples down in a heaving huddle upon the floor.*)

BOBBY

Mother, are you crying?

THE MOTHER

(*Between gasping breaths*) It was — hard — work.

BOBBY

(*Brightens up, after a time in which the mother becomes quiet*) Mother, I was just dreaming about the little rich boy, the one who lives in the big castle.

(*By the wave of his hand he indicates the haughty clubhouse.*)

It was just a year ago today — wasn't it, mamma? — that he and his silk and rustly mamma came in here. You know she meant to be takin' those gold shoes into the shoe shop next door. That was the day before Christmas, wasn't it?

(*Pauses with a questioning air; then, nodding his head, he goes on.*)

Yes, it was a year ago today. The boy and I, we liked each other, mamma. You know his eyes just said to me: "I wish I could play with you." He didn't like it one bit when his mamma hurried him out, either. Say, mamma, didn't it just kinda make you shudder? — the way she said — (*Turning his nose up with an imitative air*) "Pardon me."

THE MOTHER

(*She has raised herself by halting efforts to a sitting position and contemplates the fire as she answers.*)

Yes, Bobby, I felt a cold breeze that lowered the temperature of my heart considerably, but think how much worse it must be to be the iceberg yourself than just to get an icy breeze that soon passes off.

BOBBY

(*With the puzzled expression characteristic of a child first considering the complicated currents in life's stream*) But maybe she don't mind. You know she may be so used to it she don't feel it.

(*The mother nods in a meditative way. After a moment's reflection Bobby remembers his subject.*)

Oh! I dreamt that that little boy came. He sat on my bed and we talked and looked at his book. It was lots nicer than that book of Aunt Beth's. You know, where we used to go before papa died. Oh, I hated to wake up from that dream. But I just think he's round here.

(*He looks about him half expectantly.*)

Say, mamma, I'm awfully hungry. (*Hesitatingly, as if approaching a delicate subject*) When are we — ah — can't — are you going to make rice some day, mamma, or get some milk or something?

THE MOTHER

(*Biting her lips, turns her face for a moment. In a strained voice* —) When I can get work that I can stand, some job that I won't lose the first day because I faint.

(*She takes a crust of bread from her threadbare clothing and, restraining emotions apparently almost beyond her control, hands it to the boy.*)

BOBBY

Mother, you eat it. I know you are hungry. You can't go such a long time without anything to eat.

(*The woman faintly shakes her head. She sways and seems to struggle to hold herself up. But sheer grit cannot keep life*

in a body when all else is gone, for any length of time. With a muffled thud, the body that has much longer sustained life than comfort, crumples upon the floor.

(*The boy falls back in apprehensive terror. Then, with the grotesque movement of a crippled body, he stoops to the lifeless form.*)

BOBBY

Mother! Mother! Oh! mamma!

(*He shakes her, and as the realization that she is beyond his call stretches the limited mind of the child into realms that leave him dumb, he stares through the window, unseeing, upon an unseeing world.*

(*People pass by the window at intervals, chattering and gay. Little spits of snow alone seem to sympathize by losing their gayety as they float into the shadow of the roof that shelters Bobby and his ungrasped sorrow.*)

INTERVAL

(*The stately silhouette of a woman hesitates before the window. A light tap is heard at the door, but Bobby still stares tranfixed. A widening path of light creeps across the room as the door opens, lighting up the heart-rending scene, and a well-dressed woman pauses at the door with a basket on her arm.*)

THE WOMAN

Little boy!

(*Bobby is not recalled from his daze. The woman advances slowly and stands over Bobby. Realizing the situation, she quickly turns away and with bowed head wanders back toward the door. Her stately form that has bowed to no power before, now bespeaks humility in every line.*)

Too late, and I was just next door. We have lived side by side, both unhappy.

(*She stands for some time a silhouette study of sincere remorse.*)

I might have made her happy, and I might always have been happy as I've been today.

(*She looks down at the bulging basket, then continues to speak.*)

I have refused to see sorrow. As a girl it always made me cry and I hated the uncomfortable pain in my heart and throat, and my brothers would tease me. I see it all plainly now that for these selfish reasons I have cultivated a cold insensitive heart. I have given to charities and persuaded myself that all sorrow was taken care of, at least in our city.

I saw this tragedy last year, but with grim determination I shut my eyes to keep the pain from my heart. And now — to pay for the years I have suppressed the pain of an aroused sympathy by cruel aloofness, I can never, nor should I, escape the torturing reproof of this scene, unless ——

(*She turns back to the boy and stoops down beside him. He rouses himself with a shuddered sob and looks at the woman.*)

BOBBY

Oh! — You are the rich lady. Where is your little boy?

(*The woman bows her head a moment.*)

THE WOMAN

David is there to meet your mother. Before he went he asked me to take Christmas dinner to the little crippled boy and his mother.

(*Forgetting the boy and in a self-reproachful voice*) I petted my pride until the last day, and I know now that was because I knew I was going to lose it. But because I did not let it go in time ——

(*She looks down at the victim of cruel starvation.*)

BOBBY

(*Following her gaze*) Say, maybe she will look after your little boy up there.

THE WOMAN

(*Turning back to the boy*) And you ——

(*The dignified woman, tense with the birth of new emotions, awkwardly but eagerly extends her jeweled arms to the ragged boy.*)

CURTAIN

WITHIN ONE HOUR

A Problem Play

(*Junior*)

THE CHARACTERS

SAN, a Japanese
RONALD, a native of the U. S. A
PROFESSOR NORTON, of an American college
Two girl students
Six boy students

SCENE: *An artistic stone bridge, bearing a class memorial plate, spans a narrow stream, trickling and gliding between banks made artificially natural by horticultural students. The quiet dignity of stone college walls, muffled in scarlet vines, towers in the distance. At intervals students pass over the little bridge. All seem stirred by some excitement.*

Two young men drift into the scene from the left, grave suspense revealed in their bearing. One is a Japanese with a cultured thoughtful appearance; the other, a typical young American.

As they step on to the bridge, Ronald looks up at the clock in the distant tower as it starts to strike eleven.

SAN

The ultimatum is up.

RONALD

Ah! what news does the air bring?

SAN

(*He leads the way down the bank.*)
We shall soon know.
(*They sit down.*)

SAN

Are you still resolute? Do you stand on your side as I on mine?

RONALD

Of course. But I'm sure we will neither one be called upon.

(*A long-legged youth wearing large horn-rimmed glasses dashes on to the scene from the left and out at the right.*)

THE STUDENT

Hi, fellows! News comes into the Administration office first. Better come.

SAN

(*Ironically, without stirring*) We don't need to go. He'll be back with the news before the operator gets it all.

Ronald, have you ever thought seriously what it would mean if you refused to join the army?

RONALD

(*Confidently*) Why, I know the old folks would make a row about it — that is, the old men. But a lot of the fellows are opposed to fighting out the old men's differences. Last night over at the house a bunch of us resolved that if war came we would start a petition among the college fellows for the President to the effect that this thing would have to be settled some other way than by war — that we have not been educated to be blown out of existence without a chance to do anything for the world.

SAN

Noble, my boy; *but* is it practical?

RONALD

Well, you see, it doesn't all depend on us. They have already sent in petitions from some schools, and many others are working on it now. But I know there are enough broad-minded fellows on both sides of the question to prevent such trouble.

SAN

Here comes some of your gushing American youth. What think you they would say?

(*Two excited girls run on to the stage with all the clamor that two shrill voices can make.*)

ONE

Oh! Ronny, aren't you excited? I don't know whether to laugh or cry.

THE OTHER

Oh! you fellows are so calm. No one would know you were in danger if it weren't for us girls.

RONALD

(*Bowing low with mock chivalry, which the girls reward with shrill giggles*) My dear girls, we are indeed grateful for your sympathy. I am sure that if you ran upon the enemy as you just now came upon us, they would turn and flee.

(*At which the girls turn up their noses and stalk off.*)

RONALD

(*Turning to San*) You ask what they would say? (*He assumes an effeminate air and tone*) "Oh, you naughty boys, how dared you? Say, will you buy a button to support veteran monkeys?"

SAN

You all take it so lightly.

RONALD

We have to in order to keep our spirits up.

(*The long-legged scholar dashes back upon the stage from the right.*)

THE STUDENT

They declared war! War's declared! The President's sent out a call and we're all going over to the cadet quarters to sign up. Come on.

(*Exit.*)

(*Ronald turns pale. They both sit stunned.*)

SAN

It is up to us. The old men have failed.

(*Five young men enter from the right.*)

THE FIRST

Well, Ronald, we are in for it.

RONALD

How about our resolution?

THE SECOND

It's too late for that. What can the individual do against nations?

THE THIRD

Everything must be started by the individual.

RONALD

We may be ruined if we refuse to fight, but we certainly will be ruined if we fight. So I'm in favor of being a martyr for a forward step.

THE FOURTH

Come on, fellows, you know this is just an idealistic passing fancy. If we don't sign up now, they'll get us later on, so we might as well go in and stand a chance at a good position as go in with the common herd later on. I don't relish the idea of that long-legged Percy that just went by calling me a coward, either.

(*They laugh and pass off the stage, Ronald going with them, forgetting San. San has not moved from his seat on the bank.*)

Ah! The Americans still obey the latest impulse. Will they ever grow up? Will they ever develop as individuals with individual minds?

(*A gentleman enters from the right. When he sees San sitting with his head in his hands, he goes over to him in friendly concern and pats him on the shoulder.*)

PROFESSOR NORTON

San, it's a dreadful disappointment, isn't it?

(*San jumps to his feet and confronts the man with a wan smile of mutual understanding.*)

SAN

Good morning, Professor. Yes, I can't believe that civilization has failed again. What's the use of striving for this world? A few of us can't save it from cutting its own head off.

PROFESSOR NORTON

What are you going to do?

SAN

Go home.

PROFESSOR NORTON

Not to fight?

SAN

(*With deep scorn*) No. To tell them that the Americans aren't worth fighting. They're too young and irresponsible.

(*San stands passionately, defiantly, before the professor, who makes no reply but with a reflective attitude seems to look beyond the Japanese, as if trying to see through him into the invisible beyond. He forgets himself as he looks into the face of the professor.*)

(*As the silence continues, San turns and bows his head. His whole attitude of defiance has changed to one of disillusionment.*)

SAN

That is the way it appears to me.

PROFESSOR NORTON

I wonder to how many it appears that way.

(*Both are silent, following their own thoughts for a time. San's thoughts are apparently depressing, for presently he throws himself down upon the bank in a most dejected manner.*)

SAN

Oh, I never thought I'd be in this fix. The happenings of this hour have dissolved all the opinions and ideals I had thought would be a stronghold in my whole life. I had fitted everything to a civilization that was beyond war. Or at least I banked on the young men of America and Japan seeing that there could be no war. But war has come, the American fellows have failed the ideal, and I ——

(*Cheering is heard behind the scenes. San and the professor face the left of the stage as the group of young men, who had followed the spectacled lad a few minutes before, reënter shouting.*)

VOICES

Peace! War is no more! It's settled!

(*Ronald runs out from the group and ecstatically wrings San's hand. He speaks in a voice husky with feeling.*)

RONALD

San, ol' man, I guess it was wonderful. The old diplomats were all for fighting it out, but on both sides they got urgent messages from very influential quarters that it would have to be settled otherwise. Our ideal has prevailed.

SAN

(*Ironically*) Our ideal?

RONALD

(*Disappointed*) I can't blame you for being disgusted with me. But I know I would have come to before I reached the headquarters and would not have signed up.

(*He bows his head in disgust.*)

Gee! I don't know what made me forget for a minute.

(*The others have gone out at the right side of the stage. San and Ronald follow.*)

SAN

You Americans are inclined to allow too many conflicting ideas to guide you.

RONALD

(*Cocking his head on one side for a moment*) Say, come to think about it, I believe that is just about it.

SAN

There you go again. Any one can make you " come to think about it " and " think it's so."

RONALD

I don't believe it.

SAN

I'm glad to hear it.

(*The clock in the tower strikes twelve as they leave the stage.*)

CURTAIN

THE ENCHANTED VIOLIN

A Firelight Fantasy

(*Senior*)

CHARACTERS

BAPTISTE MANET, a violin-maker
JEANNE MARIE, his daughter
GUILLAUME FAVON, a small boy of the village
EUGÉNIE, his sister
The Little Twisted Gray Man

TIME: *Long ago.*

PLACE: *A village in Brittany, France.*

SETTING: *The scene is laid in the little cottage of Baptiste Manet. The back of the room lies in deep shadow, but we surmise that it must consist of an alcove, because the walls on either side jut out toward the center. In the part of the wall on the right which thus juts out, are a door and small window through which the moonlight streams, dimly illuminating that corner of the stage. Facing the audience, in a huge though rather crude armchair at the right and front of the stage, sits Baptiste Manet. A bright rosy glow from the fire shines on his bent white head, and on the dark surface of the violin which he is polishing. He wears a coarse blue smock, long dark trousers, and wooden shoes. His expression is kindly, but there is a sadness in his eyes, and lines that tell of suffering in his face. His white hair falls nearly to his shoulders.*

The firelight flickers on several other violins which lie on a shelf in the wall jutting out just behind him, and on the dark quaint old andirons before which he is sitting. The fireplace itself we cannot see, for it is built in the invisible wall separating the audience from the stage. There must be a clock on the mantel, for we can hear it ticking steadily in the stillness.

Some one knocks at the door, and two childish voices cry, "Père Manet! Père Manet!" He raises his head, a smile of welcome lighting up his face.

PÈRE MANET

Enter, my children.

(*Guillaume and Eugénie run in breathlessly, and throw themselves upon him. Guillaume, who is about seven years old, is dressed in long dark trousers, a white blouse, and a little blue striped white pinafore. He wears a little round dark blue cap. Eugénie, a girl of about ten, wears a little white linen cap and a long dark red dress with a white linen vest and a linen collar that falls about her shoulders like a cape. Both children wear wooden shoes.*)

PÈRE MANET

Eh, well, you have come to visit the old Père Manet, yes, with the others and bring to me *my* violin.

(*The children sit down on either side of him.*)

EUGÉNIE

Tonight after the supper Guillaume cries: "*Maman, Maman,* can we not go to see the Père Manet to hear him play the violin? "

GUILLAUME

(*Imitating his mother*) And she cries: "*Mon Dieu,* always thou art wanting to go to see the Père Manet! But one day thou wilt learn to make the violins, and to play upon them also, *hein,* after so much watching and listening? Be off with you then, but do not stay too late."

PÈRE MANET

So you wish that I should play for you? Well (*he vigorously rubs the violin in his hand*), I will give him one last polish and then, Guillaume, thou shalt lay him upon the shelf with the others and bring to me *my* violin.

(*He hands it to Guillaume, who puts it on the shelf and takes down another one.*)

PÈRE MANET

(*Rather sadly, more to himself than to Eugénie, who leans against his knee looking into the fire*)

But surely Guillaume must learn to play. He must become very famous and bring honor to us, yes — yes ——

(*Guillaume has come to the front of the stage during this speech, and now, standing with his legs far apart, he throws back his head, then tucks the violin beneath his chin, and with a fine flourish prepares to draw the bow across the strings. Eugénie laughs, but Père Manet, glancing up and seeing him, cries out in a voice harsh with fright.*)

PÈRE MANET

Guillaume! Stop!

(*He rises quickly and, taking the violin from Guillaume, leads him back to the chair. He throws an arm about him and, with the other hand, strokes his hair.*)

PÈRE MANET

(*Gently and brokenly*) No, no, thou must never play on that violin, little one. Heaven forbid that thou too shouldst know sorrow. It is the most wonderful violin in the world, Guillaume, and yet it is the most wicked. Thou wouldst play upon it and it would lay its spell upon thee, and thou couldst never leave it, Guillaume. Thou couldst never play another. And it would bring thee fame, yes, for never has there been a violin with a tone so beautiful, but one day when thou wert playing upon it and thinking least of sorrow, it would take from thee thy happiness. And thou wouldst hate it, Guillaume, yet thou wouldst love it so terribly that thou couldst not break it even to bring back thy peace.

EUGÉNIE

(*Half whispering*) Père Manet, is that the secret that the village talks about, the secret that makes the sadness in thy face?

PÈRE MANET

Hush, Eugénie, thou must tell no one. Ye are the only ones who know. It all happened long ago before I came to Brittany. I had the sweetest little daughter, then, older than thou, but as thou wilt one day be, Eugénie. She used to laugh with

me and sing with me and dance to my tunes. But how happy we were then!

(*He is silent for a moment, then rouses himself.*)

Well, well! They are gone now, those days — and you have come to have me play for you.

(*He takes up his violin and plays a folk song. The children sing. He plays another song, a rather dreamy tune, breaks off abruptly, and lets the violin fall in his lap. He looks into the fire and begins speaking, half to himself.*)

PÈRE MANET

The sun is warm, there in southern France, and skies are bright and beautiful. I used to go far up the mountain side and deep into the forest to search for the finest of wood with which to make my violins. — And when the sadness came, I journeyed north to Brittany where the grim gray rocks stand watching, watching — and the sun is lost in the cold white mists from the ocean, and mighty winds sweep over the land. But every night as I sit at my fireside, they glow before me in the flames, those days of sunshine and fair skies, of happiness and peace ——

(*He is leaning forward now, gazing into the fire, the violin and bow across his knees. The children nestle against his chair, Eugénie quietly watching the leaping flames, Guillaume very sleepy and beginning to drowse.*

(*The clock ticks loudly in the stillness. Père Manet puts his hand across his eyes and bows his head. As he does so, everything grows black before us. Perhaps we have begun to see things through his eyes. . . .*

(*Suddenly the back of the stage is illuminated by a brilliant rosy light disclosing a little clearing in the midst of a dense wood. It is all rather indistinct, like the image of a forest pictured in the flames of a blazing wood fire. The front of the stage is dim and shadowy, but we can see that the door and window are now on the left, while Père Manet and the children sit at the far right with their backs toward the audience. Then we understand what has happened. Being too curious to remain in our seats, we have all, with one accord, tiptoed up on*

to the stage, and are standing behind the great armchair of Père Manet, looking over his shoulder into the fire and seeing what he sees in the dancing flames. All this we have done with our eyes tightly closed. Although we had no idea that we were performing the feat, we are inordinately proud of ourselves as soon as we realize it, and begin to pretend to each other that we knew what we were doing all the time. Our nudgings and whisperings are interrupted by the appearance of a man upon the scene before us. He is tall and broad-shouldered, and he wears dark green knickerbockers, a white blouse, and a leather jerkin. On his head is a dark green soft hat.

(*There is something familiar about him, and we realize that he is the memory of Père Manet as he looked many years ago. He whistles as he strides about examining the trees. Now out from the forest slips an odd little twisted gray man. His hair and beard are long and hoary, and his green-gray robe and cap seem to be made of lichens and trailing gray moss. His face is so seamed with wrinkles that we cannot tell whether his expression is good-humored or ill-humored, and his voice, when he speaks, makes us think of sand endlessly pouring through an hour glass, and of the changes — budding flowers, ripening fruit, falling leaves, falling snow, following each other over and over again. He carries a bundle of moss under one arm.*)

LITTLE GRAY MAN

Baptiste Manet!

MANET

(*Turning quickly*) Who art thou that callest my name?

(*He starts back with an exclamation of awe as he perceives the little man.*)

LITTLE MAN

Fear me not, for I bring thee a gift of inestimable price. I know thee well, Baptiste Manet. Thou art the maker of violins from the village beyond the forest. Many years have I watched thee as thou wert laboring at perfecting thy craft, and I have chosen thee as of all men most worthy to receive this, my masterpiece.

(*He draws forth a violin from the bundle of moss and hands it to Manet.*)

MANET

But of what exquisite workmanship!

LITTLE MAN

Look thou closely. Is it like the violins thou knowest?

MANET

'Tis like, yes, but there is a difference.

LITTLE MAN

Ay, a difference. Thinkest thou that thou hast worked long at thy trade, Manet?

MANET

If thou callest life long, I have given half of mine to it.

LITTLE MAN

I have spent centuries! And I have done what none other has done since the beginning of time, and what none other shall do though he strive till the end of time. I have caught and made captive within the walls of that violin something imperishable, something intangible, something ineffably beautiful — the soul of a tree!

MANET

(*In a hushed voice*) The soul of a tree!

LITTLE MAN

And when thou drawest the bow across the strings, Manet, thou hearest the very music of life. Thou understandest the calls that the birds whistle to each other, and thou learnest the words to the song that the wind sings among the treetops. Thou knowest why the seasons come and go, why morning dawneth, why darkness falleth, and why the stars sail on forever through eternity. Secrets unknown to man are revealed to thee, and the meaning of life itself.

(*He pauses. Manet falls on one knee before him.*)

MANET

But why trustest thou thy fairy music to me, a mortal?

LITTLE MAN

I cannot leave the forest to walk among men, and of what good is it here lying noiseless in the shadows? Carry it back with thee into the world that I may know the result of my labor.

(*As Manet starts to speak*)

Nay, do not thank me, for thou knowest not what it may bring to thee. Farewell, Baptiste Manet.

(*Manet bows his head, rises in a sort of daze, and walks away into the forest.*)

LITTLE MAN

Thus after centuries beginneth the fulfillment of my desire. It hath gone forth at last into the world. Will it bring joy or sorrow to the children of mortals?

(*There is an inscrutable smile on his face as the light slowly fades to darkness. It may be benevolent. It may be malignant. Perhaps it is only triumphant. We cannot tell.*)

(*After a moment the darkness changes to a dim white light, and we see a little garden flooded in moonlight. Toward the center, on a stone bench, sits Manet playing the violin, and on the ground beside him is his daughter, a slender, pretty girl of about sixteen. She wears a long blue dress, with an overskirt in the back draped up to form panniers, a white lace fichu, and white lace cap. Behind the bench and on either side of it stand two dark trimmed evergreen trees. A low gray stone wall, broken at the right by a gate, separates the garden from the forest which rises in the background.*

(*Manet stops playing.*)

MANET

With this violin, Bébé, I shall play before the king. Our fortune is made! Never has there been a violin with such a tone! It is like a fairy voice singing the most exquisite melodies.

JEANNE MARIE

But, Father, there is a sadness in every tune thou playest upon it, even in the merriest.

MANET

Ah, that is why it is priceless, Jeanne Marie. 'Tis an old truth that the most poignant joy in life is that which comes to those who have known pain. That is why no one will be able to resist the charm of its music, Bébé, no one.

(*He begins to play again, a lilting little tune. Suddenly this changes to a weird, pleading melody of infinite sweetness and pathos.*)

MANET

Bébé, Bébé, it is playing itself! I know not what note is coming next, nor can I stop it. It is a magic melody!

JEANNE MARIE

Father, I am afraid!

(*A little wind has sprung up, soughing in invisible treetops. It grows stronger as the melody grows louder and wilder.*)

MANET

(*Rapt in the music and hardly hearing her*) It is the captive soul of the tree singing, longing for freedom; and hark, an answer comes on the wind!

(*From far in the forest comes an echo, sometimes lost in the wind, sometimes blending clearly with the tone of the violin in a passionate pleading.*)

JEANNE MARIE

(*Rising reluctantly, half crying*) Father, it is the voice of the tree calling, calling from deep in the forest. Set free its soul, Father. Set it free!

(*Manet does not seem to hear her. He sits as though in a trance, mechanically pushing the bow across the strings. She is being drawn away against her will, terrified and sobbing.*)

JEANNE MARIE

Father, make it stop calling! Set it free, Father, set it free!

(*She has passed through the gate now, holding out her arms to him pitifully.*)

JEANNE MARIE

Father! Father! Father!

(*Her voice comes from far away and is soon lost in the distance. The music of the violin changes into a soft accompaniment to the voice in the wind which begins to chant.*)

VOICE

" For every living thing, a soul," so sayeth the decree.
And thou art holding captive there the sad soul of a tree,
And I shall hold a captive here the soul of Jeanne Marie.
The sad soul of a mortal for the sad soul of a tree.
For thus remaineth justice, and 'tis thus that it shall be.

(*The violin and the voice stop simultaneously. Manet starts up wildly.*)

MANET

Jeanne Marie! Bébé!

(*In terror he looks at the violin in his hand and tries to dash it to the ground, but it has cast a spell upon him and he cannot do it. He clutches it to him, horrified as he realizes that his love for it is so great that he cannot harm it.*

(*The light fades as he crouches on his knees, calling brokenly*) Justice! Justice! Oh, Bébé, Bébé!

(*It is very dark save for a dim rosy light that flickers up at the front of the fireplace, silhouetting the three figures sitting at the right.*

(*The old man in the big armchair moves slightly, and echoes the broken words.*)

Bébé! Bébé!

(*The clock ticks loudly in the silence. Gradually the firelight grows brighter and brighter, and now, from the black shadows at the back, Jeanne Marie steps into the glow.*)

Jeanne Marie! Thou returnest to me.

JEANNE MARIE

Do not move, Father, for I am only a memory, and if thou but startest toward me, I must vanish.

MANET

But thou art speaking to me, Bébé. How canst thou be but a memory and yet speak to me?

JEANNE MARIE

I may talk to thee tonight, dearest, to bid thee farewell. Ah, Father, for so long I have lived in the Land of Firelight Memories! For so long I have come to thee in the flames, and lived over with thee in thy mind the scenes of our life. And even that was sweet to me, Father, though I could not speak to thee, but tonight thou art going forth from thy world, far away from the places we knew together, and I shall be left behind, a forgotten memory.

MANET

Nay, never, Bébé, I cannot leave thee!

JEANNE MARIE

The living part of me that could follow thee, my father, is held a captive, and I am but a poor, sad shadow. Thou art going where there is only happiness. Thou canst take no sorrow with thee.

MANET

I cannot bear it! I cannot bear the thought that it is I who have robbed thee ——

JEANNE MARIE

Nay, Father, do not move, or I vanish. 'Twas no fault of thine, dearest. Do not grieve for that. (*Bravely*) See, I am smiling, Father. I am smiling because I am glad that I can never again return to thee, an unhappy memory, to trouble thee.

MANET

(*Brokenly*) Bébé! Bébé!

JEANNE MARIE

The Gate is opening to thee, Father, the Gate before which all sorrow must retreat. I kiss thee farewell, Father ——

(*She is slowly stepping back into the shadows.*)

And I smile farewell to thee, Father, for ever and ever ——

MANET

No! No!

(*He leaps up, and there is a crash of splintering wood. As he strides forward, a vivid, deep green light flashes up and hovers over the fragments of the shattered violin. A wind begins to blow outside, whistling around the corners of the little house. Manet clasps his daughter in his arms and together they watch the scene.*

(*Guillaume awakes at the sound of the breaking violin.*)

GUILLAUME

The violin — the violin — it is broken!

(*The ray of green light darts about the room unnoticed by the children.*)

EUGÉNIE

Hush, Guillaume, thou'lt wake Père Manet.

GUILLAUME

But — but — he is awake. I saw him jump up, and the violin slipped from his knees, but — (*he rubs his eyes, confused*) he is still sitting there in his chair.

EUGÉNIE

Thou art half adream, Guillaume. Of course, he is sitting there, sound asleep.

GUILLAUME

(*Insistently*) But I did see him stand up — (*he points triumphantly to the broken violin*) and look, the violin is broken! How could it be lying 'way over there if he hadn't jumped up?

EUGÉNIE

(*A little frightened*) Yes, it is broken! Perhaps he started up in his sleep and it slipped down from his knees and broke, and perhaps ——

(*A pause.*)

GUILLAUME

He loved it so!

EUGÉNIE

Ay, he loved it, but I think sometimes he hated it too. It made the sadness in his face, Guillaume. It is good that it is broken. See, he is smiling in his dreams. We will kiss him good night and tiptoe away.

(*They bend over the vacant chair and tiptoe to the door. As they open it, the ray of green light flashes out ahead of them into the night.*)

VOICE

" To every living thing a soul," so sayeth the decree.
And thou hast given freedom to the sad soul of a tree,
And I have given freedom to the soul of Jeanne Marie.
The souls that were imprisoned long, thou hast at last set free.
And thus remaineth justice, and 'tis thus that it shall be.

THE CALIPH GOES ADVENTURING

(*Senior*)

CHARACTERS

CALIPH HAROUN AL RASCHID
His GRAND VIZIER
A young man
A young woman
A middle-aged man

SCENE: *The scene is really supposed to be a street in Bagdad at the time of good Caliph Haroun al Raschid; but nobody knows what a street in Bagdad at the time of good Caliph*

Haroun al Raschid looked like, so you can fix the stage up any old way. A few old rugs and tapestries and a hanging lamp or two to give the oriental effect are all you need in these days of suggestive stage-settings. It is night, but, please, Mr. Electrician, have enough light so that every one may see the Caliph's costume. Poor man! It is his one vanity, and he would be disappointed if the whole audience could not see and admire it.

Enter the Caliph and his Grand Vizier. They are on one of their famous adventure hunts and they are in disguise. The Caliph is a tall, good-looking man, but he is rather melancholy at present because he hasn't found an adventure yet. He is wearing a broad blue girdle, a yellow shirt embroidered in gold and jewels (paste, of course), and perfectly gorgeous pantaloons of green and purple. His shoes are bright red and turn up at the toes. His turban is black and boasts a long red feather. Oh, he is an imposing figure indeed — the good Caliph Haroun al Raschid.

The Grand Vizier, however, is more conservative in his tastes. His costume is all black and white, and this Beardsley effect forms a striking setting for his rose-pink face and fierce white mustachios. He is very short and very round. It is difficult, though, to know what to call him. His real name is so long that it was forgotten immediately after he was christened, and was never recollected. He never really needs any name, anyway, because the Caliph always calls him "say" or "you."

Well, as we said before, enter the Caliph and the Grand Vizier, walking very cautiously, bending over and lifting each foot at least two feet in the air. They halt, and putting their respective right hands to their foreheads, they carefully survey the landscape. Then in pantomime they express perplexity, then despair, then hope. Just as they start to advance further, they seem to hear something, for they put their hands to their ears and stand in a listening attitude. From the other side of the stage a young man and a young woman enter, very cautiously. They see the Caliph and the Vizier at the same time that the Caliph and the Vizier see them. All four exchange

glances, as the novelists say, then each pair discusses the other in low, but penetrating, tones.

THE YOUNG MAN

It's the Caliph!

THE YOUNG LADY

And his Vizier!

THE CALIPH

It's a young man!

THE VIZIER

(*Beaming*) And a young lady!

THE YOUNG MAN

He's in disguise!

THE YOUNG LADY

Looking for an adventure, I suppose.

THE CALIPH

(*His melancholy gone*) At last! An adventure!

THE VIZIER

It sure do look like one.

(*The poor Vizier's grammar is rather terrible, but we must forgive him. He has always been so busy attending to affairs of state that he has never had time to go to school.*)

THE YOUNG MAN

He seems to think we're an adventure.

THE YOUNG LADY

How clever you are!

THE CALIPH

I suppose I'll have to speak to them. I hate to speak to people when I've never been introduced.

THE VIZIER

It has to be done in cases of necessity, Sire.

THE CALIPH

Very well, then. You come with me.

(*He walks up to the two, followed by the Vizier.*)

Ahem. How do you do, sir and madame? Er — I hope you will pardon me, but you seem to be — ah — you seem to be —— (*Aside to the Vizier*) How does that part go? I've forgotten it.

THE VIZIER

Wait a minute.

(*He takes out of his pocket a huge pair of spectacles and a long roll of parchment. He puts on the spectacles and scans the parchment; then he whispers to the Caliph.*)

THE CALIPH

What? Oh, yes. Ah — you seem to be in need of assistance. I am a doctor of this city, and this is my — that is, a friend of mine. Is there any way in which I can help you?

THE YOUNG MAN

Oh, sir, Allah has sent you to us. I am a teller of tales — of fables, to be exact. I am a descendant of the great Æsop, and I can tell as many fables as there are hours in a year. But, alas, in this city every one possesses a depraved taste, for no one seems to care for fables.

(*He sheds a tear or two.*)

My sister, here, if not as clever as I am in the art — for an art it is, sir — is at least very entertaining. But today we are starving, simply because we cannot give the public what it wants.

(*Here he breaks down entirely, and his sister — and such a loving sister, too — seems quite overcome. The Caliph strokes his chin and looks judicial. The Caliph loves to look judicial. He has practiced so much before the mirror that he can do it almost without thinking.*)

THE CALIPH

This is a very serious case. I must consult my friend.

(*He and the Vizier talk earnestly for a moment, while the*

young Æsops sniffle in silence. Finally the Caliph clears his throat sententiously.)

A-hem. It — ah — seems advisable to reveal to you my true identity. I am your Caliph, Haroun al Raschid. This is my Grand Vizier.

(*Of course the other two are properly staggered.*)

I have decided that inasmuch as I have as yet no proof of your story, I shall ask each of you to relate to me a fable. If I deem it worthy, you shall each have a purse of gold pieces.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE

(*More or less together*) O Sire, how can we thank you?

THE CALIPH

Enough. You must earn your rewards. I am merely being just. I shall ask you, sir, to begin.

THE YOUNG MAN

Let it be as you say, Commander of the Faithful. This is the fable of the Philosopher and the Fool.

A Fool once fell into a lake and became exceeding wet, whereupon he set up a great outcry. A Philosopher, who was fishing near by, said to him: "I can tell you how you can avoid getting so exceeding wet, O Fool." "Verily, he is a wizard," thought the Fool. "How is it possible?" he asked. The Philosopher paused to light a cigarette. "Don't fall in," quoth he. That, Sire, is my fable.

THE CALIPH

It is wonderful! You are a true genius, sir, and I am more than willing to reward you.

(*He fumbles in his pantaloons and draws out a purse.*)

Here is the purse of gold pieces. May you live long and prosper. And now, madame, are you as talented as your brother? Show me the fruits of your brain and you shall be rewarded also.

THE YOUNG LADY

(*Very demurely*) This, Sire, is my fable.

A Dog and a Cat lived together. One day the Dog said to the Cat: "Why do you purr, O Cat?" And the Cat answered: "Because I have nothing else to do." "No," said the Dog, "it is because you are a Cat and you don't know any better." The Moral, your Majesty will perceive, is connected with Woman Suffrage.

THE CALIPH

Marvelous! Beyond compare!

THE VIZIER

Charming!

THE CALIPH

It is surely a great pleasure to bestow a purse of gold pieces upon one so gifted. I shall see that the public is immediately educated to enjoy these fables.

THE TWO

A thousand thanks, Commander of the Faithful!

(*They are about to back away when a middle-aged man of wrathful countenance fairly jumps between them, spluttering in anger. He addresses the Caliph.*)

THE ANGRY ONE

O Sire, I demand justice. I heard every word these two said. They are impostors! I, and I alone, am the author of those fables! These thieves have stolen them from me!

(*The Young Lady faints and the Vizier hangs over her solicitously. The Young Man speaks up nobly.*)

THE YOUNG MAN

O kind Caliph, O noble Sire, forgive us! We were starving. We had no choice!

THE ANGRY ONE

But I, too, am starving.

THE CALIPH

(*Looking judicial and very pleased; this is a better adventure than he'd suspected*) Well, well, the only way I can see to settle the matter is to reimburse you, sir.

(*The Young Lady suddenly comes to.*)

Here is a purse of gold pieces, and may you live long enough to enjoy the reward of your magnificent brain. . . . Enough. I do not require thanks. And now I wish you pleasant dreams.

(*The three back off the stage. The Caliph turns to the Vizier and yawns.*)

It does one good to help out poor starving souls like those. A pleasant evening, indeed.

(*They stroll slowly off the stage. But wait, don't go! You think this is the end of the play, but it isn't. Don't you hear those footsteps? And here come the three Æsops, chatting together and apparently in very good spirits.*)

THE YOUNG MAN

That sure was a swell job we pulled off this evenin'. Got a lot o' gold an' some purses extra.

THE ANGRY ONE

Yeah, make another haul like this un an' you two c'n go on y'r honeymoon to Teheran or some place.

THE YOUNG LADY

(*Thoughtfully*) Ain't Caliphs unsuspectin', though?

(*They go.*)

THAT'S ALL.

READING LISTS

SHORT STORIES

Alarcón, Pedro de	*The Nail*
	The Tall Woman
Allen, James Lane	*A Kentucky Cardinal*
	Flute and Violin
	Two Gentlemen of Kentucky
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey	*Goliath*
	Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski
	Marjorie Daw
	Quite So
Andersen, Hans Christian	*The Constant Tin Soldier*
	The Ugly Duckling
Austin, William	*Peter Rugg, the Missing Man*
Barrie, J. M.	*Auld Licht Idyls*
	Gilray's Flower Pot
Bierce, Ambrose	*The Damned Thing*
Brown, Alice	*Tiverton Tales*
Bulwer-Lytton, Sir Edward	*The House and the Brain*
Bunner, H. C.	*Love-Letters of Smith*
Butler, Ellis Parker	*Pigs Is Pigs*
Cable, G. W.	*Ole Creole Days*
	Strange True Stories of Louisiana
Chekov, Anton	*The Safety Match*
Clemens, S. L. (Mark Twain)	*The Jumping Frog*
Collins, Wilkie	*A Terribly Strange Bed*
Daudet, Alphonse	*Monsieur Sequin's Goat*
	Mother
	The Old Folks
Defoe, Daniel	*The Apparition of Mrs. Veal*
Deland, Margaret	*Dr. Lavendar's People* (collected)
	Old Chester Tales (collected)
Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan	*The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*
Eliot, George	*The Lifted Veil*
Fox, John, Jr.	*A Cumberland Vendetta*
	Blue Grass and Rhododendron
	Christmas Eve on Lonesome
Frederic, Harold	*Eve of the Fourth*
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins	*A Humble Romance*
	A New England Nun and Other Stories (collected)
	The Shadows on the Wall

Garland, Hamlin	*Other Main Traveled Roads*
Garshin, V. M.	*The Red Flower*
Gorky, Maxim	*The Song of the Falcon*
Hardy, Thomas	*The Three Strangers*
	The Withered Arm
	Wessex Tales
Harris, Joel Chandler	*Nights with Uncle Remus*
Harte, Bret	*The Luck of Roaring Camp*
	The Outcasts of Poker Flat
Hawthorne, Nathaniel	*Dr. Heidegger's Experiment*
	Feathertop
	Rappaccini's Daughter
	The Ambitious Guest
	The Birthmark
	The Great Carbuncle
	The Great Stone Face
	The Maypole of Merry Mount
Hearn, Lafcadio	*Youma*
Henry, O.	*The Hiding of Black Bill*
Hewlett, Maurice	*Little Novels of Italy*
Irving, Washington	*The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*
	Rip Van Winkle
Jewett, Sarah Orne	*A Native of Winby*
	A White Heron
	Miss Tempy's Watchers
	Tales of New England (collected)
	The Dulham Ladies
	The King of Folly Island
	The Queen's Twin
James, Henry	*Brooksmith*
	The Liar
	The Real Thing
	Four Meetings
Kipling, Rudyard	*At the End of the Passage*
	Bimi
	Plain Tales from the Hills
	Soldiers Three
	The Phantom 'Rickshaw
	The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes
	They
	Under the Deodars
Lagerlöf, Selma	*The Christmas Guest*
	The Girl from the Marsh Croft (collected)
	The Silver Mine
Lewis, Alfred Henry	*Wolfville Days*
	Wolfville Nights

London, Jack	*Love of Life*
	South Sea Tales
	The God of his Fathers
	The Son of the Wolf
Matthews, Brander	*Vignettes of Manhattan*
Maupassant, Guy de	*A Coward*
	A Piece of String
	On the River
	The Horla
	The Necklace
Murfree, Mary E.	*The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove*
O'Brien, Fitz-James	*What Was It?*
Page, Thomas Nelson	*Elsket*
	In Ole Virginia
Poe, Edgar Allan	*Berenice*
	Ligeia
	The Black Cat
	The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar
	The Fall of the House of Usher
	The Gold Bug
	The Murders in the Rue Morgue
	The Mystery of Marie Roget
	The Pit and the Pendulum
	The Purloined Letter
	The Telltale Heart
Pushkin, Aleksandr	*The Coffin-Maker*
	The Queen of Spades
Smith, F. Hopkinson	*A Day of Laguerre's*
Stevenson, Robert Louis	*Markheim*
	Olalla
	The Bottle Imp
	The Rajah's Diamond
	The Sire de Maletroit's Door
	Thrawn Janet
Stockton, Frank R.	*A Remarkable Wreck of the* Thomas Hyke
	A Tale of Negative Gravity
	The Lady, or the Tiger?
Taylor, Bayard	*Who Was She?*
Thanet, Octave	*Stories of a Western Town*
	The Heart of Toil
Tolstoy, Leo	*The Snowstorm*
Tracy, Virginia	*The Lotus-Eaters*
Turgenev, Ivan	*An Unhappy Girl*
	The Jew
Watson, John ("Ian Maclaren")	*Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*

Wharton, Edith	*Crucial Instances* (collected)
	Tales of Men and Ghosts (collected)
	The Duchess at Prayer
White, Stewart Edward	*Blazed Trail Stories*
Wiggin, Kate Douglas	*The Village Watch Tower* (collected)
Wister, Owen	*Philosophy 4*

PLAYS [1]

Æschylus	*Agamemnon*
Aldis, Mary	*Plays for Small Stages*
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey	*Mercedes*
Aristophanes	*The Frogs*
Austin, Mary	*The Arrow-Maker*
Bacon, Frank, and Smith, Winchell	*Lightnin'*
Bangs, John Kendrick	*Farces*
Barker, Granville	*Harlequinade*
	Rococo
	The Voysey Inheritance
	Vote by Ballot
Barrie, Sir J. M.	*Alice Sit-by-the-Fire*
	A Well-Remembered Voice
	Der Tag
	Half Hours
	Peter Pan
	Quality Street
	The Admirable Crichton
	The Old Lady Shows Her Medals
	The Twelve-Pound Look
	What Every Woman Knows
Bennett, Edward Arnold	*Milestones*
Bottomley, Gordon	*King Lear's Wife*
Brown, Alice	*One-Act Plays*
Bulwer-Lytton, Sir Edward	*Richelieu*
Cohen, Helen Louise	*One-Act Plays by Modern Authors*
Comstock, F. A.	*The Lady of the Lake*
Dane, Clemence	*Will Shakespeare*
Davis, Owen	*Icebound*
Dickinson, Thomas H.	*Chief Contemporary Dramatists*
Dix, Beulah Marie	*Rose o' Plymouth Town*

[1] This list is reprinted from the *Reading List for Junior and Senior High Schools* with the permission of the Board of Education, Minneapolis, Minn.

Drinkwater, John	*Abraham Lincoln*
	Oliver Cromwell
Dunsany, Lord Alfred	*Five Plays*
Eliot, Samuel Atkins	*Little Theater Classics*
Euripides	*Alcestis*
Fitch, Clyde	*Nathan Hale*
	The Climbers
	The Truth
France, Anatole	*The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife*
Galsworthy, John	*Justice*
	Strife
	The Little Man
	The Pigeon
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von	*Faust*
Goldsmith, Oliver	*She Stoops to Conquer*
Gregory, Lady Augusta	*Seven Short Plays*
Guitry, Sacha	*Pasteur*
Housman, Laurence, and Barker, Granville	*Prunella, or Love in a Dutch Garden*
Howells, William Dean	*Farces*
Hugo, Victor	*Hernani*
Ibsen, Henrik	*A Doll's House*
	An Enemy of the People
	Peer Gynt
Jerome, Jerome K.	*The Passing of the Third Floor Back*
Kennedy, Charles Rann	*The Servant in the House*
Lewis, Roland B.	*Contemporary One-Act Plays*
Mackay, Constance D'Arcy	*The Beau of Bath, and Other Plays*
Mackaye, Percy Wallace	*A Thousand Years Ago*
	Jeanne D'Arc
	The Canterbury Pilgrims
	The Scarecrow
MacMillan, Mary	*Short Plays*
Maeterlinck, Maurice	*The Blue Bird*
Marks, Jeannette	*The Merry, Merry Cuckoo*
Marlowe, Christopher	*Faustus*
	The Jew of Malta
Mayorga, M. G.	*Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors*
Moody, William Vaughan	*The Great Divide*
Moses, Montrose J.	*Representative Plays by American Dramatists*
	Treasury of Plays for Children
Newton, A. E.	*Doctor Johnson*
Noyes, Alfred	*Sherwood*

O'Neill, Eugene Gladstone	*Beyond the Horizon*
	The Emperor Jones
	The Hairy Ape
Parker, L. N.	*Pomander Walk*
	Disraeli
Peabody, Josephine Preston	*Marlowe*
	The Piper
	The Wolf of Guggio
Phillips, Stephen	*Ulysses*
Pinero, Sir Arthur W.	*Sweet Lavender*
	The Amazons
	Trelawney of the Wells
Robinson, Lennox	*The Whiteheaded Boy*
Rostand, Edmond	*Chanticleer*
	Cyrano de Bergerac
	L'Aiglon
Russell, M. M.	*Dramatized Bible Stories for Young People*
Schiller, Johann von	*Mary Stuart*
Shakespeare, William	*A Midsummer Night's Dream*
	A Winter's Tale
	Hamlet
	Henry IV
	Henry V
	Julius Caesar
	King Lear
	Macbeth
	Othello
	Romeo and Juliet
	The Merchant of Venice
	The Tempest
	Twelfth Night
Shaw, George Bernard	*Arms and the Man*
Shay, Frank	*A Treasury of Plays for Women*
	Contemporary One-Act Plays
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley	*The Rivals*
Sophocles	*Antigone*
Synge, John Millington	*Playboy of the Western World*
	Riders to the Sea
	The Well of the Saints
Tagore, Rabindranath	*The Post Office*
Tarkington, Booth	*The Man from Home*
Thomas, Augustus	*As a Man Thinks*
	The Witching Hour
Torrence, Ridgely	*The Rider of Dreams*
Van Dyke, Henry	*The House of Rimmon*
Walker, Stuart	*Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil*

Yeats, William Butler	*A Pot of Broth*
	Cathleen ni Hoolihan
	The Hour Glass
	The Land of Heart's Desire
Zangwill, Israel	*Merely Mary Ann*
	The Melting Pot

NOVELS

Barrie, J. M.	*Sentimental Tommy*
	The Little Minister
Brontë, Charlotte	*Jane Eyre*
Canfield, Dorothy	*The Bent Twig*
Clemens, Samuel (Mark Twain)	*Huckleberry Finn*
	Tom Sawyer
Conrad, Joseph	*Chance*
	The Typhoon
	Victory
De la Mare, Walter	*The Three Mulla-Mulgars*
Dickens, Charles	*A Tale of Two Cities*
	David Copperfield
	Oliver Twist
Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan	*The White Company*
Dumas, Alexander	*The Three Musketeers*
	The Count of Monte Cristo
Eliot, George	*Adam Bede*
	Romola
	Silas Marner
	The Mill on the Floss
Ferber, Edna	*So Big*
Gale, Zona	*Faint Perfume*
	Miss Lulu Bett
Galsworthy, John	*The Forsyte Saga*
Hardy, Thomas	*Far from the Madding Crowd*
	Tess of the D'Urbervilles
	The Return of the Native
Hawthorne, Nathaniel	*The House of the Seven Gables*
	The Marble Faun
	The Scarlet Letter
Howells, William Dean	*The Rise of Silas Lapham*
Hugo, Victor	*Hunchback of Notre Dame*
	Les Misérables
	Ninety-three
Kipling, Rudyard	*Kim*
	The Light That Failed

Lewis, Sinclair	*Babbitt*
	Main Street
London, Jack	*The Call of the Wild*
	White Fang
Meredith, George	*Ordeal of Richard Feverel*
	The Egoist
Norris, Frank	*The Pit*
Reade, Charles	*The Cloister and the Hearth*
Sabatini, Rafael	*The Sea Hawk*
Scott, Walter	*Ivanhoe*
	Kenilworth
	The Talisman
Stevenson, Robert Louis	*Kidnapped*
	Master of Ballantrae
	Treasure Island
Tarkington, Booth	*Alice Adams*
	Monsieur Beaucaire
	The Turmoil
Thackeray, W. M.	*Henry Esmond*
	Vanity Fair
Wells, H. G.	*Joan and Peter*
	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Wharton, Edith	*Ethan Frome*
White, Stewart Edward	*The Blazed Trail*
Wister, Owen	*The Virginian*

CHAPTER VI

PURSUING THE IDEA

The chapters thus far have for the most part appealed to the imagination. Suggestive words, picturesque phrases, vivid description, romantic narrative — these have challenged the imaginative powers of the student. Readers have been urged to look about and see the pictures and the stories in life and reproduce them with color and interest. Both description and narrative have emphasized the imagination. In the chapter that follows, students will be urged to exercise a different set of mental muscles: the *critical faculties*.

In attempting description and narration first, students have followed roughly the historic experience of the race. Man exercised his imagination before he exercised his reason: he learned to see before he learned to think. Now that the reader has learned to see more imaginatively the life that is about him, it is of equal importance that he should learn to interpret it. In this chapter more particularly than heretofore, he will aim more directly to discuss life subjectively — suggesting not so much the world outside his mind as the world remade within his mind. Here he will experiment not so much with what he sees as with what he thinks; not so much with his senses as with his reason.

Exploring the Mind.

There are several ways to explore the mind to find out just what one thinks. A curious thing about the human thinking apparatus is that it has regions of consciousness undiscovered by him who owns it. The psychologist tells us that the mind takes in much more than consciousness is aware of; that a person often knows a surprisingly greater amount about a place or a subject than he realizes. Only by probing into the lower levels of the mind does he unearth these buried impressions. One's personality, therefore, is apt to be richer than he knows; there are ideas to be had for the searching.

People often experience a curious surprise at the words that spring to their lips in some intellectual emergency. They have scarcely had time to think and little realized that they had an idea; and yet in full panoply of words it comes, as if some other mind had thought it out and transmitted it. Students many times avert a " failure " in a history quiz by this magic. They say they just " guessed " or " bluffed," but the psychologist knows better. In reality the student in his reading had absorbed a great deal more than he was conscious of, and there it remained in a storeroom of his mind, waiting for some stimulus to precipitate its expression.

Taking an Inventory of One's Mental Stock.

Almost everybody is an authority on something; it may be on the best way to broil steak over a camp fire, or it may be on the binomial theorem in geometry. Whatever his tastes, he is pretty sure to know something which he is proud to explain. Some have special skills; some are full of information; whether able or learned, almost every one is proud to expose his knowledge.

The first prerequisite to any experiment in thinking is to take an inventory of one's mind. How much unused stock is there to bring out for mental merchandising? A student with a great deal of information about machinery thinks quite naturally in terms of mechanical processes, translating the activities of the world into terms of cogs and levers and power. Or if he has a fund of historical facts, he may see the world in the light of past ages. The kind of mind one has depends on the kind of information he has absorbed; something of the development of his ability to think depends on the ideas he has to think with. A mind does not function in a vacuum.

It is good practice for a student to take occasional inventories of what he knows. Such a practice naturally pushes out the boundaries of that selfsame knowledge, for one thing; for another, it reveals his limitations in a way that is wholesome and stimulating for a growing intellect. A young person often asks querulously: " Oh, what's the use of studying history or geometry? " He sees no immediate use for the information he

is asked to accumulate. He might here be answered; his mind is either to be a rich treasure house or an empty cupboard, desolate and scanty to a starving soul. Youth is the great time to amass an intellectual fortune. Old age too often suffers penury of mind.

EXPERIMENT 62

In a new section of your journal, reserved for ideas, make some such imaginative heading as "These Things I Know!" For your first encounter with ideas, let it be merely an annotated list of those things in any department of knowledge which *you know that you know*. Obviously you will have to use your judgment. Whatever you have been something of a specialist in, granting your youth and lack of greater experience, you may include.

Here is an opportunity for you to make use of your other school subjects. Perhaps you have taken particular interest in the spectrum, in physics; in syntheses of plants, in botany; or in the Elizabethan age, in history. The accompanying list will help you get a line on your knowledge. Do not confine yourself to this list, but let it suggest to you the knowledge you may have acquired in your other subjects. Write your ideas in sentence form.

1. Man's control of nature.
2. Principles of chemical action.
3. The manufacture of dyes.
4. Nitrogen, the preserver and destroyer of life.
5. The transformation of matter.
6. Nature's thrift as seen by a chemist.
7. The principle of the storage battery.
8. The deductive method of reasoning.
9. Peter the Great.
10. Robin Hood.
11. Louis XIV.
12. The battle of Waterloo.
13. The effect of geography on history.
14. The significance of the invention of printing.
15. The effect of slavery on masters.
16. The French Revolution.
17. Motifs in design.
18. Outdoor sketching.
19. The effect of beauty on lives.
20. Interior decoration.
21. Drawing — the universal language.
22. Periods in furniture-making.
23. Food values.
24. Artistic serving of meals.
25. Things to know about wool.
26. Ideas expressed through styles.
27. Spearing fish through the ice.
28. Shooting ducks from a blind.
29. How wild animals are caught.
30. Preventing forest fires.
31. Antique furniture.
32. Reading footprints in the snow.
33. Building bird houses.
34. The life of a spider.
35. Radiophoning from a street car.

36. The theory of wireless telegraphy.
37. Backyard gardening.
38. The gasoline engine.
39. The ragman, a conservationist.
40. The story of wheat.

EXPERIMENT 63

In the preceding experiment you have doubtless encountered difficulties. It is not so easy to ransack one's mind as it is to ransack grandmother's old trunk. But a little patience and interest will yield results.

Perhaps, also, you were bothered by a doubt of your own knowledge; what you thought you knew, on second thought you realized you knew but partially.

In the present experiment you may jot down in similar fashion those ideas which you would like to pursue. Perhaps you have often felt you would like some day to read the *Theatre Magazine* and learn more about stagecraft; or possibly you have curiosity about art, science, or mechanics. Some particular field has attracted you quite incidentally. Here, in this experiment, you are urged to speculate. What in the big fields of information you have encountered, either in your studies or your desultory reading, have you thought you would like some day to pursue further? In the presence of what sort of experience do you stand spellbound with a strange and irresistible interest? Before a giant steel construction? the soft landscapes of Corot? the bewitching ballads of Alfred Noyes? About what would you like to know more? What are the interests which you would enjoy following? In this experiment, list those fields of thought by which you are particularly intrigued.

Telling Others What You Know.

A mind never quite grasps an idea until it has tried to precipitate it in words. The real test of ideas comes in telling them to others. Students are adept in the trite alibi, " I know, but I can't express it." It is doubtful whether this explanation is sound. For after all, if one cannot express the idea to others, can he express it to himself? It is more likely that the student knows only vaguely what he thinks he knows. He has a hazy idea, a general notion; but unless he can express it, he is not certain of it.

Since this is so, it is excellent practice to capture these vague ideas and pin them down in definite words. The thought be-

comes much more truly possessed when it is expressed. To be able to explain one's own ideas to oneself is imperative to the thinking mind. To explain to others is a sure way of explaining to oneself.

Very often the persons who belittle the value of argument maintain that an argument never convinces any one but him who advances it. Very true, but is this not of paramount importance? To convince oneself is as necessary as to convince others. Very often the truth of his thoughts flashes on one with a new significance at the first necessity of defending his opinion; he has added more power to his thoughts by expressing them.

EXPERIMENT 64

In this experiment you are urged to tell yourself what you know. Choose some vivid item listed for Experiment 62 and resolve to tell it clearly and convincingly. Remember that a thing which appears simple to one who is very familiar with it may be very difficult of understanding to one who has never before considered the idea. Keep in mind that you are coming back to analyze your exposition in a later experiment.

Channels of Thought.

Every one has known what it is to be confused in mind as he floundered in some poor explanation of the game of bridge or Mah Jong. Confusion is quickly felt, whether it be the confusion of a meal poorly served, a business inefficiently organized, or a game poorly explained. People's minds are so constituted as to wish to " get somewhere ": to pursue a clue to its conclusion, or to follow a path to its end. Always there is this interesting directing of thought. Rambling ideas must be brought within the main flow of discourse; else attention is dispersed, and interest is slackened.

The clearness of an explanation depends on how clearly these boundaries are perceived. Sometimes a person's talk is like the broad, careless overflow of a swollen river, where the main channel is lost in a vast expanse of water. Sometimes the conversation flows fast, as it were, between the narrow confines of a high and rocky gorge. Between these two ex-

tremes of discourse is the natural easy flow which follows banks naturally well defined.

Clearness in explanation depends quite obviously, then, on clearly perceiving the logical channels along which ideas pursue their course. Suppose that an observant woodsman were to set about explaining what is meant by protective coloration. Very likely a flood of ideas would rush to his mind. There is the whole subject of the protective coloration of animals, of birds, of insects, and of vegetation; then there is the subject of man's imitation of Nature's device — camouflage in war. To write on all these phases of the general subject in less space than a book would be to choke the reader's mind and render understanding on any single point impossible. The woodsman must cut a very definite channel through his general knowledge and confine his subject matter severely if he wishes to convey one well-developed impression. It is well to remember that it is the close-confined river, not the broad, overflowing stream, whose current moves most swiftly.

The woodsman must determine on some limited aspect of his subject — the protective coloration of birds alone, say, or Nature's devices for protecting the young — if he hopes to make a lasting impression.

The Controlling Idea.

The restricting of one's channel of thought will come about simply through the choosing of a definite objective. The reader is familiar with the Sunday automobile pleasure-seeker's query, "Oh, where shall we go?" Few people drive cars idly over the road, turning at whatever bend takes their fancy. Most people ride with the object of arriving somewhere.

So in a word-journey there must be an objective, very much less easy to name, to be sure, than the particular spot on the map toward which the autoist heads. In driving, there is but oneself to please; in writing, a reader's attention to hold.

One very good method of setting a goal and thereby directing the channel of thought is to boil down what is to be said to a single declarative sentence. If the woodsman says to himself, "I am going to explain protective coloring," he will

drift about with no chart to guide him. But suppose that he says to himself or writes:

Female birds are protected by their coloring in order that they may lay their eggs and raise their young with less fear of enemies.

or

Timid persons sometimes disguise their bashfulness by a protective coloring of brusqueness.

Now he has defined a goal and started his channel. If he restricts his discourse to those ideas which support this dominating idea, he will achieve a unified explanation. If he does not, but allows other ideas to creep in, he will dissipate his reader's attention and confuse his understanding.

One must perceive a destination, then, a controlling idea, before the restricted channel of his discourse will be apparent. Out of a great many general ideas on a single subject, he must perceive a single dominating idea which will represent the goal of his achievement in expression.

EXPERIMENT 65

The best way to learn to understand the dominating idea is to practice précis writing. Précis writing is the making of a very brief and clear abstract of any piece of writing, or in other words, the setting down of the *dominating idea* in concise form. It reverses the process just described. In writing an exposition, one proceeds from the dominating idea to the developed article; in précis writing, one works back from the finished article to the kernel idea from which it was developed. Such practice in writing enables one to perceive more readily the kernel truth in all his reading; it teaches him, at the same time, to make more pointed assertions in his writing.

The following extracts are to be reduced to a single sentence. Try one bit of such précis writing a day.

Thus, for the first example, your précis might be:

If a person were assured of a friend, he would be content for a thousand years.

or

Affection from friends makes the world seem worth while.

or

There is nothing more satisfying than friendship.

I

What is so pleasant as these jets of affection which make a young world for me again? What so delicious as a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling? How beautiful, on their approach to this beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed; there is no winter and no night; all tragedies vanish — all duties, even; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms, all radiant, of belovèd persons. Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years. — EMERSON, *Essay on Friendship.*

II

A tree is an underground creature, with its tail in the air. All its intelligence is in its roots. All the senses it has are in its roots. Think what sagacity it shows in its search after food and drink! Somehow or other, the rootlets, which are its tentacles, find out that there is a brook at a moderate distance from the trunk of the tree, and they make for it with all their might. They find every crack in the rocks where there are a few grains of the nourishing substance they care for, and insinuate themselves in its deepest recesses. When spring and summer come they let their tails grow, and delight in whisking them about in the wind, or letting them be whisked about by it; for these tails are poor passive things with very little will of their own, and bend in whatever direction the wind chooses to make them. The leaves make a deal of noise whispering. I have sometimes thought I could understand them as they talk to each other and that they seemed to think they made the wind as they wagged forward and back. Remember what I say. The next time you see a tree waving in the wind, recollect that it is the tail of a great underground, many-armed, polypus-like creature, which is as proud of its caudal appendage, especially in summer time, as a peacock of his gorgeous expanse of plumage. — OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *Over the Tea-cups.*

III

Fellow-feeling, sympathy in the broadest sense, is the most important factor in producing a healthy political and social life. Neither our national nor our local civic life can be what it should be unless it is marked by the fellow-feeling, the mutual kindness, the mutual respect, the sense of common duties and common interests, which arise when men take the trouble to understand one another and to associate together for a common object. A very large share of the rancor of political and social strife arises either from

sheer misunderstanding by one section, or by one class, of another, or else from the fact that the two sections, or two classes, are so cut off from each other that neither appreciates the other's passions, prejudices, and, indeed, point of view, while they are both entirely ignorant of their community of feeling as regards the essentials of manhood and humanity. — ROOSEVELT.

IV

There are men's lives tied up in everything we wear or eat or use. Lives are they like yours and mine; lives of men whom we would be glad to know and thank for their great work, their contribution to our daily life. We cannot really know them all. The sailors on the lake ore boats cannot know their brother miners of the range or the blackened diggers in the coal fields of Illinois. Nor can we know them, you and I. Still we can think of them whenever we ride upon a train and trust our lives to the watchful eyes that guard us on our way — we can think of them in the black coal lump that warms the house or feeds the fires in some vast factory — we can think of them in the mighty ship or towering building. Brothers are we all; brothers in industry. — HUSBAND.

V

The most Chinese thing about China is not the tilted temple roofs, the weedless fields, the teeming city streets. Nor is it the sheer contrariness of oriental custom. The Chinese may shake their own hands on greeting a friend, or read from the back of the book, or begin the meal with the sweets and end with the soup, or stand the wet umbrella on its handle; yet they differ fundamentally and most fascinatingly from Europeans, not in the conventions and amenities of living, but in their outlook on life. It is their concept of nature, God and man, and not their longitude, that puts them at one pole and Westerners at the other. It is a longer journey to the mental than to the physical antipodes.

The most strikingly antithetical mode of thought among the Chinese is their view of the universe as a great impersonal harmony. In early attempts to explain the mechanism of the world, the Chinese, unlike most western peoples, did not ascribe personality to cosmic forces. In *I Ching*, the "Book of Changes," attributed to the mythical first emperor, Fu Hsi, and edited by Confucius, we find the cosmos described as controlled by two opposite, but harmonious, principles. The earth and the terrestrial elements are ruled by the passive, female principle, *Yin;* the heavens and the celestial elements by the active, male principle, *Yang*. The tiger is the symbol of Yin; its nature is of earth, the solid substance. The dragon is the symbol of Yang; its nature is of water, clouds and mist, the fluid substance. All created things result from the

interaction of these opposite, but supplementary, principles. And not only material things, the stars and the heavens, the earth and all animal and vegetable creation, but all ethical and moral facts as well. — MARION P. SMITH, *Chinese Optimism.*

Turn back, also, in your journal, to the experiment described on page 288. Can you state in a sentence the dominating idea? From now on in your journal try to reduce the articles which you read in magazines to a sentence or paragraph.

EXPERIMENT 66

What ideas of your own can you put in direct sentences? You have general information about history, or science, or agriculture, or mechanics. Try putting it into "dominating ideas," i.e. ideas which would serve to "control" an exposition — ideas which constitute the kernel truth you are about to elaborate.

The Size of an Idea.

For practical examination an idea must be put into sentence form; otherwise it is too elusive for analysis. Let us look at the *size* of the following ideas, all expressed in complete sentences:

1. An automobile gets over the road faster than a horse.
2. Queen Elizabeth is said never to have worn the same dress twice.
3. The raccoon is as amusing in its antics as a monkey.
4. Nesting birds are protected from their enemies by the fact that their color so closely resembles their surroundings.
5. Synthetic chemistry will enable man to create for himself natural resources.

You cannot measure an idea by any yardstick, but you can nevertheless estimate something of its size. *Is the idea entirely obvious?* Then it is relatively unimportant and stands at the lowest rung of the ladder of ideas. "It is raining" — "There comes a street car!" — are not such ideas so obvious to the senses of others that their expression is entirely superfluous? True, one often makes such observations to friends, but not under the delusion that he is telling them something; he is but passing the time, or thinking aloud. Number 1 in the list above is such an idea.

Is the idea completed in a single sentence? Does it need no further expansion to be entirely clear? In this case, too, it is a small idea, though not so small as the sort first mentioned. Number 2 in the series contributes to the reader's information something more than the obvious, but it needs no further explanation to make it clear.

Number 3 is a still larger idea. *It presents a fact which needs proving by plenty of comparisons and contrasts.* One would not be able to embrace this idea until it was more specifically developed.

Still, it is not so large an idea as Number 4. It would take but a few examples to make the point convincing. *Number 4 will require a much more thorough development because it involves a group instead of an individual.* The idea cannot be fully expressed with but one illustration — such as the fact that the meadow lark on the ground resembles dried grasses. A wide range of illustrations must support the assertion.

Number 5 is the largest idea of the series. Like Numbers 3 and 4, it needs further expanding to be clear. *But it is also an idea more remote from the experience and knowledge of the average person; there must be definition of terms before the explanation can begin.* "Synthetic" chemistry must be explained before the idea can progress. Then, too, the idea may entail dispute. Objections must be cleared away before the explanation can make headway.

Thus it is clear that ideas vary as to value. When we say that a man is "a person of ideas" we are not speaking quite accurately. All people are "persons of ideas," but not all are persons of *valuable* ideas. Some have not extended their thinking range beyond the very obvious. Some substitute the tritest platitudes for original judgments. Some, too, are thinking ideas which permit of no growth; either the ideas have no capacity for further development, or else the mind does not see the possibilities for further development in them. It is the powerful ideas that challenge one's thinking — ideas that lead into new fields of thought, into new experiments in thinking. The obvious and the trite are poor food for the thinker.

EXPERIMENT 67

Test your ideas listed under Experiment 62 by the criteria suggested on pages 293–294. Are your ideas obvious? Are they complete in the sentence form? Which of your ideas is the largest? Which the most powerful? Which would you check as indicating your choice of a " theme " for an exposition? Devise ways of your own of talking about ideas in your journal. It may be a system of charts or it may be informal comment.

The Other End.

Students are always frankly puzzled about the length to which a piece of writing should run. How much shall one write in his journal in one experiment? How long should the list of ideas be? How long should the description be?

How long should a picnic be? Should all picnics end at dark? Should all games last one hour? That depends! It depends on the kind of time you are having at the picnic, or on the weather, the kind of people you are with, their mood, and a dozen other things.

Just so with a piece of writing. Its length depends on the size of the idea; on the purpose one has in mind in writing, whether he is just practicing or doing a finished piece of work; and on the mood of the writer.

There are no arbitrary limits for the length of any explanation. You would not say of washing dishes or changing a tire: " How long shall I work? " It is obvious that you should work until you are through.

So with writing. If the student conceives of his job intelligently, he will write until he is through, i.e. until he has made his explanation clear, given a résumé of an historical period, or written a novel. First he estimates the job he has in mind. Is it but a bit of practice? a brief article? an essay? Then he decides whether or not he has actually accomplished the practice, the article, the essay. Such judgments cannot be expressed in numbers of words. Some people can reduce an explanation to one hundred words; others may prefer to embellish the hundred words with illustrations. Some

writers have a genius for brevity; others have a taste for expansion.

The length of an exposition must be determined by taking into account the following:

1. Does it accomplish what it sets out to accomplish, i.e. give an adequate idea of protective coloration, or what not?
2. Does it sacrifice interest to brevity, i.e. does it seem too concentrated for easy, interested absorption?
3. Does it tell its point and then repeat needlessly?
4. Is it appropriately written, i.e. with due consideration for the kind of thing it is designed to be?

EXPERIMENT 68

From your list of ideas for Experiment 62, choose one in which you are particularly interested. Estimate the length of an article which would do justice to the idea. You might first count the number of words in the average column of a magazine and estimate the weight of ideas contained in 1,000 words, 5,000 words, etc. Then indicate the length of article your idea would demand.

Building the Idea.

Two major injunctions are necessary to the writer of any clear explanation. First, it is necessary to think very positively in terms of a definite objective, *the dominating idea;* secondly, it is necessary to cut a channel of thought for the stream of that one dominating idea. In order to analyze the worth of such dominating ideas, they should be expressed in complete sentences and tested for their "weight." Let us assume that so much has been done with the idea of protective coloration and that the dominating idea is expressed in the single sentence:

Birds and animals find their coloring a natural defense against their enemies.

All explanation must serve to expand this dominating idea. There must be one, two, or several major illustrations of this idea. There are three one might use as illustrations:

1. The female bird and animal are concealed while nesting.
2. Animals change their coloration with the seasons.
3. Birds in danger assume a pose which is concealing.

Here are three supporting beams for the structure of an article. Note further that each of the three "beams" may further be supported until the structure of the thought looks like this:

PROTECTIVE COLORATION [1]

Dominating idea: Birds and animals find their coloring a natural defense against their enemies.

A. It is often difficult to distinguish female birds and animals from their nesting places.
   1. Birds that nest on the ground resemble leaves and grasses.
   2. The leopard is hard to recognize in the spotted sunlight of the forest.

B. Animals sometimes change their coloring with the seasons.
   1. The rabbit gets a white coat for the winter.
   2. The partridge changes color to resemble the autumn woods.

C. Birds sometimes assume a pose which is concealing.
   1. The blue heron stands on one leg and looks like a weather-beaten stick.
   2. The loon hides its head and resembles a stone.

It is not of course always necessary to write out so carefully the plan of a simple exposition. Such an outline as that above may well exist only in the mind of a writer. But until one learns to think logically in terms of dominating ideas and supporting ideas, he will do well to commit his thoughts to paper in just such exact form. Not until one has forced himself to test out the relations of one idea to another, as the outline forces him to do, will he be sure of thinking clearly.

In the plan above, the dominating idea is supported by three sets of illustrations. There are other ways of building an idea. One may suggest a contrast or comparison as the particular plan of his structure. Note the following example:

[1] This outline was used in the Minneapolis *High School Course in English*, 1923–24.

Dominating idea: Man has imitated the protective schemes of nature.

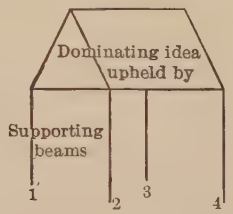
A. Camouflage in war may be compared to the neutral coloring of birds.
   1. Ships are painted to look like the sea.
   2. Uniforms are colored so as not to attract attention.
   3. Entanglements are concealed by surroundings that imitate nature.

B. Certain human attitudes remind one of the poses of animals.
   1. A bashful person looks like a timid dog.
   2. A proud, sensitive person, when hurt, wears an air of indifference.

The simplest pattern, then, for any exposition is the elaboration of a single dominating idea by a series of supporting ideas, usually illustrations. Always the pattern looks like this:

Dominating idea
1. Supporting idea
   Sub-idea
2. Supporting idea
   Sub-idea
3. Supporting idea
   Sub-idea

To think of it pictorially, one ought to conceive of the dominating idea as a roof supported by pillars or posts:



There is nothing in the plan of any book or article or simple explanation which cannot be reduced to this simple diagram. The difference between the simplest exposition and the most elaborate treatise is merely a difference in the size of ideas. The dominating idea in a book is a larger idea upheld by chapters instead of paragraphs; the supporting beams of a large structure are more complex units, each separable into still

lesser units which in turn can be subdivided into smaller sections. To learn to plan a simple exposition logically is to become initiated into the secrets of the larger forms of writing, for large and small obey the same principle.

EXPERIMENT 69

Remembering that an outline is merely a device for thinking diagrammatically, put down, in the form suggested on page 297, plans for several brief explanations. Your journal should yield plenty of ideas. Turn back to Experiment 62 and plot several of your favorite ideas in *patterns*. Some of the interesting things you have learned in your other studies should serve you here — an important experiment in physics, an interesting fact in history, or a significant revelation of character in some piece of literature. Be sure to test the weight of your ideas. Discard those which are obvious or are complete in one sentence. Then follow the pattern on page 298.

EXPERIMENT 70

Before leaving the subject of structure, you should plan a more elaborate outline than the simple ones which involve but two or three supporting ideas. In this experiment you are to attempt the handling of a large idea with all its branches. Choose an idea from those listed under Experiment 62 or 63.

A word of caution is necessary at this point. Outlines are useful in two ways: (1) as a *preliminary thinking exercise* which will lay out the course of an article; (2) as a means of *assembling the important points* made by the author of some article other than your own.

An outline made by a student *after* he has written his article without it is practically valueless. Except in so far as a student can discover through this outline how careless his plan is, the outline made in this way defeats its purpose. An article written without an outline, however, doesn't need any outline if it follows a pattern; such a pattern is an indication that the writer thinks logically without the device of the outline.

Students of this volume are particularly urged to note right here this fact. When you can think in terms of dominating ideas and supporting ideas, an outline is superfluous. Until you are sure that you can, however, a written outline is necessary. Of course the more elaborate plans cannot be carried in the mind; some written help is necessary. Just as the architect commits his plans to blue prints, so a careful student of writing commits his more elaborate plans to paper.

In this experiment you are to think out an article without writing

it out later unless you care to. The outline on page 297 will help you. Note also that an outline for thinking purposes is expressed in sentences.

Reproduction of Others' Ideas.

The vast accumulation of the ideas of all races is preserved in books, and from this great reservoir of human knowledge all may freely draw. Experience alone is inadequate as a teacher. Through reading, the mind may experience far more than it is ever possible for an individual otherwise to experience. It would be tragic, indeed, if every individual born on this earth were forced to learn for himself through his own experience all that he needed to know for a satisfactory existence. There would be no advancing civilization built on the knowledge of the past. Youth may well ponder its indebtedness to books when it is disposed to weigh the values of learning and experience. Only through reading of the experiences of others does education become complete.

One's duty to read, then, is of paramount importance. The ideas of others — all those others from the dawn of history to the present day — one must use every day. It is impossible to escape one's inheritance from the past; it is impossible to escape one's indebtedness to the minds of others. What, then, is one's duty to the ideas of others which he takes in daily as his lungs inhale air?

One's first duty to the ideas he takes from his reading is to understand them intelligently and report them accurately. To misquote through carelessness the essential substance of the idea, to misrepresent or distort the particular point of view of an author, or to color ideas with one's own prejudices, is to be willfully or carelessly unfair. It is axiomatic that property is to be respected; it should be a self-evident truth that the integrity of an idea should be respected. If one is to explain Buddhism, Christian Science, or socialism, has he not a moral duty to explain exactly and fairly what Buddhists, Christian Scientists, or socialists believe, without allowing his own convictions to color the explanation?

The newspaper man has a tenet which it would be well for the layman to observe. He aims to remain entirely aloof from

the facts which he is reporting, and definitely separates his information from opinion. "Editorializing" in a news story — that is, expressing an opinion where only news is called for — is a grave sin in a newspaper office. Accurate reporting of an incident, a speech, or a philosophy is absolutely necessary to those who would be fair-minded and accurately informed.

One's second duty to the ideas of others is honesty in acknowledging credit for ideas which are not his own. It is fairly simple for a society to keep accurate account of property rights; it is not nearly so simple, in spite of patent and copyright laws, to keep accurate account of the rights of ideas. There are a few ethical principles, however, which determine idea rights.

Facts are the common property of every one. A fact of history, a fact of science, a fact of mechanics, once established, transcends private ownership and becomes as free as the air we breathe. No one holds first mortgage on the facts of the world which research has unearthed, once proper credit has been given to the discoverer. Marconi must forever remain the discoverer of wireless, and Madame Curie of radium; but having acknowledged them as discoverers, the world accepts their contributions as public. All factual ideas, then, are free for universal use. No more than one could bottle up the rain and sell it for private profit can an individual withhold an idea of universal import and maintain it for private use.

Words, like ideas, are free. A new word on the lips of a neighbor may be used without permission or acknowledgment. Words in a particular combination, however, are not free; they belong to the mind which conceives the combination. Trade names, lines of poetry, slogans, epigrams — these are not free.

There are also ideas which are not free. Ideas for stories, melodies, plays, movies, inventions, or plans are more or less private domain. We may borrow from such ideas, providing our borrowing is not too flagrant, but we cannot use the entire idea without permission or acknowledgment. Copyright laws and patents aim to protect the owners of such ideas, but in spite of such prohibitions there is much intellectual bootlegging. Honesty compels a writer to respect the ideas of others.

Ideas, then, except for those coined in a particular form of art or invention, are free; even from these, moreover, one may legitimately borrow, provided he is honest in giving due credit. In case there is a copyright or patent, permission must be obtained even for honest borrowing.

Plagiarism.

Plagiarism, the term used to define the crime of intellectual stealing, is defined: " To use as one's own the words or artistic productions of others without due credit or permission." It is plagiarism to use the entire plot of another and claim it as one's own. It is plagiarism to copy the exact sentence of another without quotation marks. It is plagiarism to copy down whole paragraphs from a reference book and embody them intact and uncredited in one's own essay.

Taking Notes.

The greatest temptation for the student to plagiarize comes in his study of reference material. Is it a theme for history, a thesis for economics, or a topic in science? To encyclopedias, documents, treatises, magazine articles goes the student in search of material. But how should he carry away that material? Should his notes consist of large patches of copied material which he will later weave in with his own writing? Obviously this is plagiarism.

There is only one way to consult reference material and avoid this common sin. Is a student looking up the life of Shakespeare? Let him read through this article without taking a note. Then let him close the book and put down in his own words a résumé of what he has read. Then, should he wish to quote a passage of particular significance, let him go back and copy it word for word with proper credit to the author of the quotation and a note of the exact place it is to be found.

Bibliography.

An article based on information obtained from reference books should always carry as a supplement an accurate list of the sources consulted. Such a list is called a *bibliography*. If

there is any doubt of the authenticity of a quotation, or if there is any dispute about the accuracy of facts cited, the sources may be easily consulted by means of the bibliography. A bibliography is also part of the acknowledgment of borrowed ideas. Most scholarly pieces of writing have a bibliography. It is in itself a partial testimony that the article is not plagiarized. The following is an example of a bibliography:

BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR AN ARTICLE ENTITLED "FASHIONS"

I. "Woman's Rebellion against Fashion" — M. A. Hopkins. *New Republic*, Vol. XXI, pp. 331–2. Aug. 16, 1922.
II. "What Shall the Poor Girl Wear?" — M. A. Hopkins. *New Republic*, Vol. XXVIII, pp. 377–8. Nov. 23, 1921.
III. "To-day's Morals and Manners: The Side of the Girls." *Literary Digest*, Vol. LXX, pp. 34–42. July 9, 1921.
IV. "Century and a Quarter of Our American Fashions." *Ladies' Home Journal*, Vol. XXXVII, pp. 18–19. May, 1920.
V. "Do Women Dress for Men?" — M. A. Hopkins. *Delineator*, Vol. XCVIII, p. 3. July, 1921.

EXPERIMENT 71

In this experiment you are to explain the ideas of another without plagiarism. Turn back to Experiment 63, in which you listed some of the ideas you would like to pursue further. Consult *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and make a bibliography of references which you may use for the gathering of information. Follow instructions on page 302 for taking notes. Then write in your journal a brief article on the topic you have chosen.

CHAPTER VII

THE FORMATION OF OPINION

The absorption of ideas from books and persons is an indispensable part of education. But to stop with absorption is to deny one's mind its opportunity for complete development. What do I think about the ideas of others? What ideas of my own do I have? How discriminating am I in my judgment of books, or people, or actions? Do I blindly follow the opinion of the crowd? Do I accept statements in print without question? Am I sentimentally timid about criticism? Am I afraid to hold a minority opinion? These are some of the questions the student should ask himself.

The Right to Hold an Opinion.

Americans in their zeal for independence are fond of asserting that they have a right to believe what they please. Here is a half truth uttered with the authority of a whole truth. Freedom of belief is one of the tenets of a democratic faith, and rightly so. There should be no outside interference with an individual's mind. But what of the " inside " interference with one's own opinions? Has not an individual a moral obligation to himself to " interfere " with his unreasoned convictions? There *is* legal freedom of thought, but this does not in a larger sense mean that one may think as he pleases. Truth is the dictator of thoughts. Has one the right to believe an incriminating statement about a person without investigation of the truth? Has he the right to call the opinions of others his without making them his own by thinking them out? Has he the right to ignore the evidence of facts which would undermine an unthought-out conviction merely on the ground that he prefers to believe a certain thing? Has he the right to draw a general conclusion from insufficient evidence? Has he the right to confuse mere impressions with opinions?

These are some of the moral considerations of the freedom of belief which an honest thinker is bound to answer in the negative.

Evidence.

Sherlock Holmes, Conan Doyle's detective, is one of the most popular authorities on circumstantial evidence. His observation, unlike that of people outside of fiction, is infallible. He recognizes the telltale evidence of a red hair on a chandelier or a loose brick on the hearth, and spins a web of circumstantial evidence from which the wily criminal cannot escape. However, it is only when his tiny threads of evidence all tie to the same center, each confirming the other, that his web will hold. If the significance of the red hair contradicts the meaning of the loose brick, his web of evidence is broken and the prisoner escapes. It is only when each tiny clue points to the same conclusion that his genius is rewarded. Where several separate and independent facts reveal the same truth, then circumstantial evidence begins to have weight.

All persons play the rôle of Sherlock Holmes, though with varying success. Some are astute observers and keen analysts. One sees his neighbor X pull down his window shades at dark while heretofore he has always left them up; if the observer A adds this particular bit of evidence to his neighbor's recent comment that he always carried a pistol in his pocket, and if, further, he links these facts with his own knowledge that his neighbor is a detective, he probably formulates the opinion that X is in some danger and draws his blinds as a protection from some prowler's shot. But if another neighbor, Y, tells him that he and Neighbor X were rehearsing some ridiculous stunt for a lodge meeting behind the drawn curtains, then his surmise is broken down by personal testimony. If he can rely on Neighbor Y's integrity, his honesty, and his sanity; if, further, he knows that he has no motive for distorting the facts, then his speculation about his neighbor's affairs was entirely wrong. In such instances one merely hazards a guess; he in no sense can be said to form an opinion.

Circumstantial evidence, then, must be taken for what it is

worth and no more. It is but partial basis for opinion; it always carries with it a thousandth chance of error. To draw final conclusions from such grounds is to be unfair and unsound in one's thinking.

Many of the opinions which we hug jealously to our bosoms are based on faulty circumstantial evidence. Perhaps the evidence is too scanty, too biased, or too doubtful. Are we justified in accepting the " facts " about a political candidate from a biased newspaper? Are we justified in our beliefs about sororities, free speech, or interracial marriage without more evidence on both sides? Are the authorities we trust for our facts reliable? Until we have investigated all the evidence, our opinion is but a prejudiced habit of mind and not a reasoned conviction.

Facts.

We call things " facts " when they are capable of objective and corroborative proof. It is a fact that the sun rises every morning. It is proved through each one's senses, and the truth of his senses is upheld by the agreement of other persons' senses. The whole scientific world is a world of facts. The scientist accepts no truths which he cannot submit to rigorous objective tests. Until his speculations are substantiated by facts, he calls them theories and carefully distinguishes between fact and theory. Many theories become facts on later demonstration and proof.

All scientific truths worked out in the laboratory we call facts. That typhoid fever is contracted from infected water or milk, that the earth is round, that yeast makes bread rise, that water is two parts hydrogen to one part oxygen, that light travels faster than sound — all these facts, and so many more that it would take endless books to list them, are capable of objective proof at any time that one wishes to submit them to laboratory test.

There is another sort of facts set up by less certain proof, but nevertheless by proof commonly accepted as authoritative as long as no contradictory evidence arises. We say it is a fact that Longfellow wrote *Paul Revere's Ride;* that the Egyptians

believed in the transmigration of souls; that Newton discovered the laws of gravitation. Such facts obviously cannot be proved by producing Longfellow or Newton or the ancient Egyptians and asking them to corroborate these statements. In such cases we must rely upon the authority of documents handed down to us; on relics that have outwitted the elements of destruction. The historian has a technique for ascertaining facts almost as reliable as that of the laboratory. By sifting evidence from various sources, by comparing and correlating evidence gathered from many independent sources, he is able to establish the accuracy of historical data. If there are three independent and reliable testimonies that Longfellow wrote *Paul Revere's Ride,* then scholars may accept this conclusion with certainty as long as no further evidence is found which contradicts it. All of history is founded on this sifting and correlating of the evidence remaining on parchments, on rocks, and in documents, letters, books, personal testimony, and records.

The layman must accept the facts which he cannot compile for himself from the many scholars who are experts in their fields. The individual has no way to consult the original evidence. He must rely on the specialist for information. But an individual may know something about the authorities whose word he trusts. He may know something of their integrity, their honesty, their competency. Every well-informed person knows the authorities in recognized fields of learning. Such names as Kepler, Copernicus, Darwin, Huxley, Faraday, Newton, Spencer, James, Plato, suggest to the cultured person great steps in the advance of knowledge. More modern authorities in a variety of fields are Mendel, Norman Angell, Bertrand Russell, Wundt, John Dewey, Luther Burbank, Steinmetz, Anatole France, and a great many others whom the student will meet in his other studies.

A fact, then, requires objective proof, proof of demonstration or proof of evidence carefully gathered by competent authorities. It is the duty of honest thinkers to know the outstanding facts of science and history which have been carefully accumulated by the scholars of the world. It is their duty, further-

more, to keep separate in their minds those things which are proved and those things which are but tentative conclusions. For opinions must be based on evidence. If the evidence is faulty, the opinion is worthless.

Inferences.

Opinions are a matter of *inference*. Two persons may interpret the same set of facts differently and thereby differ in opinion. Each has a right to draw his inference, providing he has looked at all the facts. Time alone, and the weight of new evidence and the corroboration of new minds, will decide which of the two inferences is correct. Neither person in his ardor of conviction has the right to acclaim his opinion as a fact unless it is demonstrable. One may say, "*It is a fact that I think* the World Court is a farce," but that is quite different from saying, "*It is a fact* that the World Court is a farce."

Inferences drawn from all available evidence and advanced frankly as opinions are legitimate even though they prove to be false. Inferences based on but partial evidence or biased evidence are unscientific and worthless.

We may all be convicted of holding wrong opinions, since there are no infallible judgments; but we may all hold honest and sincere opinions fairly arrived at. We can learn to say honestly and fearlessly, "I don't know." The first duty of the young thinker is to test what opinions he has by reason. If they are not based on facts accurately and fairly gathered, it is better to label them *prejudices,* or *habits of mind,* or *intellectual inheritances,* or what not, rather than convictions. Real convictions are rooted in facts intelligently and reasonably interpreted. Snap judgments, biased conclusions, narrow prejudices, personal caprice — these have no place in the mind of the honest thinker.

EXPERIMENT 72

The ideas listed below, selected at random, are to be investigated according to the three following tests:

1. Are they opinions about which you are entitled to a conviction, either for or against? (Reread pages 304–308 if you are not sure when you are entitled to hold an opinion.)

2. Are they opinions about which you have an unreasoned prejudice? Perhaps you are conscious of a very positive preference, but that preference cannot be explained specifically by reason.

3. Are there opinions here which you have never before considered, about which you are decidedly neutral?

For all three, make lists in your journal.

OPINIONS

1. Men are more sensible than women in dress.
2. The advertisers control the press.
3. The best way to dispose of a fool is to hire a hall for him.
4. Movies take the place of general reading.
5. A house-to-house salesman is a public nuisance.
6. Women are women's worst critics.
7. Fashions in clothes make little difference; fashions in ideas *do* make a difference.
8. Art is greater than technique.
9. Fads are fanned by commerce.
10. "Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside." — POPE.

Having separated these ideas into the three classifications enumerated, examine each of the resulting groups. For the ideas of the first group — opinions about which you are entitled to a conviction — set down the *facts* from which you draw your inferences. Thus:

The advertisers control the press.

A. A newspaper's sales at two cents a copy do not support it; the advertising is the other element of income. This fact I know from experience.

B. A newspaper man told me:
1. An instance of a news story being changed to protect the reputation of an advertiser.
2. An instance of theaters withdrawing their complimentary tickets because of an unfavorable review.

Would the above facts justify my believing that the press is controlled by the advertisements? After each of your analyses, indicate with a comment whether you think you are justified in your opinion.

In dealing with the opinions which fall into your second group, you are to analyze as far as you are able just why you have a prejudice, if you have one. Let us say that I have a "conviction" that moving pictures take the place of general reading. It is pos-

sible after careful and honest scrutiny for me to see that my "conviction" is but a defense for my lazy preferences. Perhaps I do not read; I do not wish to be chided for not reading. And so I very comfortably find this alibi. Now an alibi is very often given for a conviction. Look at these convictions of yours for which you can't find any evidence and see if you can't discover an alibi among them.

For the ideas of the final group you are to attempt to form an intelligent opinion. Turn back to page 31. Remember? *Association of words!* The section might have been called "Association of Ideas" just as well. Let your mind wander about easily along the trails of association. Suppose I choose the fifth idea, about salesmen. The idea of salesmen recalls perhaps a particular salesman, one that sold magazines. I recall an argument about the *American Magazine* with him. I prefer the *Century* to the *American;* I told him so, etc. Here is the way to gather what ideas you have about a given topic. The "opinion" is a later development. Gather all the facts and impressions first. Ask your family for more evidence on either side. Marshal your facts, all that you can gather, on both sides. Balance them. Then, when you have formed an opinion, test it by the following:

1. Is it based on facts that are significant?
2. Is it a fair opinion free from prejudice?
3. Does it outweigh the facts on the other side?

Your experiments with opinions should offer interesting material for class discussion and class comparison. Remember that to some degree your future thinking power will be affected by the way in which you carry out this experiment.

The Strategy of Convincing Others.

Until a person has convinced himself of an opinion, he cannot convince others. This is a safe maxim, with few exceptions, to remember in all attempts to convert others to one's way of thinking. The same logic which won himself will very likely win others. They, as well as he, must feel that the opinion is rooted in facts competently interpreted. They must feel his honesty in dealing with facts. Without this underlying sincerity no persuasive tactics will avail. One will convince others largely to the degree that he has convinced himself. His ability to think his own opinions clearly, therefore, is the basis for a clear expression to others.

"The Bone of Contention."

On page 299 was discussed the practical value of an outline, not as a written exercise of import to another, but as a mental exercise of significance to oneself. The dominating idea with its supporting assertions was held to be essential to the clearness of any explanation. The same principle with some modification holds true for the thinking out and the building up of an argument. One must either write down or think out the "brief," as such an outline is called in an argument.

Arguments never are stimulated by things in general. There must be a very definite "bone of contention"; else there is no quarrel. A person must disagree particularly with his neighbor about the child-labor amendment, or the League of Nations, or the treatment of the Negro, or else the difference of opinion challenges no argument. Some specific instance must precipitate the argument. Perhaps he has just finished telling about the famous Negro actor who, after having been received on the stage with the most generous applause, was denied a table at a fashionable after-theater restaurant in New York. Here is an idea to which there are two very definite sides. Should there be race discrimination in restaurants, or should there not? A clean-cut battle may be fought on this issue.

Always, then, there must be this clean-cut issue; else an argument is but a babble of disagreement, a brawl rather than a duel.

The first consideration of the brief is to isolate this bone of contention and make sure there is an argument. If two persons are arguing about the sins of economic slavery, they must first agree on what economic slavery is; else the argument will make no headway. Each will be quarreling over a different "bone," and at the end of the so-called argument each will claim his own bone as won from his opponent. If they are arguing about the possibility of changing human nature and one falls back on an assumption that human nature is inscrutable, then the argument cannot proceed until this assumption is argued away. This last assumption annihilates all that the other might advance in

the way of argument. The real bone of contention is then something different from what was at first picked out. Until this argument is settled, the first is futile.

How many arguments are of just that nature? The real clash of opinions is lost sight of; the ground of assumptions has not been cleared for battle; the agreement of definitions is not settled. Always such an argument ends disastrously, each side claiming victory, or neither side feeling satisfied with the outcome.

Geometry starts with certain axioms; that is, certain self-evident truths. On these axioms is built an elaborate " stair " of theorems, each step resting on the previous one. The student is asked to accept each axiom and each theorem in its natural order; else the ones to follow will have little meaning.

Analogous to these axioms in geometry are the particular predispositions toward life which are accepted as either self-evident or so ingrained through habit or training that they seem self-evident. They are axiomatic, and on these are built particular outlooks on life. If the axioms are not accepted, then the whole scheme of ideas about life must be rejected. Conversely, if the scheme of life is rejected, one naturally looks for the basic reason in the axioms which have been formulated.

There are many predispositions toward life with which we all are familiar. Examine the particular shade of a person's political, religious, social, or moral opinions, and you will find them rooted in certain assumptions which the believer takes as more or less self-evident truths. Granting these assumptions, the opinions are plausible.

Here is one person whose ideas rest on an axiom that life is a capricious affair to be regarded much as one regards a hand at poker or a roulette wheel. He believes in signs, in prophecy, in luck, in mascots, or in hoodoos. His whole tenor of thinking is colored by this superstition. Another believes in the orderliness of the universe. He believes in cause and effect, both of which are eventually scrutable to man's knowledge. Here we have two contradictory points of view; i.e. each one, if true, precludes the other. How useless, then, for them to

argue that *man is a product of his environment,* let us say. The man who believes in luck may discount on the ground of mere chance everything which the scientific man believes. There is little use in these persons' ever arguing anything except their bias; namely, is life capricious or orderly? The point of view of each regarding any of the social questions of life must be affected by their postulated faith, and these assumptions shut out all argument. Until they use the same symbols in their talk, they are disagreeing, but they are not arguing.

Such aimless combats give rise to a sense of the futility of thinking. They produce a " what's the use? " attitude. When his argument fails to arrive, a person is apt to lose faith in the value of thinking. For the worth of an argument, after all, is considered to be commensurate with its power to convince others.

Argument *isn't* of much use in the world, let it here be frankly stated, except in two instances:

First, to oneself, or to an audience removed from oneself at least by the distance between author and reader. To write one's arguments or to think them is constructive in that it builds up the faith of the writer or thinker. The written argument is not merely eager to score a victory. It avoids the emotional skirmishes of an oral combat. It may set up its own assumptions and argue logically from these assumptions.

Secondly, in a formal debate where the rules of the game are precisely set down. Here the specific argument is agreed on and the definition of terms is accepted. It differs as much from general argument as a tennis game differs from an aimless batting of the ball with the racket.

To conclude, the bone of contention is a vital factor in clear thinking as well as the indispensable factor in a worth-while argument. Even though general argument is excluded and formal debate is reserved for the few, the responsibility for perceiving the clashes in human opinion cannot be ignored by the thinker. Straight thinking demands a recognition of the " bone " in contending ideas. For this reason students are urged to consider the great issues of the day and argue them

out with an imaginary, if not a real, opponent. Whatever their success in convincing others, they must not fail to convince themselves.

EXPERIMENT 73

For the following ideas, can you state briefly in a section of your journal a possible "bone of contention"? Write in a single question some definite "crux" for an argument. For example, for the subject of business honesty, one might raise the debatable question, *Does the business man's conception of honesty square with the Golden Rule?* Test your bone of contention by asking yourself whether the argument as you phrase it is clearly debatable or whether it rests on assumptions and definitions which must first be cleared away. Are there clearly two sides to the question as you express it? Is your argument narrowed down to a very specific question?

1. Business honesty
2. War
3. Women in business
4. The value of education
5. Jazz
6. Fraternities
7. Freedom of speech
8. International peace
9. Cribbing
10. Effort as against achievement as a basis for marks

The Brief.

The formal debate is developed from the outline called a brief. In thinking through the arguments which every mind must meet, it is splendid practice to think in terms of the brief.

First, there is the bone of contention stated in positive form: *Resolved,* That the United States should enter the League of Nations. From such a point of departure, two roads of opinion open: first, the affirmative, affirming "yes" to the question; secondly, the negative, denying the measure. Both the affirmative and the negative side marshal their arguments to support their contentions with a "first," "secondly," "thirdly," etc., definitely formulated. Each side also anticipates the argument of its opponent and very definitely clears away all objections before proceeding with its constructive arguments.

In the brief is built up, a step at a time, an array of facts and evidence. Since a debate is a contest before an audience, the brief is carefully planned to provide arguments calculated to influence the judges and listeners. The strongest argument is usually reserved until the end. In casual argument one advances his best argument first, for if it is good enough, it very likely is sufficient.

A brief, then, is a concise outline expressed in terse sentences, planning the arguments with all the strategy of a military maneuver. Many of the military axioms are brought into use: Be on the offensive rather than on the defensive. Don't waste ammunition in individual skirmishes, but mass your arguments in solid formation, crushing the enemy by your superior force.

The following is a brief used in a high-school debate. The form may be imitated for formal debates; the general principle may be followed in writing and thinking.

A BRIEF [1]

Resolved, That the United States should immediately join the League of Nations.

(*Affirmative Argument*)

I. The United States should immediately join the League of Nations because it is the best instrument devised for securing peace, for:

A. The League is world-wide in membership, for:

1. There are fifty-four nations holding membership, including European, Oriental, South and North American nations.
2. Seventy-five per cent of the peoples of the world are in the League.

B. The organization of the League is fundamentally sound in principle and structure, for:

1. It provides in the Assembly a place where every nation (no matter how small) which is a member of the League can bring its international troubles and get a hearing. It is analogous to the stockholders of a corporation.

[1] Brief used in debate between Central High School, Minneapolis, and Fargo High School, Fargo, N. D., in a debate held at Central High School in January, 1925.

2. It provides a less cumbersome body of ten members (with a place reserved for the United States), analogous to a board of directors.
3. It provides for a corps of expert secretaries, known as the International Secretariat, for the purpose of keeping the members of the League constantly informed on all matters of importance.
4. It provides for a world court of justice.

C. The League's method of preventing war is sound and practicable, for:

1. The members are pledged not to go to war until three months after the decision or report of the council, which may take six months. This causes a delay of nine months and a consequent cooling off.
2. The League relies on the publicity engendered to check the nations. It relies on persuasion rather than force.
3. Nations breaking their pledge and those refusing to abide by the decisions would be subject to an economic boycott.
4. Coercion may be used in extreme cases and then only with the unanimous consent of the League, consent of the countries which furnish the troops, failure of public opinion and of the economic boycott. And then only for two reasons:
   a. A war of aggression after the Council has made an adverse decision.
   b. Making war on a member without submitting the case to the Council and then waiting three months after the decision.
5. It is infinitely superior to the old methods of balance of power or perpetual preparation for war, for:
   a. These methods led to the terrible Great War.
   b. They will lead to a much more fearful war.
6. Occasional conferences are inadequate and least useful when wanted.

II. The United States should join the League of Nations immediately in order to make the League even more successful, for:

A. The League is already a success, for:

1. It succeeded in repatriating war prisoners after the International and American Red Cross and the International Y.M.C.A. had failed.
2. It put Austria on her feet after the Allied Conference had failed to do anything.
3. It established the international court of justice after the world had been trying for years to bring one into existence.

4. It has succeeded in preventing a number of wars:
   a. Aaland Islands.
   b. Polish-Lithuanian dispute.
   c. Albanian dispute.
   d. Italo-Greek dispute.
   e. Memel dispute.
   f. Boundary trouble between Hungary and Austria.
   g. Between Hungary and Jugoslavia.
   h. The Saar Basin.
   i. Danzig.
5. It has developed a system of world health coöperation.
6. It struck heavy blows at the opium traffic and aided in putting down other immoral practices.
7. It registered and published seven hundred secret treaties.
8. It is now working on the disarmament problem.
9. It is reducing unfair competition and securing better working conditions among the low-wage nations.

B. The entrance of the United States would increase its effectiveness; for:
1. Nations do not dare to disarm while America prepares for war.
2. America is the most powerful nation in the world today.
3. America is the ideal of many nations and the recognized leader of the world.

EXPERIMENT 74

From any of the following "bones," you may choose five for the writing of briefs. Choose them for their interest to you and for your conviction in them. A sincere argument has the advantage over the mere "sporting" argument. Your motive here is not victory but clear thinking. Write convincing briefs in your journal for each of the five. From the briefs thus assembled, the class can argue in a formal debate. The suggestions on page 318 will aid your organization.

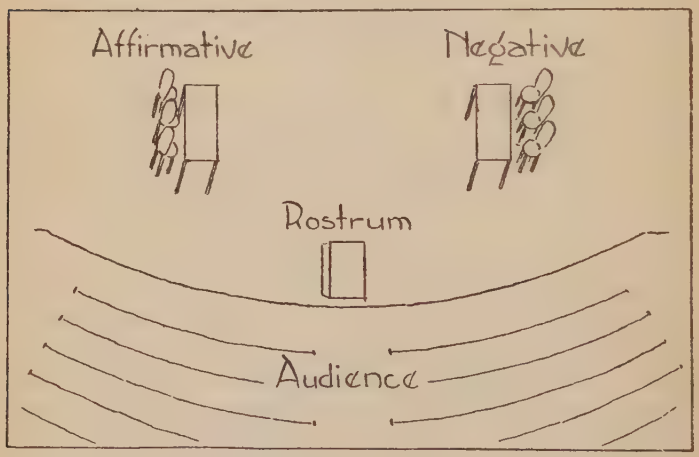
BONES OF CONTENTION

1. *Resolved*, That high school fraternities should be abolished.
2. *Resolved*, That a student council can best handle the matter of cribbing in examinations.
3. *Resolved*, That plagiarism should be punishable by dismissal from school.
4. *Resolved*, That girls in high school should wear uniform dress.
5. *Resolved*, That training of wild animals for circuses should be prohibited.

6. *Resolved,* That billboard advertising should be prohibited.
7. *Resolved,* That the honor system is the best cure for dishonesty.
8. *Resolved,* That movies do not take the place of general reading.
9. *Resolved,* That the United States should avoid all alliances with European countries.
10. *Resolved,* That organized capital is more dangerous to society than organized labor.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ORGANIZING A DEBATE IN CLASS

1. Have a speaker to introduce the debate, to state the question, and to present the speakers.
2. Appoint a timekeeper to limit the time of each speaker.
3. Debaters should face the audience in something like this formation:



4. It is customary to have three speakers on each side.
5. Let the affirmative speak first.
6. It is customary to allow a definite time for the speakers; five minutes is practical for a classroom debate.
7. It is customary to select three judges, unprejudiced persons competent to judge.
8. After all the constructive arguments, each speaker is allowed a definite time, about one to three minutes in a classroom debate, for rebuttal, i.e. answering the specific arguments of opponents.
9. The negative always opens the rebuttal.

10. Each side should have one brief, agreed on by all its speakers. The arguments should then be divided among the speakers.
11. The first speaker should introduce the plan of attack, and the last speaker should sum up the arguments with the proper emphasis.
12. The formal way of opening each speech is: "Honorable judges, worthy opponents, and ladies and gentlemen."

The following books on debating will make further suggestions:

1. *A Manual of Debate and Oral Discussion,* I. M. O'Neil (The Century Company).
2. *The Fundamentals of Argumentation and Debate,* J. Walter Reeves (D. C. Heath and Company).
3. *The Elements of Debating,* L. S. Lym (University of Chicago Press).
4. *Better Speech,* Woolbert and Weaver (Harcourt, Brace and Company).

The Conflicts of Opinions.

The great battleground of ideas is the current article in newspapers and magazines and in books. It is here that the great arguments in disputed fields of learning have won victory or defeat. When the fury of intellectual warfare has subsided, the best of this controversial writing finds a place in literature and may be found in our libraries in volumes of essays. Quite as thrilling as and more inspiring than the history of military warfare is the record of the battles of ideas. Slavery was no more a challenge to arms than a challenge to argument. Wendell Phillips, the great orator, was as much a Civil War hero as Ulysses Grant.

The great ideas of social justice, personal liberty, international peace, scientific inquiry, and religious freedom have first been explained to the public by the great hosts of essayists — some serious, some whimsical, some satiric, some ardent, some calm — and then defended or attacked, and at last applauded and upheld by the victors. If one is alert to the changing ideas of the present, he sees this continual struggle for the supremacy of ideas going on with unceasing vigor all about him in magazine and newspaper. Back of every significant event in the current history of the day is the idea which must

be dealt with. Ideas of peace and war, ideas of justice and injustice, ideas of crime and punishment, of property rights and human rights — these are some of the contending principles men are fighting for. The great gains made in our civilization will be because of the victory of certain ideas over other ideas.

All the great intellectual battles are a matter of literary history. One may read the essays of Francis Bacon, John Stuart Mill, Thomas Henry Huxley, Thomas B. Macaulay, Matthew Arnold, Thomas Carlyle, Henry Thoreau, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and live again in the fervor of their eloquence. Or one may turn to the current magazines and witness the struggle of ideas in the present.

The Essay.

In 1571, in an old château of France, Michel de Montaigne, a cultured Frenchman, secluded himself in order to think unmolested by the cares and worries of the world. " To preserve his memories " and " to clarify his reflections " he wrote a little book, *Essais,* which means " attempts " or " trials." From this title the term " essay " was derived and now serves to name that familiar literary form.

So elastic is this form that there are almost no definite requirements for its technique. The idea, not the form, dominates the essay. There are informal essays which leisurely unfold a writer's whims and fancies; there are controversial essays which collar the reader and bid him heed; there are scientific essays expounding new theories and new discoveries; there are travel essays, descriptive essays, and expository essays, all explaining with varied color the ideas and impressions of the writer. Some essays preach to their readers; some laugh with their readers; some are indifferent to their readers, and some are conversational and friendly with their readers. The idea and the personality of the writer make the particular mold or form for the essay.

EXPERIMENT 75

The following list of essays, both modern and of the past, offers opportunity for witnessing the struggle of ideas. Read five or six, as your teacher suggests, and note in your journal some comment about the struggle, about the ideas, etc.

Agnes Repplier . . .	*The Eternal Feminine*
S. P. Sherman . . .	*The Genius of America*
R. L. Stevenson . . .	*Virginibus Puerisque*
H. D. Thoreau . . .	*Walden*
Thomas Henry Huxley . .	*Essays*
Francis Bacon . . .	*Essays*
John Burroughs . . .	*Locusts and Wild Honey*
S. M. Crothers . . .	*Gentle Reader*
Arnold Bennett . . .	*How to Live on 24 Hours a Day*
Hugh Black	*Friendship*
Thomas Carlyle . . .	*Heroes and Hero-Worship*
S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain)	*What Is Man?*
R. W. Emerson . . .	*Manners*
	Compensation
	Self-Reliance
David Grayson . . .	*Adventures in Contentment*
Hamilton Wright Mabie .	*Books and Culture*
Brander Matthews . .	*Vignettes of Manhattan*
Theodore Roosevelt . .	*The Strenuous Life*
Charles Lamb . . .	*Essays of Elia*
Matthew Arnold . . .	*Culture and Anarchy*

The Style of the Essay.

Since the idea and the personality of the writer have so much to do in determining the particular form of the essay, there are but a few definite principles which can be set down for imitation.

The first principle is that of growth. The idea of an essay should show growth, or else it ceases to interest its readers. There is little or no element of suspense within the essay, as there is within the story; here the reader substitutes an interest in a *growing idea* for the pique of curiosity. There are several patterns of growth: a tiny seed, a plant, a blossom; infancy, youth, maturity; an egg, a fledgling, a bird. Just so with the cycle of an idea; it must come to a blossom, a ma-

turity of conception, else the very life of the essay seems blasted. There are no set rules for thus causing an idea to grow in the mind of a reader. However, for each germ idea strangled in its development, there is a special reason which analysis will reveal. The growth or development of each idea for an essay must be considered by itself; but a careful study of each of the essays read under Experiment 75 should suggest a pattern. A review of pages 288–299 should suggest also how each idea must follow another in a logical sequence.

Smoothness through Transition.

The smoothness of any essay depends largely on how carefully and logically the ideas are arranged, and how faithfully they adhere to a pattern. It depends also on how neatly bridged are the ideas by means of transitions. *Transition* means literally "a going across" — a crossing from one idea to another. The little words that link the paragraphs together in thought are these little word-bridges. Such expressions as *therefore, since this is so, another, then, the next, this, the following,* and many other words and phrases, while scarcely calling attention to themselves, subtly join ideas together. The following illustrations of opening sentences of paragraphs will explain the function of transitions:

The picturesque butterfly type of student is in for some bad weather.

Another type that misuses the college opportunity, etc.

Now comes a class of students more baffling to understand, etc.

In these illustrations, the words *another* and *now* carry along the ideas so that there is no break caused by the paragraph divisions.

Sometimes the reference to the preceding paragraph comes in the middle of a paragraph. Sometimes, too, the transition is hidden in the inherent meaning of a passage and no particular reference word is supplied. It is best for the beginner to practice the more obvious transitions before he trusts too much to the direct coherence of his ideas.

EXPERIMENT 76

Examine any piece of prose that you are reading for some other assignment, or for some other experiment, and jot down in your journal a comment about the clearness through transition. Note the use made of connective words.

EXPERIMENT 77

In your journal write three or more connected paragraphs on some idea suggested on page 309, and aim to imitate the transitions you have discovered.

Clearness.

A thorough understanding of one's own idea is the first essential in expressing it to others. One way of testing clearness of understanding is to return to a piece of writing after it has lain for a day and review it with the same objective criticism it would receive from another. It is safe to assume that no piece of writing should be handed to a teacher or to a publisher just as it comes from the pen of the author. Only after it has cooled, so to speak, and the author has been able to come upon it with a fresh point of view and revise it in this new light, should it be submitted to readers.

Criticism.

The average person, young or old, is sentimental about criticism. He falls into the lazy acceptance of two platitudes: first, that it is rude and ill-bred to criticize; second, that a destructive criticism without constructive suggestion is unjustifiable. In both these generalizations there is the partial truth that blinds one to the whole truth.

In the social world, criticism is an error in courtesy and a trespass on individual integrity. But what of the business world, the political world, the artistic world, the educational world? An employer criticizes his employee, a candidate his rival's platform; a teacher criticizes a student, and an art critic a painting. As a matter of sober truth, we all criticize almost everything and everybody. It is a matter of intellectual

judgment to estimate the worth of the latest novel, a neighbor's extravagance, a hero's integrity, or a rival's idea. To abstain sentimentally from criticism is to become intellectually paralyzed.

To criticize, however, does not mean that one gives public expression to his opinion unless the occasion demands. If one has a venomous passion to satisfy by criticism, if one has an "ax to grind," or if one has any other motive than pure reasonableness, he should withhold his judgment. If an incident is none of his business, he withholds his opinion; if a criticism does harm, he withholds it. But to be reasonable in the expression of opinion, to be generous in one's judgment, is not to sacrifice one's critical faculties.

The second tenet of faith in the mind of the unthinking is that only constructive criticism is justifiable. Here again is the half truth that obscures the whole truth.

A destructive person is one who wantonly destroys for no other purpose than to wreck or to obliterate. One who smashes through the opinions of another in vandal fashion is hardly an admirable opponent. But here again the motive largely determines guilt. Is a farmer destructive when he kills rabbits to save a young orchard? Is a gardener destructive who pulls weeds in a flower bed? Is an engineer destructive who wrecks an unsafe tenement? Is a scientist destructive who exposes a fallacy? Obviously, to destroy pests, dangers, and error is commendable. The merit of destructive criticism depends entirely on what is destroyed.

And what of the destruction of false ideas? Must an engineer build a mansion to justify his wrecking of a tenement? Must a champion of the Negro's rights refrain from denouncing injustice because he cannot dispose of the whole Negro problem? Clearly, destructive criticism is good in itself if the thing to be destroyed is an evil. Other hands than the engineer's will erect the mansion on the ruin of the tenement; other minds will dispose of the Negro problem, once they have been convinced of the injustice. The elimination of false belief, injustice, intolerance, crime, sin, poverty, disease, is a good. A person is sometimes known by the things he de-

nounces. To compromise with error, intolerance, injustice, in a sentimental fear of destructive criticism, is to permit evil to grow and attain power.

Literary Criticism.

Always when a book or an article leaves the press, the author asks with eagerness: " What will the critics say? " The " critics " are a group of literary men whose opinion often determines in large measure the success or failure of a book. All metropolitan newspapers have on their staffs professional musical critics, dramatic critics, and literary critics. A great singer, a famous actor, a renowned novelist awaits with interest the encouragement of these writers, whose opinions he values. Many magazines — those which incline toward the literary — also have on their staffs competent critics who review the recent books and comment about authors, books, and ideas. Magazines, also, such as the *Theatre Magazine,* the *Arts and Crafts Magazine,* etc., have their corps of critics. There are also scholars with a wider range of appreciation than that of most of the press critics, who give their life to criticism, writing volumes on the criticism of certain authors and their significance, or on some school of artists and its contribution to art. Walter Pater, William Morris, Matthew Arnold, Sainte-Beuve are some of the names associated with literary criticism. More recent names are H. L. Mencken, Stuart Sherman, and Carl Van Doren.

The practical value of criticism is that it assists the ordinary person to form his own opinions, not by imitation, but by the challenging of his best thought. It directs his reading and his fields of inquiry. It gives him also a glimpse into the thought of his times.

EXPERIMENT 78

Students of writing and thinking should in a small way follow some of the current expression of opinion as they may so easily find it in magazine and newspaper. For the next play or movie which you attend, find the newspaper review. Comment in your journal upon how your own opinion agrees with or differs from the newspaper's opinion.

Try to get hold of a recent book whose review appears in some magazine. Contrast or compare your own opinion with the one you read.

Read in such magazines as the *Atlantic Monthly,* the *Bookman,* the *Century,* etc., the department of literary criticism. Make a notation in your journal regarding what you find and what you think and what interests you.

If you have some special interest such as stagecraft, arts and crafts, nature, travel, etc., ask a librarian for the magazine on your subject, and then become a reader of opinion on your subject. Follow the opinions of others and thus help form your own.

How to Write Criticism.

Criticism worthy of the name should be intelligent, honest, and impersonal.

A person is competent to hold a worth-while opinion of a book, a play, a symphony, only if he knows something about books, plays, and symphonies. He must know other books, plays, symphonies. He must know something of the craft or art which goes into producing them; and he must see them from a larger point of view than any of his individual likes or dislikes. A person may not like jazz or melodrama or detective stories; still, to condemn a melody, a moving picture, or a Sherlock Holmes story merely because they are what they are is short-sighted criticism. One may not like Airedale dogs so well as Shepherd dogs. Still, if one is a judge at a dog show, he must pick the prize Airedales not from Shepherds, but from Airedales. A good thing, or a bad thing, is good or bad of its kind. An intelligent criticism estimates the excellence of a thing within its class before it attempts to discuss the value of the class in which it belongs. One may say that a certain play is excellent melodrama, but that he considers melodrama inferior to drama. To distinguish thus between values is to heighten the significance of criticism.

An intelligent criticism, also, is always specific, not general. Mere general praise or censure is ineffective because it points out no definite idea. Note in the following criticisms from a daily newspaper [1] how specific are the comments:

[1] *Minnesota Daily Star,* E. A. Cook, music critic.

Galli-Curci sings "Comin' through the Rye" *like a happy school boy fluting in the sunshine.*

Mary Garden endows the song with a rich sensuousness which is subtle, *romantic with a suggestion of a gathering storm on the horizon.*

Frieda Hempel's voice is rich and sweet throughout its range. In her two opening songs she *sparkled through the coloratura passages with charming ease,* and in those songs where she competed with the flute, she stood the test of tone quality without flaw or blemish.

A criticism, further, must be honest. The only excuse for a criticism is that it represents the actual opinion of some one competent to judge. If that opinion is a dishonest one, if it is given falsely to gain favor, it defeats the basic purpose of criticism. A criticism must be fearless and free, else it degrades the name of criticism, and destroys the integrity of the critic.

EXPERIMENT 79

Remembering the precepts of criticism mentioned above, write out for some book you are reading, possibly in connection with some other experiment, a brief review and criticism. You may imitate the criticisms that you read for Experiment 78. You will have to base your opinions upon your knowledge of other books of the same kind. If the book is entirely beyond your reading experience, do not attempt a criticism, but choose another book, of a kind of which you do know something. Of course your opinion will be immature, but if it is honest, if it is specific, it will be acceptable for this experiment.

Attempt another brief criticism of some amateur performance which you feel competent to criticize. Assume that it is written for your school paper, perhaps. Write a criticism of one of the short stories on pages 174–246.

A Second Adventure in Writing.

For a second adventure in writing, you are to attempt an essay of the style that your personality and taste will dictate. It may be an essay of information, an essay of opinion, or a light essay. Perhaps the members of your class will decide to have every type of essay mentioned in this chapter represented in a class volume. Doubtless there will be in your class some member who can illustrate pages or design a cover; some

one will be able to typewrite or print, and the essays of the class may be attractively bound. Whatever the project, whether it be a volume of essays by the class or but a single manuscript of your own, it is to be undertaken as a finished creative effort into which you will put your best workmanship.

Look back over your journal for ideas for the essay. Determine first of all upon a central idea or dominating theme. Test the size of your idea and outline it briefly.

Before starting to write, determine the style which is appropriate to your idea. Are you going to write a descriptive essay about your observations in the woods? Then your style should be concrete and picturesque. Are you going to write a convincing essay about high-school fraternities? Then a clear, forceful style is needed. Your purpose in writing — to entertain, to persuade, to inform — your own personal attitude toward your subject, and the idea itself, should determine the style of your essay.

The essays at the end of this chapter, written by students in high school, will serve as interesting suggestions of the variety of subject matter and treatment which lie within the powers of the high-school student. They may also serve as material for class discussion. Read them with a critical mind and let them open up for you the possibilities of the essay for students in high school.

Reread Chapters VI and VII before you write your essay.

Reading Your Essay to the Class.

When your essay is finished, it is to be read aloud to the members of your class as an experiment in oral presentation of an idea. Can you make your idea the idea of the class? Can you so express it that it awakens their interest and attention and understanding? If your voice is monotonous, if your emphasis is wrongly placed, or if the words and phrases are not voiced so that they assume the right relation to one another, you will not get your idea into the minds of your audience.

Pronounce each word carefully, with full attention to appropriate tone color or inflection. Make sure that each word is

pronounced with all its characteristic quality. Your pitch and inflection, also, should indicate contrast in thought. If a sentence is long, your voice should be held in suspense until the end.

The reading of the essays should furnish an interesting class project in which members of the class share more fully their ideas with their classmates.

ESSAYS BY HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENTS

SNAKES

(Freshman)

The mention of snakes sends a chill down most people's backs. But if these people were asked to explain just what there was about a snake that they were so afraid of, they would be unable to give any reasons more definite than that snakes are horrid, slimy things. As a matter of fact, that fear is in all ways as silly and devoid of reason as the practices of the so-called degenerate heathen that we hold in half contempt and half pity. We laugh at head-hunting and self-torture and idol-worshiping, and, in the next moment, fly into a frenzy of fear and anger, and club or stone to death a perfectly harmless and peaceful friend of the farmer. We then puff out our chests and, holding up that little snake, which at best could not master more than a frog or a mouse, broadcast to the world that we are the victorious hero of a thrilling battle.

This is what you have done: you have killed, as I said before, a harmless and valuable creature, a snake that spends its life gliding about in search of mice, rats, frogs, and gophers. In destroying these field mice and pocket gophers, he is ridding the farmer of a pest that the farmer cannot check himself, and one that is yearly a destroyer of large amounts of grain. Yet at every opportunity we pounce upon this public benefactor and club him out of existence. This is an excellent way of showing our ignorance, total lack of reasoning power and of common horse sense.

I want to state that, contrary to the common belief, a snake is in no way slimy, cold, or repulsive. The skin of a snake is covered with scales of different colors. They are smooth and polished, and do not bear the slightest trace of that slimy stickiness that supposedly educated people will tell you about in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases. The snake's bodily temperature changes to match the temperature of whatever sub-

stance it rests upon. Hold a snake in your hands five minutes, and he will assume the temperature of your body.

We who advocate good will toward snakes are always told about the poisonous varieties; people argue that, being unable to tell the poisonous from the non-poisonous, they will kill all and be on the safe side. This again shows the mental limitations of some people on this subject. To try to kill a poisonous snake is a decidedly dangerous undertaking, and a non-poisonous snake needs no killing; so let them alone entirely. A poisonous snake will not attack unless it has reason to believe it is going to be harmed in some manner. This rule has no exception. Unless a snake is attacked, it will pay no attention to you except to get out of your way as quickly as possible. A snake seeks no quarrel.

On the North American continent we have only four varieties of poisonous snakes: the rattler, the copperhead, the water moccasin, and the coral snake. Of these, the rattler is the only variety to be found north of the Mason and Dixon line.

As for the rattler, he is by far the most honorable of dangerous creatures. He attacks only on provocation, and then only after fair and ample warning. However, I do not seek to protect the rattler, for it is my opinion that he should be exterminated. No great fear need be attached to him if let alone.

SKATING BY AN AMATEUR

(*Sophomore*)

I consulted two authorities, both dictionaries, on the meaning of the words *to skate*. "To move on the ice," and "to slide on the ice." The latter is the only one that applies to me; I can slide on the ice — flat down. That doesn't mean, though, that the first dictionary was wrong, for indeed I have seen many people who can move on ice.

My feet usually behave very properly on land, but on skates they either show a sudden inordinate love for each other, keeping as close as possible and refusing to act independently, or

after an unspoken quarrel, they separate and refuse to come within a proper distance of each other.

I am very enterprising and ambitious on the skating rink. I like to get out in the middle where the crowd is the thickest and then — well, other people must wish I wasn't of so progressive a nature.

My greatest difficulties are strings of boys holding hands. They advance with terrifying speed, and I am awe-struck and stand still in front of the swiftly approaching line. That is, my feet are awed. They refuse to move; in fact, they can't move. The line eventually meets me and divides in two, and most of the company sit down. I sit down too, but then that is no unusual feat for me; the boys, however, seem less used to it. They look grieved and insulted as though *I* were to blame. They then mumble something inaudible at me and depart, leaving me sitting.

I'm getting wary, too, of girls who skate backwards. (I do not like to skate that way; in fact, I can't. My legs consider it a gross indignity for me even to ask them to.) The skater, not being Argus, does not see me, and I, absorbed in loftier thoughts, do not see her. I feel her, though. Once, a young lady and I, having performed an acrobatic feat, during which I felt as if I were looking into a kaleidoscopic world, found ourselves comfortably sitting on the ice staring at each other. The young lady was extremely annoyed, it seemed.

I have now skated faithfully for five years, and this year I am going to begin again with renewed ardor. Each year I improve. I flop down more gracefully now, and have even learned to smile sweetly at profane skaters.

AT CHURCH

(*Sophomore*)

Occasionally, like other mortals, I have a religious streak, and attend church. Therefore one bright Sunday morning finds me ready to give the congregation the honor, as well as the pleasure, of viewing me.

I am late, but nothing matters as long as I am present.

Once there, my mind begins to wander. The minister's droning voice seems to come from a cold, dark cavern. I wonder: "What if he should fall asleep, as I should like to do?" Other irreverent thoughts come crowding into my mind, and though I am in church, I relish them. I notice a particularly smart hat and am beginning to make mental notes about it when I am rudely disturbed. There is a tug at my arm; some one pushes a hymn book at me and whispers: "Get up." I am aroused out of my apathy by a sound like the booming of the waves. It is the congregation rolling and tossing on the tempestuous sea of life. The lady in front seems to rise and fall with each swelling billow. Up and down, up and down, she goes. I restrain a desire to push her into the heaving sea of faces below.

The singing stops. The monotonous droning commences anew. My spirits sink; I seem to be falling into a doze, but I vigorously shake it off, and try to appear attentive. The words of salvation are meant for my ears, too; so I strive to listen. I do, for about ten minutes. Then my attention begins to wane and my thoughts to roam. I look around for a diversion, and, finding none, I apply myself diligently to the study of my fellow sinners.

In front of me is the old lady of the heaving breast, making an heroic effort to sit up straight and listen, but I can see that she would like to nap a while. Next to her sits an old gentleman, with his hands folded, the very picture of sweet innocence. I cannot see his face, but from his unassuming attitude, I presume that his is a benign countenance. Next are a couple who have brought their only son and heir. His antics are a delight to me. He twists and he squirms, he itches and he twitches, despite the protests of his father and mother combined. Now I see him drawing pictures on an envelope; now he is playing with his father's watch. Tiring of this, he leans back; and making a telescope of his hands, he looks through them at the gleaming lights, while trying to persuade his irritated father to do the same. When the collection is taken, he wants to know if he "can have a penny," until he is silenced

by threats from his father. On the other balcony I see several ladies covertly admiring the chic hat that I have noticed. Other ladies are conversing in whispers about something, and I see one throw open her coat to show a lovely dress. Looking again at the little boy, I discover a faint, oh, a very faint feeling of envy. The slight tinge of envy grows deeper and I voice it to myself: " Oh, to be a child again! "

While I have been glancing around I have not been careful to sit straight and still (as becomes a young lady in church), and now I feel an ominous something near me. I cannot imagine what it is, but I hear a slight cough behind, and turn. I perceive the baleful eyes of a sharp old lady on me, and her horrified face shows that she is obviously displeased.

Hurriedly, I turn away, and attempt to pay attention, but I can still feel her sharp eyes on me; can still see the aquiline nose on her acid visage. I am chilled by this; then I chance to meet the eye of a friend. She smiles, I smile, and my fear is dispelled.

Once more I turn my attention back to the deep, resonant voice of the minister, but it has ceased. From the rustling of leaves around me, I judge that the last hymn is to be sung. I decide to contribute to the general rejoicing, but hardly have I begun when I again feel the sharp eyes of the old lady on me. Nothing daunted, I keep on to the end, when I discover that I have been singing the wrong hymn.

Then come the prayers and the benediction. I take part, for I realize that here lies my only chance of being saved. It is, for I am saved from the wrath of the old lady.

My hand is shaken several times like a pump handle, and my health is solicitously inquired after by gushing ladies; then I thankfully depart. Though I have missed almost half the service, I am glad that I have been to church.

NIGHT IN THE FOREST

(*Sophomore*)

Laying down my pipe and book, I opened the door. It was November. All day the overcast sky and raw northern wind

had heralded the approach of winter's first snow. I stood in the door a moment, and as I listened to the stealthy brooding of the night, it came — great fluffy flakes, floating wearily down and settling to rest like birds after a long flight.

All around my lonely cabin, the wilderness awoke to life at the touch of the fairy flakes. A white owl quested the clearing on his never-ceasing search for easy prey. Furtive hares nibbled, frolicked, and circled endlessly in the dry leaves of the dying forest — now thrown into rampant life by imprisoning clouds, again frozen to gray shadows by some scarce-heard rustle in the undergrowth.

Far from the encircling hills lanced down a curdling shriek, some wild dog lifting a slavered mouth in one long, wolfish howl, sweeping the soul back down the stars of time. Then silence, vibrant, lethal, with the frost singing like taut wire.

Tragedy breathed rampant in blood and theft, as soft-pawed murderers of the night stepped the shadowed wastes. Gaunt hunger, like a famished god, stalked the frozen corridors of forest and swamp, calling forth the thin-ribbed creatures of claw and fang.

Suddenly into the silence broke a moaning whine, trailing off into a long bellowing howl and ending in a series of short grunts. Then a crash in the underbrush; some mammoth moose, startled out of his usual noiseless glide — a thing of beauty in itself, so gracefully does the huge body, crowned by arching, palmated antlers, slip through the dead foliage — whirled, and sent his ungainly bulk hurtling back over the silent miles to where spires of squat pine rimmed the safety of his swamp home.

Behind me the clock struck one, two, three, four lonely strokes, that seemed to shrink and draw together in fear of the mysteries of the night, as they sped past me and out over the white, lustrous miles. A faint glow grew and widened in the east as the gates opened to admit a new day. With a sigh I closed the door and crept, half frozen, to my bunk.

THE LURE OF THE ANTIQUE

Illustrations by the author

(*Junior*)

The charm that rests in a rare piece of furniture is the pitfall that lies in the path of every seeker of the true antique. Do you know these pitfalls and feel the charm of old beauty?

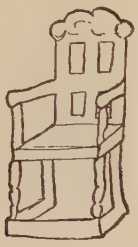
One may walk down Fifth Avenue in New York City and see, in the windows of furniture stores, lovely creations or re-creations of Queen Anne or Chippendale. It's often true that those old pieces of Renaissance were cut and polished in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Nine out of every ten seekers of the true antique are buying pseudo-period furniture. In other words, they buy the applied art of their own factories.

The average American likes a quick and easy path to knowledge, but there is no easy way to become familiar with historic styles.

To be definite, in explaining the various types of antique styles, I shall illustrate roughly.

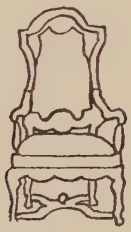
Savonarola! What an artistic word! Doesn't it remind you of Florence and of lovely Italy? Did you ever sit in a chair that compelled you to sit like a queen? The beautiful Arethusa, the white slave of Messer Carlos, sitting in a Savonarola chair, looking out over the bay, dotted with sails, drifting dreamily downstream toward the city, is only one of the many pictures connected with this lovely model of the sixteenth century.

The style of the Tudor period shows a mixture of Flemish and French. The English caught somewhat of the artistry, but missed the comfort.



In the early part of the reign of Louis XIV, we see a distinct change.

The chairs were large and comfortable, usually upholstered in brocade and velvet. It is interesting to watch the develop-



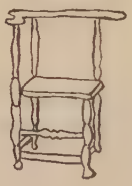
ment of the legs. Louis XIV chairs had straight legs until the beginning of the eighteenth century. Then they became more curved and slender.

William and Mary styles are overworked. Imagine what their creator, Daniel Marot, would say, to look upon our phonograph, fondly termed William and Mary! The style was heavy and elaborate. The chairs had claw and ball feet, and the beds were heavily canopied. Louis XIV used the William and Mary style extensively in his palace, though his own type was extremely popular at the time.

Years ago, the temperamental waters of the Atlantic tossed a determined little shell on its waves in a vain attempt to wreck its shining beauty. The little shell was called the *May-*

flower, and no wonder the cruel monster could not conquer it. In the cabin were one hundred of the bravest men and women in England, who had left their native land in the hope of finding a free shore on the other side of the raging foam. Among the passengers was a Windsor chair, one of the few artistic bits, belonging to John Winthrop, the leader of the band. Thus was the Windsor type introduced to America. It has lived to the present day and is both loved and admired for its simplicity and charm.

Meanwhile, Spain introduced the roundabout or corner chair. It was square in every detail, standing cornerwise with



the fourth corner and leg in front. Its delicate lines forbade its being used as anything but an artistic ornament.

George Hepplewhite, the " exponent of elegance," took great pride in his shield-back chairs, reminiscent of Lancelot and Elaine, and distinguished by their curves and proportion.

The popular Queen Anne type was presented to her Majesty by Thomas Chippendale (1735). His workmanship was

of the highest form of perfection, and his designs were both daring and varied. Queen Anne tables are the most dainty things imaginable, with their tapering, carved legs and satinwood tops.

Thomas Chippendale also perfected a lovely idea of his own, the square-backed dining-room chair. A vase or urn, beautifully carved, was set in the back, adding to its unusual beauty.

After 1840, there was no American style worth being called anything but American. Heavy machine-made things appeared. We have just arrived at the point of realization that variety and novelty do not mean advance. Therefore, the twentieth century is witnessing an improvement in taste and construction which has resulted in a new Renaissance.

ROADS

(*Junior*)

What fascinating things are roads! Think of the possibilities of the road just beyond that next curve. Maybe it is slipping quietly through a fairylike dell. Maybe it bustles between hedges or houses. Maybe it rolls smoothly under the feet of playing children. Perhaps it wobbles on the brink of a precipice. Whatever it does, the element of uncertainty just before you turn the corner is charming.

I like roads — all roads: the big, wide, bustly kind with cars and people rushing over them; the quieter streets where boys play baseball and spin tops; the little narrow ones across which the top stories of houses shake hands; but most of all I like roads out in the country, with tall trees on either side dwarfing them.

There is a road like this near me. It is an unexplored friend. Some day I am going to follow that road wherever it leads. It tempts me whenever I pass. The branches of the trees on the side sway and seem to call: "Come on! Once you are here, we can keep you, we know." I know it, too. That is why sometimes I fear that friendly little road. It is *too* charming. On the day I start along it, I feel, I shall never stop.

Paths are infant roads. Often, like human beings, the children are much more interesting than the parents. Paths are most friendly. They skip ahead of you, pulling you around the corner to see a marvel: a squirrel with a nut, or a nest of baby birds. Some paths are shy. You have to hunt for them and make friends of them before you see anything there. Man-planned paths are not so attractive as others. They are like children who have taken elocution or dancing lessons. They are not modest enough. Many of them become sophisticated and wear asphalt paving and try to act like grown-up roads.

Paths in parks are not as appealing as stolen paths. The kind that are in some one's pasture and are meant for private use are ever so nice if you steal them. As the stolen fruit makes the best eating, stolen paths are the best walking. They have a spicy flavor in their sudden jumps and twists. Park

paths, on the other hand, cannot jump and romp as pasture paths do. They have to be very sedate and hold up fat ladies with picnic baskets and old men with canes.

Some paths are tricky. They start out so sedately that all old men and all women with picnic baskets start along them. Then, after the people have gone so far they don't wish to turn back, the naughty little paths run and twist and climb hills just to see the men stumble and the women drop their baskets and boxes.

I know a path that for about half the year plays in mud-puddles. It is a dear little thing except for that one awful habit. Of course on days that one feels childish, it is even more pleasant because of it.

Paths don't like some people. The people who thump along and never notice the beauties of the path they are on are detested. Paths are vain. Even the sophisticated ones like to have visitors who give them credit for their cinder or asphalt dresses.

Some day, if you wish, I shall take you with me and introduce you to some of my best path friends. I don't always introduce them to every one, as so many don't appreciate them. Very few appreciate the mud-puddly one, so I seldom introduce it at all.

SOME LITTLE BUG WILL GET YOU SOME DAY

(*Junior*)

Can you think of a better way to combat a disease than to publish its symptoms? You'll remember that is the way we helped fight the "flu." The radio epidemic has reached the stage where similar methods are imperative if the disease is to be checked.

In order that you may recognize the dread malady of radio, I will explain the symptoms. The radio disease is very contagious, and if you are near any one afflicted, you are almost sure to get it. Usually it is contracted from some well-meaning friend who has radio "bugs." He invites you over to

" listen in " on his set. If you have never " listened in," you think it would be great sport, and, never dreaming of the danger you are subjecting yourself to, you accept his invitation. After the first listening, the germ gets you and it starts to work immediately. The rest of this account is just the history of the bug's work.

You continually think of how nice it would be if you had a radio. Beware of this condition; it is a dangerous forerunner. Next you go through the siege of wondering whether to buy a radio or make one, and invariably decide to make a " crystal set," just as a beginner, you know. Radio patients always declare that the most fun comes from making the set, and just " monkeying " with it. This is their first delirium.

If the disease is not stopped here, there is but little hope for the patient. There follows a time of feverish buying of all radio appliances available, of cutting, sawing, and hunting for things he never had. The patient is seen carrying blocks of wood, wires, crystal, condenser, oceans of what he calls posts, and looking for a tool kit he abandoned years ago.

By this time the radio is ready to be set up. This is the worst stage of the disease for all the afflicted one's friends and relatives. He assembles the blocks of wood on a long board, and then starts to wind the coil. The winding is more wearying on those around him than on the patient, because it is they who must hold the wire. This is the stage at which it can first be noticed that the sufferer's brain is affected. No matter how tight you hold the wire, he always imagines it is not tight enough. After the coil is wound, put in place, and all the rest of the paraphernalia put on, the wires are connected, but the crystal is yet to be set. This usually drives the patient into temporary insanity, because just as it starts to work, the cat whisker jumps off and it works no longer. It takes about half an hour of fussing to get the cat whisker back where it was, and by that time the sender has signed off.

From then on there is loss of appetite and insomnia; he doesn't want to eat or sleep, but just try to get " it." The " it " he talks so much about is the concert that some one is broadcasting. He talks incessantly of WLAG, WBAH,

WAAL, and the like. Of course all this alarms you, and makes you think he's gone completely crazy, until you realize that these are only what he calls the sending stations.

He gets steadily worse; in fact, at this stage, the disease progresses most rapidly. It becomes impossible to keep him away from the radio. He sits for hours with the receivers clamped on his ears, and pushes little knobs back and forth all over those never-to-be-forgotten coils. He clutters up the whole house with radio supplies until it looks more like a repair shop than a home. After this the patient goes off on another fit of delirium, crying out: " I'm getting it! I'm getting it! Oh! that thing's jumped again. That cat whisker is the dog's breakfast." He implores imaginary noises to be still. After a short time he begins again and says: " I'll try to set that again and see if the cat whisker will pick up anything, or if it still wants to make that visit to the ash can. Guess I'll string it up the other way and see if I can get it." So he begins to string it up the other way.

Sleepless nights and nervous spells follow because that cat whisker will insist on jumping, and " the other way " won't work at all. Finally he yields to the coaxing of the entire family, including the cat and dog, and buys a new kind of crystal and a cat whisker that cannot jump, and about the same time he finds a way to string it up so that it will work.

After this comes a deep sleep of sheer exhaustion. On awakening, there can be noticed a decided improvement in the sufferer, which makes you breathe a sigh of relief, and hope he is over his siege of sickness. But he is not cured yet, for he has an idea in the back of his head that he would like to build a tube set. The building of the tube set is to the radio disease what a relapse is to any other; but with the exception of the crystal, it is practically the same as the original illness. I have heard it said that it is worse than the sickness, but to my way of reasoning, such a thing is impossible. No person could pass through a state like the building of a crystal set and then the building of a tube set, if it were worse, and come back alive. That would be even more than the innocent bystander could endure to watch.

After the tube set is working, and the patient has spent all his own money, and all he could borrow, on improvements for it, he is cured. The cure is everlasting. Radio disease, like smallpox, is contracted only once, but it is as deadly as smallpox that once. Perhaps modern research will presently "isolate" the germ and provide us with a vaccination cure here also.

IN A FOG

(*Senior*)

One morning last March, as I stepped out the door rather early, I found myself in a thick fog. My senses were at once involuntarily sharpened. My eyes were straining to see just a little farther, while my ears were more attentive and sensitive than at any other time. My nerves were put on edge. My whole body and mind were filled with a feeling of alertness. I could not see over fifty feet away.

As I crossed the street, a team of horses came by. They gave the same impression of alertness and apprehension. With their ears forward, heads high, they walked with an uncertain gait as though they were doubtful of the ground before them and were testing it as they went along.

Autos that usually went speeding along were proceeding slowly, sounding their horns before each crossing, their headlights vainly endeavoring to pierce the fog.

Street-car bells were clanging almost incessantly. Train whistles could be heard with great frequency. Cars, autos, and other vehicles could be heard approaching for some time before they would suddenly loom up out of the fog. Like specters, they seemed to spring up out of the bowels of the earth. Each of us was isolated in his little sphere of light. We were like mariners shipwrecked on an island in an unknown sea, knowing not what was going on beyond our little world.

My thoughts roamed away to the seashore and a large harbor where, I could imagine, the boats would be going at half speed, sirens screeching, and strong searchlights striving to pierce the fog, on the lookout for other boats or dangerous obstructions;

where the regular booming of the harbor foghorns could be heard, interspersed with the numerous shrill whistles of tugboats and ferries, with caution as the watchword.

I thought of the range country where the cattle would be bawling through the hills. A calf, separated from his mother, would be hungry. His plaintive bawls being answered from all directions, bewildered, he would not know which way to go. The wild scream of a stallion would be heard calling his mares together. A lost bunch of range horses, moisture glistening from the ends of their hair, would come suddenly upon the ranch buildings, realize where they were, snort, and make a hasty retreat with thundering of hoofs over the firm sod and calling reassuringly to each other. The sharp " ki-yi " of a coyote would be heard from among the hills, contrasting with the deep, full-throated baying of a foxhound on a warm scent. The distant screech of a train whistle would be heard as a reminder that the rest of the world yet exists. The chickens alone would go about their daily routine as usual, feeling secure in the guardianship of the swaggering, egotistic rooster.

Along towards noon the faithful sun will begin to struggle through. The fog will gather in small, light-appearing clouds, disappearing into the sky, and we shall look upon our familiar world once more. How gratifying it will be! We shall welcome the sight of places that were eyesores before. We shall look upon it all with a feeling of friendliness for everything. We shall pause a moment to take a mental inventory to see if anything is missing, or anything new has come. Our nerves will relax, we shall heave a sigh of relief and open our arms to it all.

But what is the significance of the fog? Is not our whole life spent in a fog? Without power to see into the future or the hereafter, judging what is ahead of us by what we have passed and what we are in the midst of, are we not always in a fog? Therefore, should we not be alert, listening and testing each step as we go, with caution as our watchword? Are we not likely to fall off the precipice on the other side of the hill, or meet with some huge, unexpected obstacle suddenly come

upon us? So let us be on the alert, sharpen our senses for the experience called life, as we do for the fog.

And when comes the lifting of this fog? When does the sun scatter the fog from about life? When is the mystery cleared up? Before death? After death? Or is it ever cleared up? That we cannot answer.

CHAPTER VIII

THE STUDENT'S MAILBOX

The Romance of the Mailbox.

Is there anything in the world more suggestive of interesting possibilities than a mailbox? Whether it be the iron box beside the door knob, the gilded drawer at the post office, the open row of boxes behind a hotel counter, or just the Valentine box on the teacher's desk, it suggests the exciting possibility of a new friend, an important message, or a promising encounter. Whether the letter be sealed in a long gray envelope, a typewritten envelope, or just scribbled in pencil on a scrap of paper, it usually gives a thrill.

The world has always waited for the mailman. The mail boat steaming into some foreign port, a mail train puffing into some prairie town, a city mailman on his daily rounds, bring these intriguing letters from travelers, letters from home folks, letters from adventurers, to be received by eager hearts waiting for a message. The romance of the mailbox is an old romance. Who has not seen the excitement at the small-town post office when the mail is just in? or who has not watched from the window for the postman to round a corner?

With all the romance associated with letter-writing, is it not strange that so little of it surrounds the act of writing a letter? Letter-writing, like darning, has few enthusiastic advocates. Perhaps if we consider the pleasure at the far end of a communication we shall find the task at the near end less irksome. It has not occurred, possibly, to that army of average persons who " just hate to write letters " that there is a particular charm to friendship by letter which is worth the effort it takes to gain it.

Friendship by Letter.

Readers will no doubt be able to recall moments when the spoken word seemed out of place. Perhaps two friends, each

eager, each enthusiastic, crashed into the moods of one another like two locomotives. Each, not perceiving the lack of response in the other, had blundered into the mood of the other. Perhaps it was not the moment for the one to attempt a discussion of finances, or the place for the other to adopt a tone of levity. And so each, rebuffed by the other, retreated behind a disguise of indifference. How often have you decided not to make that comment you had in mind to your chum? His laughter or his casual attitude chilled your own enthusiasm. At another time, maybe, your spirit would venture out again, but not now. So you changed your mind to suit his and kept silent.

There is much less to fear in the written word. Something of the twilight calm steals into the mood of a letter. There is less boldness in the written argument, less jar in the sudden announcement. Friendship by letter allows one, for the time being, to put aside any fear of a lack of response. There is a freer communication of spirit, removed as one is by distance and time, from the hurried artificial necessities of the physical encounter.

Just as in the other chapters of this book you have been urged to cultivate and encourage a genuine self, so in this chapter you are urged to think about that self which you wish to communicate to others. Good letters are the natural expression of an interesting, interested personality.

The first thing to be considered in the act of letter-writing is the desire to express oneself to another. It is the person at the other end of the letter who determines the " goodness " of the letter. If the reader of a letter is to be trusted with our enthusiasms, if he can be counted on to exult with us in our joys and share with us our sorrow, then the letter which he receives should be a " good letter."

The letters given below should be read for this quality of friendship which they reveal. Do you not notice, in the letter which follows, a fine note of friendship? It is not every one to whom we trust our individuality. In truth it is a compliment to those with whom we are natural, that we feel no restraint.

Chelsea, July 18, 1843.

DEAREST, DEAR ONLY UNCLE OF ME,

I would give a crown that you could see me at this moment through a powerful telescope! You would laugh for the next twelve hours. I am doing the rural after a fashion so entirely my own! To escape from the abominable paint-smell, and the infernal noise within doors, I have erected, with my own hands, a gypsy-tent in the garden, constructed with clothes lines, long poles, and an old brown floor cloth! under which remarkable shade I sit in an armchair at a small round table, with a hearth rug for carpet under my feet, writing materials, sewing materials, and a mind superior to Fate!

The only drawback to this retreat is its being exposed to the "envy of surrounding nations"; so many heads peer out on me from all the windows of the Row, eager to penetrate my meaning! If I had a speaking trumpet I would address them once for all: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am not here to enter my individual protest against the progress of civilization! Nor yet to mock you with an Arcadian felicity, which you have neither the taste nor the ingenuity to make your own! but simply to enjoy Nature according to ability, and to get out of the smell of new paint! So pray you, leave me to pursue my innocent avocations in the modest seclusion which I covet!"

Not to represent my contrivance as too perfect, I must also tell you that a strong puff of wind is apt to blow down the poles, and then the whole tent falls down on my head! This has happened once already since I began to write, but an instant puts it all to rights again. Indeed, without counteracting the indoors influences by all lawful means, I could not stay here at present without injury to my health, which is at no time of the strongest. Our house has for a fortnight back been a house possessed by seven devils! A painter, two carpenters, a paper-hanger, two nondescript apprentice-lads, and a "spy"; all playing the devil to the utmost of their powers; hurrying and scurrying "upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber"! affording the liveliest image of a sacked city!

When they rush in at six of the morning, and spread themselves over the premises, I instantly jump out of bed, and "in wera desperation" take a shower bath. Then such a long day to be virtuous in! I make chair and sofa covers; write letters to my friends; scold the workpeople, and suggest improved methods of doing things. And when I go to bed at night I have to leave both windows of my room wide open (and plenty of ladders lying quite handy underneath), that I may not, as old Sterling predicted, "awake the dead" of the paint.

The first night that I lay down in this open state of things, I recollected Jeannie's housebreaker adventure last year, and, not

wishing that all the thieves who might walk in at my open windows should take me quite unprepared, I laid my policeman's rattle and my dagger on the spare pillow, and then I went to sleep quite secure. But it is to be confidently expected that, in a week or more, things will begin to subside into their normal state; and meanwhile it were absurd to expect that any sort of revolution can be accomplished. There! the tent has been down on the top of me again, but it has only upset the ink.

Jeannie appears to be earthquaking with like energy in Maryland Street, but finds time to write me nice long letters nevertheless, and even to make the loveliest pincushion for my birthday; and my birthday was celebrated also with the arrival of a hamper, into which I have not yet penetrated. Accept kisses *ad infinitum* for your kind thought of me, dearest uncle. I hope to drink your health many times in the Madeira when I have Carlyle with me again to give an air of respectability to the act. Nay, on that evening when it came to hand, I was feeling so sad and dreary over the contrast between this Fourteenth of July — alone, in a house like a sacked city — and other Fourteenths that I can never forget, that I hesitated whether or no to get myself a bottle of the Madeira there and then, and try for once in my life the hitherto unknown comfort of being dead drunk. But my sense of the respectable overcame the temptation.

My husband has now left his Welshman, and is gone for a little while to visit the Bishop of St. David's. Then he purposes crossing over somehow to Liverpool, and, after a brief benediction to Jeannie, passing into Annandale. He has suffered unutterable things in Wales from the want of any adequate supply of tea! For the rest, his visit appears to have been pretty successful; plenty of sea-bathing; plenty of riding on horseback, and of lying under trees! I wonder it never enters his head to lie under the walnut tree here at home. It is a tree! leaves as green as any leaves can be, even in South Wales! but it were too easy to repose under that: if one had to travel a long journey by railway to it, then indeed it might be worth while!

But I have no more time for scribbling just now; besides, my pen is positively declining to act. So, God bless you, dear, and all of them.

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

The following letter tells news in sufficient detail to share the event with those who were not on the scene. Here again may be noted the candor of friendship and the release of pent-up emotions which a letter allows.

Diablerets, Aug. 15, 1861.

DEAR ——,

You have before this heard, of course, of the death of Mrs. Browning, though the news had not reached you when you wrote. This was sudden and unexpected at the last, for though she had always been so frail that one wondered what kept soul and body together at all, we had become so accustomed to thinking of her as different from all others in the matter of health that we began to think that she might even outlast us. Fifteen years ago her physicians told her that life was impossible, yet she had lived and borne a child and written immortal verses and shown an amazing energy of spirit and intellect. But last winter I had many fears that she was failing. The death of her father had struck her a hard blow; then her sister's death struck her again, as it were, when she was down, and I feared that her vital energy, great as it was, might not resist. Yet she revived and, as spring came on, went out to drive, and though weak, began to gather herself together again, even at one time projecting a journey to Paris. This, however, was impossible. Yet she went to Florence by *vettura* and did not suffer more than usual, and we were all hesitating, at Leghorn, whether we should not abandon our scheme of Switzerland for another summer together in Siena when the fatal news of her death reached us.

Browning was to have come down to spend Sunday with us, but on Saturday night she was attacked with difficulty of breathing, and at dead of night he was forced to run for a physician, Dr. Wilson, who remained with her all night and took a very gloomy view. The morning brought relief, and, though weaker, she declared she was otherwise as well as ever. They talked over their plans for the future, decided to go to Siena for the summer with us, agreed to give up Casa Guidi and take a villa in Florence to return to in the spring and autumn. Being in treaty for an apartment in Palazzo Barberini at Rome for six years, they discussed the question of how they should furnish it. During the subsequent days she constantly came into the salon and lay on the sofa there all day — until Friday, when Lytton stayed all the morning there talking with B., so that she did not come out. On Friday evening they had again a long talk about their future plans, and she went to bed as well as she had been in general respects, though there were some few symptoms which troubled B., such as raising now and then her hands and holding them long before her, and also a slight wandering of the mind at intervals and as she was just about to doze. But this wandering he attributed to the morphine, which by order of Dr. W. she was obliged to take in larger quantities than those she was accustomed to. At about three o'clock he was startled by her breathing and woke her, but she said she was better, and rea-

soned so quietly and justly about her state that his fears were again subdued. She talked with him and jested and gave expression to her love for him in the tenderest words; then, feeling sleepy, and he supporting her in his arms, she fell into a doze. In a few minutes, suddenly, her head dropped forward. He thought she had fainted, but she had gone for ever. She had passed as if she had fallen asleep, without pain, without thought of death. After death she looked, as Browning told me, like a young girl; all the outlines rounded and filled up, all traces of disease effaced, and a smile on her face so living that they could not for hours persuade themselves she was really dead.

We went immediately to Florence, and it was a sad house enough. There stood the table with her letters and books as usual, and her little chair beside it, and in her portfolio a half-finished letter to Mme. Mario, full of noble words about Italy. Yes, it was for Italy that her last words were written; for her dear Italy were her last aspirations. The death of Cavour had greatly affected her. She had wept many tears for him, and been a real mourner. This agitation undoubtedly weakened her and perhaps was the last feather that broke her down. "The cycle is complete," as Browning said, looking round the room; "here we came fifteen years ago; here Pen was born; here Ba wrote her poems for Italy. She used to walk up and down this veranda in the summer evenings, when, revived by the southern air, she first again began to enjoy her outdoors life. Every day she used to walk with me or drive with me, and once even walked to Bellosguardo and back; that was when she was strongest. Little by little, as I now see, that distance was lessened, the active outdoors life restricted, until walking had finally ceased. We saw from these windows the return of the Austrians; they wheeled round this corner and came down this street with all their cannon, just as she describes it in *Casa Guidi*. Last week when we came to Florence I said: 'We used, you know, to walk on this veranda so often — come and walk up and down once. Just once,' I urged, and she came to the window and took two steps on it. But it fatigued her too much, and she went back and lay down on the sofa — that was our last walk. Only the night she went away for ever she said she thought we must give up Casa Guidi; it was too inconvenient and in case of illness too small. We had decided to go away and take a villa outside the gates. For years she would not give up this house, but at last and, as it were, suddenly, she said she saw it was too small for us and too inconvenient. And so it was; so the cycle was completed for us here, and where the beginning was is the end. Looking back at these past years, I see that we have been all the time walking over a torrent on a straw. Life must now be begun anew — all the old cast off and the new one put on. I shall go away, break up everything, go to England and live and work and write."

. . . The funeral was not impressive, as it ought to have been. She was buried in the Protestant cemetery where Theodore Parker lies; many of her friends were there, but fewer persons than I expected and hoped to see. The services were blundered through by a fat English parson in a brutally careless way, and she was consigned by him to the earth as if her clay were no better than any other clay. I did what I could, but I had arrived too late to assume the arrangements. . . . So I carried two wreaths — it was all I could do — one of those exquisite white Florence roses, and the other of laurel, and these I laid on her coffin. She is a great loss to literature, to Italy, and to the world — the greatest poet among women. What energy and fire there was in that little frame; what burning words were winged by her pen; with what glorious courage she attacked error, however strongly entrenched in custom; how bravely she stood by her principles! Never did I see any one whose brow the world hurried and crowded so to crown, who had so little vanity and so much pure humility. Praise gratified her when just — blame when unjust scarcely annoyed her. She could afford to let her work plead for itself. Ready to accept criticism, she never feared it, but defended herself with spirit when unjustly attacked. For public opinion she cared not a straw, and could not bear to be looked on as a lion. Her faiths were rooted in the center of her being.

Browning is now with his sister in Paris. The house at Florence is broken up, and I have lost my best friend and daily companion in Italy. You cannot imagine how I shall miss him. For three years now we have been always together; never a day has passed (with the exception of two months' separation in the spring and autumn when he went to Florence) that we have not met; all the long summer evenings of these last summers at Siena he was with us, and we sat on our terrace night after night till midnight talking together, or we played and sang together above stairs. All the last winters he worked with me daily for three hours in my studio, and we met either at my house or at his or at that of some friend nearly every evening. There is no one to supply his place. Returning to Rome, I have not one single intimate; acquaintances by hundreds, but no friends, no one with whom I can sympathize on all points as with him, no one with whom I can walk any of the higher ranges of art and philosophy. This for me is a terrible want. . . .

. . . The last thing before leaving Rome was to make a bust of him which his wife was good enough to call "perfect." It was made for her as a present, but, alas! you see the end of that. . . .

W. W. Story.

Is it not a compliment, too, to our friends when we take the trouble to set down for their amusement the details of a picture so that they too may enjoy our pleasures? The following letter shares interesting experiences in true friendliness. Conversation is often too hurried to linger over description. A letter reproduces the scene with leisurely interest.

Sunnyside, March 11, 1853.

My dear Mrs. Kennedy,

I arrived in New York too late for the Hudson River Railroad cars, so I had to remain in the city until morning. Yesterday I alighted at the station, within ten minutes' walk of home. The walk was along the railroad, in full sight of the house. I saw female forms in the porch, and I knew the spyglass was in hand. In a moment there was a waving of handkerchiefs, and a hurrying hither and thither. Never did old bachelor come to such a loving home, so gladdened by blessed womankind. In fact I doubt whether many married men receive such a heartfelt welcome. My friend Horseshoe [Mr. Kennedy], and one or two others of my acquaintance, may; but there are not many as well off in domestic life as I. However, let me be humbly thankful, and repress all vainglory.

After all the kissing and crying and laughing and rejoicing were over, I sallied forth to inspect my domains, welcomed home by my prime minister Robert, and my master of the house Thomas, and my keeper of the poultry yard, William. Everything was in good order; all had been faithful in the discharge of their duties. My fields had been manured, my trees trimmed, the fences repaired and painted. I really believe more had been done in my absence than would have been done had I been home. My horses were in good condition. Dandy and Billy, the coach horses, were as sleek as seals. Gentleman Dick, my saddle horse, showed manifest pleasure at seeing me; put his cheek against mine, laid his head on my shoulder, and would have nibbled at my ear had I permitted it. One of my Chinese geese was sitting on eggs; the rest were sailing like frigates in the pond, with a whole fleet of white topknot ducks. The hens were vying with each other which could bring out the earliest brood of chickens. Taffy and Tony, two pet dogs of a dandy race, kept more for show than use, received me with well-bred though rather cool civility; while my little terrier slut Ginger bounded about me almost crazy with delight, having five little Gingers toddling at her heels, with which she had enriched me during my absence.

I forbear to say anything about my cows, my Durham heifer, or my pigeons, having gone as far with these rural matters as may be agreeable. Suffice it to say, everything was just as heart could

wish; so, having visited every part of my empire, I settled down for the evening in my elbow chair, and entertained the family circle with all the wonders I had seen at Washington. . . .

God bless you all, and make you as happy as you delight to make others.

Ever yours most truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

EXPERIMENT 80

It is useless to waste time on an imaginary letter when you have a real letter to write. By omitting names and shuffling papers, the class may discuss the letters read without spoiling their privacy, and they may be addressed and sent after the discussion.

The particular person whom you choose to write to will in large measure determine the kind of letter you write. Therefore, choose some one to whom you wish to express your genuine self. Try to make your letter reveal that part of yourself which you often conceal. Trust your individuality to your friend without fear. Say what you think and feel with frankness. Pay a compliment to your friend by the effort you make to share your interesting experiences by vivid description. If you care to, you may introduce a discussion about something you both are interested in. An argument in a letter loses much of the strain and irritation which is noticeable in conversation. Perhaps if you tell your friend what you are doing, that you are writing this letter as a class assignment, he will join the experiment and allow the class to read his letter in reply.

An Exchange of Friendliness.

Friendship cannot exist without an exchange. If there is too great an inequality in this exchange of personality, if our "friends" are but an audience and not participants in conversation, the relation is not friendship.

In friendship by letter, therefore, there should be a courteous inquiry into the life of the reader, an invitation for him to get into this exchange of ideas and impressions. There is nothing quite so annoying as to have one's correspondent utterly ignore the queries of the letter he is answering. The thoughtful letter-writer will have before him the letter which he is answering, and make of his correspondence something more than mere rehearsal of his own activities.

The following letter in its opening lines takes into account the letter which is being answered:

West Humble, June 30, 1866.

My dearest Mother,

Your long double letter and anecdotes deserved a speedier answer. Everything about Wordsworth and Coleridge is interesting. Papa's letter was curious. Certainly if one of our boys now wrote such a letter we should call it prim, if not priggish. Much is due, no doubt, to the greater formality of sixty years ago, but I imagine that it really was not till after he had grown up that papa got that freedom of nature and humor which we all associate with him, and which was so charming. In return for your anecdotes I must tell you one about Lucy. She was on the lawn with Flu and Mrs. Slade when the cat jumped out of the bushes with a bird in her mouth. Mrs. Slade called out: "Oh, that horrid cat has got a bird"; but, as she herself says, for a thousand birds she should not have ventured to interfere. Lucy sprang on the cat, seized it by the throat, made it drop the bird, pushed it away, and stroked and smoothed the bird for a minute or two till it flew off quite happy. The charming thing is, she had not a notion of doing anything remarkable, and is troubled about having given the cat a violent push from her, and says: "I couldn't help giving the cat a slap, but I hope I didn't hurt it, because you know, mamma, it was its nature to kill birds."

Dicky came home yesterday, looking splendidly well. Today he goes with me to Wotton, to fish and bathe in the bathing house. We had a beautiful drive yesterday between slopes of red with the wild strawberry; and the wild flowers are so abundant and so curious, this confluence of the chalk and the greensand being extraordinarily favorable for them, that I often wish for Fan to see them with me. We have got Miss Pratt's book, and verify unceasingly; but a third volume is much wanted, as so many flowers are absent from the two published; for instance, there is not a single saxifrage in them.

Dicky has just come in in trousers. It breaks one's heart to think of his changing the dress that one knows him so by. Budge does not come for a fortnight. My Report plagues me dreadfully.

Your ever affectionate

M. A. [Matthew Arnold.]

EXPERIMENT 81

This experiment should be made with a real, not an imaginary, letter. This time you are to consider the reader by thoughtful reference to his life. Something in his last message to you should start comment in your own letter.

The Courteous Note.

There is yet another instance in our daily life where the written word may add something to the spoken word. A word of praise or sympathy often brightens a difficult day. Yet can you not think of instances in which the sympathy would be the sweeter, or the praise more satisfying, had it been enjoyed in the privacy of a letter? It is too easy to be casual in the spoken word. On a busy day we have only time to snatch at the first phrase which enters our mind. We are even a bit confused, possibly, by our impulse to pay a compliment. The courteous note often comes nearer to expressing our real sentiments, and it may be read and enjoyed away from the stress of daily life.

A fine spirit is thoughtful, too, in expressing sympathy in times of sorrow. The fact that "it won't be expected," or that "I'm too busy; I forgot," will hardly be sufficient to ease a guilty conscience. There is no good excuse for omitting the kind word when words are to be found for so slight an effort. The following note of sympathy written by Abraham Lincoln is the sort of letter which a President of the United States was not too busy to write:

November 21, 1864.

Dear Madam,

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished mem-

ory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. Lincoln.

The distinguishing feature of the courteous note, whether it be a note of condolence, congratulation, or hospitality, is its sincerity. The following note extends a most cordial welcome with unmistakable sincerity:

[November 15, 1805.]

Dear Manning,

Certainly you could not have called at all hours from two till ten, for we have been only out of an evening Monday and Tuesday in this week. But if you think you have, your thought shall go for the deed. We did pray for you on Wednesday night. Oysters unusually luscious; pearls of extraordinary magnitude found in them. I have made bracelets of them; given them in clusters to ladies. Last night we went out in despite, because you were not come over at your hour.

This night we shall be at home, so shall we certainly, both, on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Take your choice, mind I don't say of one: but choose which evening you will not come, and come the other four. Doors open at five o'clock. Shells forced about nine. Every gentleman smokes or not as he pleases.

C. L. [Charles Lamb.]

EXPERIMENT 82

The student should from now on miss no opportunity to write courteous notes. Perhaps now there are letters to write acknowledging a birthday gift, or accepting invitations to spend the week-end in the country. The following list of possibilities for writing the courteous note will suggest each student's needs for correspondence. As in the personal letters, if you withhold names, the letters may be discussed in class.

1. A note of sympathy. Perhaps sorrow has entered the life of your chum. The class may wish to express sympathy to a member.

2. A note of congratulation at graduation time, or upon winning the lead in the class play.

3. A note of appreciation. Did your friend do well at the recital? Or did she win a prize? Let her know you are proud of her.

4. A note of acceptance. Let your friend know how delighted you are to accept an invitation to go camping with him and his family.

5. A note of regret. Make the hostess feel your sincere regret that you cannot accept her invitation to a party.

6. "Bread and butter" note. Let your chum know how much you enjoyed the week's visit and how hospitable the family was.

N.B. Experiments 80–82 have ignored your journal. At the conclusion of your letter-writing experiments make an informal entry in your journal concerning friendship by letter or the romance of the mailbox. Summarize for yourself what this practice has brought you.

The Formal Note.

There are occasions in every one's life when to know how to write formal letters is very important. However much one may despise the purely conventional, there is practically none who cares to risk his social reputation by ignoring good form. A knowledge of the formal letter should be a part of the student's general education in writing. If there be but one occasion in a student's life which demands knowledge of correct form, the practice suggested in the following experiment will be justified.

The following forms cover the needs of formal writing for the average person.

The formal invitation:

1. Formal invitations are engraved, not printed.
2. Monograms, addresses, personal adornments are not used.
3. Anything ornate or decorative is in bad taste.
4. The size of the invitation varies with personal taste.

Examples:

I. Formal invitations:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Curtis Crane
request the pleasure of
your company
at dinner on Thursday evening
the seventh of November
at half after seven o'clock
Two Thousand, Sixth Avenue

Mrs. Gerald Thornton Paige
Miss Bertha Fust
will be at home
on Friday the tenth of May
from four until seven o'clock
Eight Hundred and One Park Avenue

II. A formal acceptance:

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lovejoy
accept with pleasure Mr. and Mrs.
Jones's Kind invitation for
dinner on Monday the tenth
of October at seven o'clock

III. A formal regret:

Mr. James C. Ames regrets
extremely that a previous engage-
ment prevents his accepting
Mr. and Mrs. Jones's Kind
invitation for dinner on Monday
the tenth of October

EXPERIMENT 83

Write formal invitations to the members of your class; they in turn will write regrets or acceptances to your invitation.

The Business Letter.

Every person has some business to attend to, even if it be only sending for a seed catalogue or writing a complaint to a merchant. Students resign from committees, boys answer advertisements for part-time work, and girls have inquiries to make of Sunday-school superintendents or girl scout masters. Every student has some business to transact.

Since all business is based upon economy of time and effort — the time it takes to read a letter, the effort it takes to understand a letter — clearness and brevity are the two chief elements to be considered in a business letter. Is the name difficult to read? Is the address obscure? Is the wording ambiguous or the order incomplete? Such errors are to be considered as a failure to consider the busy reader.

The form of the business letter, like the form of the formal note, is a rigid conventional form which serves this economy of time and effort spent on the reading of it. Persons of taste know these formal requirements and are careful in following them.

The forms illustrated on pages 362–367 may serve as models for imitation.

I. Punctuation, capitalization:

1. Punctuation is used only after abbreviations and between items on the same line.
2. It has become generally customary to omit the period after the year.
3. "*d*," "*rd*," "*st*," "*th*," etc., after the day of the month, are best omitted: *January 21* is preferred to *January 21st*.
4. A colon is always used after the formal salutation: *Dear Sir: Gentlemen:*
5. *Dear*, preceded by *My*, is not capitalized; *Sir*, after it, is. *Truly* in *Yours truly* is not capitalized.

SLANTING STYLE

A. G. Spalding & Bros

ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS

105 NASSAU STREET
NEW YORK

NEW YORK
BOSTON
BALTIMORE
WASHINGTON
ATLANTA
NEW ORLEANS
JACKSONVILLE
NEWARK, N.J.
BRIDGEPORT
LAKE PLACID

PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
BUFFALO
ROCHESTER
SYRACUSE
ALBANY

CHICAGO
ST. LOUIS
KANSAS CITY
CINCINNATI
CLEVELAND
COLUMBUS
MINNEAPOLIS
ST. PAUL
LOUISVILLE
INDIANAPOLIS

DENVER
DETROIT
OMAHA
DES MOINES
DALLAS
HOUSTON
SAN ANTONIO
MILWAUKEE
TOLEDO
CHAMPAIGN

SAN FRANCISCO
SEATTLE
PORTLAND
LOS ANGELES
OAKLAND
SALT LAKE CITY

MONTREAL, P.Q.
TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG, CAN.
VANCOUVER, B.C.

LONDON, ENGLAND
LIVERPOOL, ENG.
BIRMINGHAM, ENG.
BRISTOL, ENG.
MANCHESTER, ENG.
LEEDS, ENG.
BRIGHTON, ENG.
SOUTHSEA, ENG.

BELFAST, IRELAND
EDINBURGH, SCOT.
GLASGOW, SCOT.
CANNES, FRANCE
BRUSSELS, BELGIUM
JOHANNESBURG, S.A.
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA
PARIS, FRANCE

Nov. 29th, 1926.

Mr. Robert Blair,
University High School,
Iowa City, Iowa.

Dear Sir:

We have your request for information about equipping your basketball team. It will be necessary to furnish the chest and waist measurements for the five members of the team and your seven substitutes. The shoe sizes will take care of the measurements for both stockings and basketball shoes. Our prices for the various articles you will need are given in the enclosed folder.

Delivery will be made from our nearest branch, which in your case is 211 South State Street, Chicago, Illinois. We shall be pleased to give your order our prompt attention.

Yours very truly,

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

BY Ed Thorpe
SALES MANAGER INST. DEPT.

EJT:ME

BLOCK STYLE

180 OFFICES
THROUGHOUT
THE WORLD
CHIEF AMERICAN OFFICE
565 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

THOS. COOK & SON
TRAVEL SERVICE - TOURS AND CRUISES
TRAVELERS CHEQUES - FOREIGN EXCHANGE

565 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

October 8, 1926

Miss Lillian West
125 East 62nd Street
New York City

Dear Madam:

We have your letter of October fifth. There are three French Line ships which sail from New York to Vigo, Spain - "La Bourdonnais", "Le Roussillon" and "Chicago." These are "one cabin" steamers and take ten days for the voyage.

Passage can be secured in a stateroom accommodating four people for one hundred and twenty-five dollars per person. Other staterooms and fares, tonnage of the steamers, and a description of the accommodation is shown in the folder enclosed herewith.

Please let us know if we may be of further assistance to you.

Yours very truly,

THOS. COOK & SON,

per W. H. White
Assistant Manager.

WHW:C

320 West 86th Street
New York City
December 2, 1926

Mr. John Hones
43 West 22nd Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Sir:

I read your short poem, "Evening Sky", which appeared in the New York Evening Sun on November first, with great pleasure. As I am at present working on a collection of newspaper verse, I should like to obtain permission to reprint your poem in this anthology. Will you let me hear if this is agreeable to you?

Yours truly,

Roberta Slade

Roberta Slade.

The New York Public Library
Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR
476 FIFTH AVENUE

New York, January 2, 1927

The B. F. Smith Company
130 Broadway
New York City

Gentlemen:

We are pleased to say that we have in this Library all the books mentioned in your letter of December twenty eighth. These we shall be glad to place at the service of your representative whenever he may choose to call to consult them in our Science and Technology Division, at the northeast corner of the first floor of this building.

The Library is open every weekday from nine a.m. to ten p.m., and on Sundays from one to ten p.m.

Very truly yours,

E. H. Anderson

E. H. Anderson
Director.

MK

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

NEW YORK CENTRAL BUILDING
466 LEXINGTON AVENUE

NEW YORK December 4th, 1926.

G. METZMAN,
TRANSPORTATION ASSISTANT.

General Transportation Association,
Central Building,
New York City.
Mr. James Gordon, Secretary.

Dear Sir:-

In accordance with your request of November 29th, there is attached hereto a sample of the "Stop-Off" Envelope, Form SFT-425, and the instructions pertaining to its use.

You will observe that the instructions provide that this envelope is to be used when a car is to be stopped short of the billed destination.

This will overcome the difficulty that was experienced in the handling of carload shipments originating at stations not equipped with track scales and billed "To be weighed enroute". The yard forces frequently overlooked this notation on the billing and permitted the car to move to destination without weighing. The use of the "Stop-Off" Envelope in connection with all waybills covering cars that are to be stopped enroute has corrected this difficulty.

Yours very truly,

G. Metzman

II. Salutations:

1. *Dear Sir:* (common salutation for one man).
2. *My dear Sir:* (more formal than *Dear Sir:*).
3. *Dear Mr. White:* (used for personal acquaintance).
4. *My dear Mr. White:* (less formal than No. 3).
5. *Dear Madam:* (to either married or unmarried woman).
6. *My dear Miss Smith:* (same as Nos. 3 and 4).
7. *Dear Sirs:* / *Gentlemen:* } (common salutation for a firm).

III. Complimentary close:

1. *Yours truly,* is proper for any business letter.
2. *Truly yours, Yours very truly, Very truly yours,* are common variations of No. 1.
3. *Sincerely yours, Cordially yours,* imply friendliness in relations of correspondents.
4. *Respectfully yours, Yours respectfully,* are often used to indicate respect for a person in higher authority. It is not necessary, however, thus to indicate position.

EXPERIMENT 84

There should be some business which the members of a class in writing can transact. As one letter of real business will offer more practice than several letters written in play, it is suggested that the members of the class think of some actual letter which can be written. Here are some suggestions for such actual letters:

1. A letter ordering a magazine for class use.
2. A letter to some student publication asking that certain manuscripts be considered, or returned. Your school paper? Your school magazine?
3. A letter of inquiry about some writing contest in which the class may compete. A Better Health play contest?
4. A letter of complaint or criticism addressed to your own school paper calling attention to some omission or some error.

It is probable that an assignment in this section will have to wait upon some actual happening.

LETTERS BY HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENTS

The following letters by high-school students offer an opportunity for a rough measurement of student letter-writing ability. They are to be analyzed for their sincerity, their vividness, and their interest.

FRIENDLY LETTERS

DEAR A —— :

I was very sorry not to say good-bye to you Sunday. Peggy invited me to go over to Lake Moore, so I went. We took the rowboat and went out to the island. I found your note when I returned.

I hope nothing happens to alter your plans for Pioneer Camp. It's a great place! Today they hiked to Lake Pulaski — seven miles beyond Buffalo. They had a covered wagon for their bedding with "Pike's Peak or Bust" and "North Pole in a Covered Wagon" on either side. They all carried lunches wrapped in gay bandanas. These and their cups hung from sticks which they carried over their shoulders. They looked quite picturesque as I watched them wind up over the hill beyond Bruska's and disappear behind the houses.

I was crazy about the place-cards you made for your sister. Very few kids would do that for their little sisters. It must have been pecks of trouble! You must be an angel as well as an artist.

Oh, may I, can I, will you allow me to go riding with you some time? I'm just crazy to go. Won't we have fun? And by the way, have the horses arrived at Ahiti yet? And do you ride much? What do you think of the camp as a whole? Is it as nice as Greenwood? I doubt it.

I'm getting *so* tanned! Ugh! I just hate it! I look like an East Indian! And specially in city clothes I look bad — worse — worst! Now *you* stay all nice and white and only get a few freckles. I hope you appreciate it.

Are you getting used to having your ears out? Now don't you think I'd look handsome with a boyish bob? Well, so don't I!

I'll have lots of things to tell you when I see you at Pioneer Camp in two weeks, and you ought to have a lot to say about Ahiti, too. Also, please write me a line now and then if you get time.

Quarts of love.

Friday Night
Somewhere between
6 & 12 P.M.
July 30, '26
Ahem!

DEAR M —— :

You've certainly furnished some strong competition! I've not read such interesting letters as yours in a long while. To tell you the truth, I've read both of them over and over. *Please* write me some more!

I don't know exactly how to say this — but if you wondered at all why I didn't answer any of the questions you asked me when you wrote — it was because I wrote you before I received your letter. Do you get me? Dear me! I'm afraid Bill's explanation is much worse than none at all. Either Dad carried my letter in his pocket, or — well — I'm sure I don't know!

We had quite a lot of company this evening. Last night we were in town for dinner, and we washed during the day. Heavens! Something's wrong there. I mean we laundered some clothes. Is that better?

And we were in town again today. Just as we got the things nicely settled on the line yesterday, it decided to rain. So we didn't get them dry enough to iron that afternoon and went in today to do it. And — what do you think happened to me? Or rather — how I spent the forenoon? Just after we had ridden about a mile on the trolley, Mother said, "Nell, I'm afraid I didn't turn one of the burners of the stove off. Oh! I'm sure I didn't." And she proceeded to imagine all kinds of awful things, such as the house burning down, etc. Well, there was nothing to do but go back. So when we got to Hill Street I waited for another Crosstown car going back. Well! to make a long story short, I found the burner turned off as it should have been, and I had to take the Crosstown car a third time. I was rather mad. Why do mothers worry so? Honestly, I can't look a Crosstown car in the face for many days. I was so dead tired when I got home that I crawled on to the davenport and fell asleep. I had the same conductor all three times. I guess he thought I was triplets.

I finished my beaded bag. It has a rose taffeta lining. I discovered some blue silk in one of Al's doll boxes — rescued it — and made a bag with a green gold frame.

Yours,

NELL.

Marquette, Iowa.

DEAR FOLKS:

My, how good Marquette looked to the three Fishermen! We had one grand hilarious time. I'll begin at the beginning. Bill and I started to lead the way, and right off the bat, or rather after crossing Lake Street Bridge, we lost Noel and Mabel. No, it wasn't intentional. We proceeded to Cannon Falls, and at last they caught up with us. Of course I wept alligator tears when Bill had to leave. No mishaps as far as Rochester. It started to rain, and after eating dinner, we looked for No. 20, found it, and after driving nineteen miles we came to Pine Island. We looked at each other and gasped. Good grief! We had come right back on the same road we came in. We saw a sign at Pine Island — "To Twin Cities." We laughed all the way home for such brainless play. We didn't recognize any of the signs, scenery, or anything until we hit Pine Island. Of course thirty-eight miles is a big loss on a trip like ours. After we crossed the Minnesota line we slid, skidded, puddle-jumped, gumboed, all the way in to Marquette, which we reached at twelve o'clock. After leaving Dekorah at eight o'clock, it started to lighten terribly, and we all but implored the heavens to hold back until we were home. So they did. We weren't in the house ten minutes before one of the most terrific storms we have had for years opened up. The thunder and lightning simply went crazy, and the rain came in buckets. I hate to think of what might have happened if we had been caught. Next morning dead horses and cows came floating down the river, and trees came down by hundreds. Luck was our middle name that time.

I certainly enjoyed my trip into Minneapolis, thanks to the Larson family. I'll never forget your kindness. Here's hoping I can some day repay some of it.

A storm quite like the one the night we came home is threatening; so I guess I'll get my bathing suit on.

Lots of love and thanks. Everybody's fine.

Yours,

CARL.

Rochester, Minn.
July 2, 1926

MY DEAR TOM:

I was delightfully surprised to get your letter this morning.

You see I am down here in Rochester with my friend, who is resting for an operation for goiter.

I have a room all to myself in this lonely big hotel. It is the best in the city, and believe me, it keeps me busy remembering my eti-

quette. I can see my friend three times a day, once for an hour and a half, next time for two hours, and in the evening, for one.

I am sorry, but I haven't written to Arthur. I'll write a little and put it in with this letter, for I haven't much to say.

You will wonder, no doubt, why I haven't answered sooner, but you see I left home last Sunday, and my family went on an auto trip, so your letter wasn't forwarded till late.

I went swimming several times when the water was pretty cold. I didn't cut my foot, because our beach is just perfect — soft fine sand.

I am suffering agonies, though. It's just terrible! I ate strawberries and cream two mornings in succession, and they gave me the hives! Did you ever get them? They are just like terrible mosquito bites, only more so.

Since I saw you last, I have had a birthday! I am seventeen now. My, but I feel old and wise! My father's present is to be my class pin for next fall.

I wish you could see both the dog and the dog's mistress. You'd have to do some pretty tall traveling, though, because he is 150 miles south. My, but I miss him!

You must be pretty elastic to be able to fall seven feet to a cement sidewalk and then get up with only your foot hurt a little! I'd probably have broken several bones and knocked out a tooth.

Well, when I come to think of it, I can't think of a thing to say to Art. You'd better tell him what I've told you, and I'll write him as soon as I can think of something to interest him.

Please answer this nice and promptly, for I haven't much to do except receive letters.

Sincerely yours,

BETTY BABCOCK.

AN UNUSUAL LETTER AND ANSWER

3035 Pleasant Ave. So.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Nov. 20, 1925

DEAR MISS HOPKINS:

This is to wish you the joy and happiness and peace that the Christmastide brings to all people. We, the Akiyahapi Camp Fire Girls of America, send greetings to you and your Camp Fire girls in South America.

We are sending the call of Wohelo. Our desire is to make friends with Camp Fire girls all over the world; so I am sending a picture of my group, that you may know us better.

Every Christmas it is our custom to prepare presents for the sick

children in the local hospital. This is a hospital and school combined, where little children who have that terrible disease, tuberculosis, are cared for. We have such fun making scrap-books and candy, collecting games, toys, and puzzles, and filling stockings with nuts, candies, and fruit. We have taken these things to them ourselves and thus have become acquainted with these darling children.

I hope that some of your girls will care to correspond with me, for we as Camp Fire sisters would have many things in common and might become very good friends.

Cordially yours,

NAWAHKUA.

P.S. "Nawahkua," my Indian name, means "In the midst of the forest."

Perù 1552
Buenos Aires
Argentina
January 28, 1926

DEAR MISS SPENCER:

Thank you very much for your letter with its kind Christmas greeting. Here Christmas is in the middle of summer, and school does not open until March 1. I suppose it would seem strange to you to have Christmas in warm weather, but I am used to it. I was born here, but my parents are Americans, and I have been to the States on two occasions — in 1911, when I was five years old, and last year. I attended high school here and now am working at a Commercial Institute.

Five years ago, the wife of the pastor of the American church here started the Nañdu Camp Fire, and I joined it. Last year we had twenty members between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two; so we started a Camp Fire (the Akiyahapi) for younger girls, I being the guardian and two other girls assistant guardians. But now quite a number of the older girls of the Nañdu C. F. have dropped out, so I think we will probably combine the two Camp Fires. We will not take this up until March, because many of the girls are away for the holidays now. We will also have to choose a guardian for the Nañdu C. F. from among the older girls, because the lady we had as guardian has gone away.

We have many nationalities in the C. F. here — French girls, Scotch, English, American, and Argentine. Many of the girls work in offices, because knowing both English and Spanish, as most of us do, they can get very good positions.

We find it very difficult to win the C. F. honors. We live all scattered in a city of more than two million inhabitants, and many girls come over an hour's journey from different directions to meet

at the church. So it is difficult for us to get together in the country for hikes or picnics, but we do the best we can and have some jolly Saturday afternoons. Then, the homecraft honors are difficult to win, because most people here keep Spanish servants to do the work.

Every year we raise 250 Argentine pesos (equivalent to $100 in United States money) for an orphanage near here. This we raise by concerts or bazaars. We have also helped other charities and made baby clothes and collected toys for hospitals at different times.

On the back of this page I will put the names and addresses of some of the girls that perhaps some of your girls would be interested in writing to.

Again thanking you for your nice letter, I am,

Yours sincerely,

MILDRED DICK.

COURTEOUS NOTES

DEAR ELEANOR:

I have just heard of your great loss, and I want to express my deepest sympathy, though it is rather hard to do so on paper. But I want you to know how sorry I am, and that I am thinking of you and loving you at this time in spite of the miles between us.

Sincerely yours,

MARY CLARK.

Glenwood, Minn.
October 4, 1926

DEAR MRS. MORRIS:

I am writing in place of Mother to thank you for the beautiful handkerchiefs you sent her. She was both surprised and delighted to receive them. Her arm is much better. The doctor took the splints off about two weeks ago, but of course she can't use it very much yet.

I suppose Mr. Harrold has told you that the folks were in the city last week. Mother thought surely she would have time to go and see you, but the time was too short. They went one day and came back the next; so there wasn't much time to spare. Both Father and Mother were pretty tired when they got home.

The summer visitors have all left, and the town is now full of hunters. Nobody has much luck this year, it seems. Mr. Harrold was out yesterday and got seven mallards. Tom Brooks has been out a few times, too; but I don't remember how many he got.

The weather is miserable; it rains every day. I hope it will let up soon.

Again thanking you for your kindness, I remain

Sincerely,

HELEN DOTY.

A BUSINESS LETTER

Minneapolis, Minn.
October 8, 1926

Wayside Gardens Co.
Mentor, Ohio

Dear Sir:

On July 15, 1926, I sent the following order:

5 bulbs bunch flowered Tulips (Mons. Mottet)	$ .63
5 bulbs Wild Crocus Specious	.30
5 bulbs Wild Crocus Susianus	.25
5 bulbs Wild Crocus Tommansinianus	.25
5 bulbs Nerine (Sarniensis)	1.00
5 bulbs Tritonia Crocata	.43
	$2.86

As yet I have not received the order or a bill. If there is some reason for your not filling the order, please notify me. I hope you will be able to send the bulbs in time for planting.

If it would not be too much trouble, would you kindly tell me if the wild crocuses I am ordering are hardy in Minnesota?

Very truly yours,

Leonard Fowler.

PART II

THE MECHANICS OF WRITING

CHAPTER IX

COURTESY TO THE READER

It will be apparent at first glance that the following passage is discourteous to the reader; the eye and the mind grow weary attempting to follow the meaning without a single sign along the way to guide them.

he was a mongoose rather like a little cat in his fur and his tail but quite like a weasel in his head and habits his eyes and the end of his restless nose were pink he would scratch himself anywhere he pleased with any leg front or back that he chose to use he could fluff up his tail till it looked like a bottle-brush and his war cry as he scuttled through the long grass was rikk tikk tikki tikki tchk one day a high summer flood washed him out of his burrow where he lived with his father and mother and carried him kicking and choking down a roadside ditch he found a little wisp of straw floating there and clung to it till he lost his senses when he revived he was lying in the hot sun on the middle of a garden path very draggled indeed and a small boy was saying heres a dead mongoose lets have a funeral no said his mother lets take him in and dry him perhaps he isnt really dead they took him into the house and a big man picked him up between his finger and thumb and said he was not dead but half choked so they wrapped him in cotton wool and warmed him and he opened his eyes and sneezed now said the big man he was an Englishman who had just moved into the bungalow dont frighten him and well see what hell do.[1]

Signals to the Reader.

No one who attempts to read the passage above will deny the usefulness of punctuation and paragraphing. Reading would be too irksome without the helps to the eye and mind which these devices give. A single glance at the passage quoted above and rewritten below will convince the most indifferent that the enjoyment of the printed or written page would be impossible without those rules and conventions which seem to him so irksome.

"He was a mongoose, rather like a little cat in his fur and tail, but quite like a weasel in his head and habits. His eyes and

[1] *Rikki Tikki Tavi,* by Rudyard Kipling.

the end of his restless nose were pink; he could scratch himself anywhere he pleased, with any leg, front or back, that he chose to use; he could fluff up his tail till it looked like a bottle-brush, and his war cry as he scuttled through the long grass, was: 'Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchk!

"One day, a high summer flood washed him out of the burrow where he lived with his father and mother, and carried him, kicking and choking, down a roadside ditch. He found a little wisp of grass floating there, and clung to it until he lost his senses. When he revived, he was lying in the hot sun on the middle of a garden path, very draggled, indeed, and a small boy was saying: 'Here's a dead mongoose. Let's have a funeral.'

"'No,' said his mother, 'let's take him in and dry him. Perhaps he isn't really dead.'

"They took him into a house, and a big man picked him up between his finger and thumb and said he was not dead but half choked; so they wrapped him in cotton wool, and warmed him, and he opened his eyes and sneezed.

"'Now,' said the big man (he was an Englishman who had just moved into the bungalow), 'don't frighten him, and we'll see what he'll do.'"

If we examine the passage above, we will note that the amount of effort required to follow this simple story is greatly reduced; furthermore, certain information regarding the story is flashed to the mind in an instant.

We note, to begin with, that the story is quoted from some source; we note by the absence of a double mark at the end of each paragraph, except the last one, that the quotation is being continued. The author does not have to interpolate: "I am still quoting"; the reader sees in an instant. If you have ever tried reading aloud a passage from a book in which there are quoted lines, you recall with what awkwardness you said "quotation," "end of the quotation," in order to make clear the distinction between the author's own words and those he borrowed. There is a great economy of effort in the two little marks.

Furthermore, you are able to follow readily a conversation between two persons without such expressions as "she said," "replied he," etc., because of the paragraph indentations. In the illustration above, you are immediately reminded that some one other than the boy is speaking. Once the speakers are

introduced, it is possible to distinguish them merely by a new indentation to mark a new speaker.

In the last paragraph of the passage quoted, there is another mark, parentheses, which courteously draws the reader's attention to the fact that the author is now halting his story to speak in an aside; the reader is warned of the "stop" in time to make him miss the jolt in the movement of the story.

Just as considerate of the reader's comfort are the periods which mark the ends of sentences and divide the thought into convenient units easily understood; or the semicolons distinguishing between a longer and a shorter pause; or the commas marking the groupings of words so that the reader readily places the words in the proper thought relation with the rest of the sentence.

Note, for example, the courtesy of the comma in this sentence, quoted from above. Suppose we first omit the comma: "They took him into a house and a big man, etc."

The reader unconcernedly reads on past the "house" until he crashes directly into the "big man"; then, perceiving that he cannot "take *him* into the big man" as well as "into a house," he backs up and starts afresh. Had he seen the comma, he would have known that he was to pause after "house" and begin a new grouping: "They took him into a house, and a big man, etc." The "and" connects a larger group than "house and man."

There are other useful commas in the passage which keep the main thought flowing freely; such words as *indeed* are set off the main track by commas so that one may leap over them to the continuation of the thought beyond: "very draggled, indeed, and a small boy," etc.

It is possible to justify all punctuation marks in just this way. Leaving the illustration opposite, which contains almost every kind of punctuation mark there is, we may trace still further this consideration of the reader.

In the following sentence, by a mere change of sign at the end of the sentence, the writer signals to the reader to change his emphasis or reinterpret the meaning:

It is raining.
It is raining?
It is raining!

Can you not read the second form so that it denotes surprise and doubt, as much as to say: "I don't believe it; it can't be. I left my umbrella at the office and I don't believe it could possibly rain."

Or can you not read the third so as to suggest an exasperated exclamation at the ill fate which brings rain on the day of the picnic?

In a story such signals of mood are valuable indicators of the author's meaning. Much of the charm and interest of a story would disappear if it were not possible for the author to signal his finer shades of meaning inconspicuously by the marks at the end of the sentence and within the sentence.

Sometimes a change in punctuation so alters the meaning of a sentence that the results are serious. We can well imagine a suit for libel growing out of the carelessness of a newspaper reporter in punctuating the following sentence:

The witness said the lawyer is a liar.
"The witness," said the lawyer, "is a liar."

It makes a great difference in these two sentences which is the correct version; we may imagine the lawyer protesting against the first version.

We can imagine, also, the United States Post Office finding some confusion in the punctuation of the following address:

Mr. Paul Jones
372–17th Street South St. Paul

Does the writer mean 17th St., South, St. Paul? Or does he mean 17th Street, South St. Paul?

It would be possible to multiply such instances of the courtesy of punctuation. It is more than likely, however, that now that attention has been called to the reasonableness of punctuation, the reader will be able to find illustrations for himself and come to believe that to punctuate carefully is to be thoughtful of another.

EXPERIMENT 85

In this experiment you are to become conscious of the service which punctuation renders you in your reading. Perhaps in a newspaper or magazine or book you can find an example of a difficult meaning made simpler through punctuation, or of confusion due to lack of punctuation. Sometimes the street-car advertisements or billboard signs show an amusing ambiguity of meaning due to careless punctuation.

For this experiment it will hardly be possible for you to set out too deliberately to find such illustrations. Often when you look for specific examples they elude you. But you might set aside in your journal a section for illustrations from your reading during the term. Perhaps your own classmates in their writing will furnish illustrations. But sometime in the term it should prove interesting to spend a class hour discussing the convenience of punctuation as shown by your own illustrations. The chief thing, however, is to become a convert to punctuation; to become an active worker in its cause.

Good Usage.

Just as courtesy in human relationships has been defined for us in certain standards of etiquette which the well-bred person does not question beyond his faith that they serve some purpose accepted by the majority, so consideration for the reader by these devices of punctuation and paragraphing has been crystallized into certain standard conventions which the well-educated person accepts unprotestingly.

So it is that certain arbitrary uses of punctuation can be explained only on conventional grounds. A well-educated person puts a period, not a comma, directly after an abbreviation, because correct usage so dictates. After all, such arbitrary uses are comparatively few; to protest against them is hardly worth the energy it takes. Things of custom change slowly. It is too futile a struggle to wage war against the standards of good usage. It is better to save one's originality for those opportunities in style and diction of which there are so many, and let the wise heads of the past have their say about colons and hyphens.

The digest of punctuation in Chapter X includes marks and

uses which are the tools of every writer who would show courtesy to his reader and respect for the conventions of his craft.

A New Public Service.

The modern newspaper, magazine, and advertisement have introduced a new art of " make-up," a new skill in spacing and arranging printed matter so that it will arrest the eye by its pertinence and simplicity. The newspaper headline, the grouping of paragraphs, and the boldness of type all declare their effort to make reading and understanding an easy task.

The journalist and the advertiser understand the lack of appeal in the unbroken page. Students themselves are familiar with this principle, although they may not be aware of it. How many a book from the library shelves has been returned after a hasty perusal because its pages looked forbidding to the eye, too unbroken by conversation, perhaps, for easy and entertaining reading?

While the business man has something of an ax to grind in the simplifying of all reading material, his efforts are but a part of a genuine tendency to make the typewriter and the printing press serve a great human need — that of bringing reading matter to the easy attention of the public.

Every one may be a part of this larger public service. There is not an essay or a notice written in the classroom but may live up to its ideals. It is simply a matter of using what devices are at hand.

A Legible Manuscript.

In these days of the typewriter and the dictaphone the laborious task of handwriting has become almost obsolete, though not quite. Perhaps there are still those who pride themselves on a beautiful backhand, but the goal of the average penman is simply to be legible. His writing must be readable if it is to win readers. One simply cannot inflict his eccentricities of handwriting on a reader in the name of genius. It is just as inconsiderate and unbusinesslike as missing an appointment.

Labels.

For the efficiency of any business, whether compounding prescriptions from bottles or marking a set of papers, there must be appropriate labels which will save time and energy. A druggist does not have to sniff and peer into each bottle in order to recognize his chemicals; neither should a teacher or student have to fumble through his papers to find out what the article is, or when and by whom it was written.

Each classroom will set up its own requirements of endorsements; it is merely suggested here that even in such trifles as titles and names one keep in mind the ideal of courtesy to the reader.

Paragraphing.

Journalists and advertisers are in the habit of cutting up printed matter so that the task of reading will not seem too difficult, nor the probability of understanding too remote. But printed matter, unlike ribbon or meat, cannot be cut off by the yard or pound to suit the tastes of a public. Behind the type is the thought, which unfortunately does not yield to such division. A thought may be expressed in a sentence or in a paragraph; that is, the same thought may have different lengths. Which length determines the paragraph?

A paragraph is not to be considered as an arbitrary unit. It does not obey fixed rules as to length any more than conversation does. One may wish to talk a minute or an hour on the same topic. Paragraph division is based solely on the practical idea of ease of understanding. If one has in mind a detailed discussion of a certain idea, he may divide his discussion into three logical parts for the sake of the readers, that they may pause and consider, or stop and place a bookmark at a given place. If the same idea is to be told briefly, it may be compressed into a single paragraph.

As a handy analogy, let us consider a thought as we consider a loaf of bread. One does not consume it by huge gnawing at the whole loaf! One cuts it into convenient slices, and by convenient we mean not too large for easy consumption, nor too small, or thin, to make us doubtful that we are eating bread.

A thought or an idea may be conveniently sliced, depending on how large the idea is, or in how much detail we expect to discuss it.

The best practice in paragraphing comes in practice with ideas. Turn to page 293 and read the passage on "The Size of an Idea." Then note the outline on page 297. Would one make a single paragraph for each subtopic or topic? It would depend on whether one wished to write much or little on the subtopic or topic. We may best illustrate with a specific idea.

Let us take the idea that the noises of a large city are wearing on the nervous system, and assume that our development gives one sentence apiece to the five ideas which this larger idea embraces. Such a development may be in a single paragraph, thus:

Modern city life is hard on the nervous system. The noise alone which rises over the city like a cloud increases the nervous tension under which its dwellers live. This great medley of distracting noises is made up of the whistles and screeches from factory and train and the great rumblings of street car and truck along the cobblestone roads. There is the deafening roar of the elevated above and the subway below, and the terrifying "honks" to the right and left. Only man's infinite power to adapt himself to a changing environment makes it possible for him to stand this strain on the senses.

If you will examine each of the five sentences of the paragraph above, you will see that each might be the basis of a paragraph development. A brief discussion of whistles and screeches, however, does not need a separate paragraph for each idea. But supposing the development of this idea is to be more extended! Then each sentence may become the "topic sentence" for a paragraph, thus:

Modern city life is hard on the nervous system. Physicians agree that more and more the strenuous demands and strains of city life are increasing insanity and nervous breakdowns. Man's nervous system was not designed for the high pressure which city life entails, and hundreds are paying the toll of the grim monster, the City.

The noise alone which rises over the city like a cloud increases the nervous tension under which its dwellers live. People are not

always conscious of the noise of the city which they have become so accustomed to, until a trip to the quiet country reminds them of the confusion of sound they have left behind. Something seems gone out of the atmosphere, and they feel it keenly, so keenly sometimes that their overstimulated nerves cannot stand the lack and they rush back to the city of noise in order to be able to sleep in comfort.

This great medley of noises is made up of whistles and screeches from factory and train and the great rumblings of street car and truck over the cobblestone roads. "Say it with noise" is the modern factory method of advertising, whether that noise be a blatant billboard or a shrill whistle to mark the lunch hour or a declaration of war. The housewife learns to set her clocks by the twelve o'clock whistle, and the straphanger learns to adjust his nerves to the rhythm of a flat-wheeled street car.

There is the deafening roar of elevated above and subway below, and the terrifying "honks" to the right and left. No wonder a visitor from Main Street holds his breath and shakes in limb as he attempts to cross a street. His nerves are not attuned to the strenuous life of a pedestrian in a large city. He cannot disentangle from the general rumble that specific noise which means "Look out!"

Only man's infinite power to adapt himself to a changing environment makes it possible for him to stand this great strain on the nervous system. Reared in noise, he gets used to it, and the flexible nervous system of those who do not break under the first strain adapts itself to that which at first seemed impossible.

The principle underlying the paragraphing illustrated above is that same consideration which underlies the marking of several articles so that they may be easily distinguished. An idea briefly told need not be split up into its details; but an idea told in detail should be broken up into easily recognized and assimilated parts. It rests the eye and mind to feel the pauses between ideas thus marked by paragraphs. It is a comfort to the senses not to be held too concentratedly to a single line of thought.

Newspaper writers understand this perhaps more keenly than any other set of writers; or in appealing to the popular mind they realize that its power of concentration is slight, and therefore that smaller units of thought are more intelligible. Paragraphs in news writing are characteristically short.

Paragraphing of Conversation.

The following comparison illustrates another courtesy to the reader already mentioned, though not stressed, at the beginning of this chapter:

The question I put to you is, what shall I do with him? What shall you do with him? Oh! do with him? Yes. Come! I want some very sound advice. Why, if I was you, I should — I should wash him! Janet! Mr. Dick sets us all right. Heat the bath!

In such a conversation the reader is not reminded of the change in speaker and consequently finds the following of the conversation difficult. In the following paragraphing of it, the reader finds the convenient reminder:

The question I put to you is, what shall I do with him?

What shall you do with him? Oh! do with him?

Yes. Come! I want some very sound advice.

Why, if I was you, I should — I should wash him.

Janet! Mr. Dick sets us all right. Heat the bath!

It is easy to follow such a conversation even though the persons speaking are not named. The third writing of the paragraphs — an exact reproduction of the passage as it appears in the original — is even more considerate of the reader.

"The question I put to you is," *said my aunt,* "what shall I do with him?"

"What shall you do with him?" *said Mr. Dick, feebly, scratching his head.* "Oh! do with him?"

"Yes," *said my aunt, with a grave look, and her forefinger held up.* "Come! I want some very sound advice."

"Why, if I was you," *said Mr. Dick, considering, and looking vacantly at me,* "I should — I should wash him!"

"Janet," *said my aunt, turning round with a quiet triumph, which I did not then understand,* "Mr. Dick sets us all right. Heat the bath!" — DICKENS, *David Copperfield.* (Italics the editor's.)

When one is outlining his own ideas, in his mind or on paper, it is comparatively easy, after some practice in outlining, to write in paragraphs. One sees in his outline the topic sentences of paragraphs. It might be repeated here that a second value of outlining lies in the practice in thought division which it offers, and the consequent practice in paragraphing. Paragraphing must be learned through ideas; it cannot be mastered by following rules.

Paragraphing of Running Narrative.

The following paragraph division illustrates how the division of thought is managed in a running narrative. The topic sentences which obviously stand out mark the central idea of each paragraph:

Although I was deeply interested in this dialogue, I could not help observing my aunt, Mr. Dick, and Janet, while it was in progress, and completing a survey I had already been engaged in making of the room.

My aunt was a tall, hard-featured lady, but by no means ill-looking. There was an inflexibility in her face, in her voice, in her gait and carriage; but her features were rather handsome than otherwise, though unbending and austere. I particularly noticed that she had a very quick, bright eye. Her hair, which was gray, was arranged in two plain divisions, under what I believe would be called a mobcap. Her dress was of a lavender color, and perfectly neat. She wore at her side a gentleman's gold watch; she had some linen at her throat not unlike a shirt-collar, and things at her wrist like little shirt wristbands.

Mr. Dick, as I have already said, was gray-headed and florid, and his gray eyes prominent and large, with a strange kind of watery brightness in them that made me, in combination with his vacant manner, his submission to my aunt, and his childish delight when she praised him, suspect him of being a little mad. He was dressed like any other ordinary gentleman, in a loose gray morning coat and waistcoat, and white trousers; and had his watch in his fob, and his money in his pockets: which he rattled as if he were very proud of it.

Janet was a pretty, blooming girl, of about nineteen or twenty, and a perfect picture of neatness. She was one of a series of protégées whom my aunt had taken into her service expressly to educate in a renouncement of mankind, and who had generally completed their abjuration by marrying the baker.

The room was as neat as Janet or my aunt. The air from the sea came blowing in again, mixed with the perfume of the flowers; and I saw the old-fashioned furniture brightly rubbed and polished, my aunt's inviolable chair and table by the round green fan in the bow window, the drugget-covered carpet, the cat, the kettle-holder, the two canaries, the old china, the punch bowl full of dried rose leaves.

Janet had gone away to get the bath ready, when my aunt, to my great alarm, became in one moment rigid with indignation, and had hardly voice to cry out: "Janet! Donkeys!" Janet came running up the stairs as if the house were in flames, darted out on the little piece of green in front, and warned off two saddle-donkeys, lady-ridden, that had presumed to set hoof upon it. — *David Copperfield.*

EXPERIMENT 86

For practice in paragraphing find a paragraph which will be of interest by itself, and in the manner illustrated on pages 384 and 385, enlarges upon each sentence as a topic sentence of a paragraph, thus illustrating to yourself something of the flexibility of paragraphing.

EXPERIMENT 87

Using any magazine article which interests you, outline by the central idea of the paragraphs the development of the thought. This is précis writing again — that is, the summary of an idea of a paragraph within a single sentence.

EXPERIMENT 88

Using any of the following subjects, plan by topic sentence a brief development — in three to five paragraphs — of the idea.

1. The Education of Travel
2. The Modern Diana (girl athlete)
3. An Old-fashioned Flower Garden
4. Deep-Sea Monsters
5. Modern Poetry
6. The Charm of Marionettes
7. Camp Cookery
8. A Jazz Age
9. A Plea for Leaving Window Shades Up
10. Growing Christmas Trees, Not Cutting Them

Spacing.

The readers of this book have already seen examples of the courtesy which is shown in the spacing of the printed matter in the printed or typewritten page. Quotations are arranged in

such a way that the reader may the more easily recognize them or refer to them; there are subheadings to remind him of the progress of thought; and there are chapter divisions to mark the larger divisions of thought.

The modern business letter arranges its paragraphing attractively on the page so that it will make an instant appeal. The typist extends lines and indents them in order to make the reader visually conscious of his meaning.

EXPERIMENT 89

See that your journal is spaced attractively to the eye. You will wish to refer to your experiments at a later date. Plan your pages with this convenience in mind.

CHAPTER X

A DIGEST OF PUNCTUATION WITH UNIT DRILLS

The following digest of punctuation may be best used in conjunction with the Diagnostic Tests on pages 460–462 and the Mastery Tests on pages 463–470. Students who feel that they are already familiar with any or all of the common uses of punctuation given below may test the accuracy of their knowledge by means of the method explained on page 460.

EXPERIMENT 90

The little pen-and-ink sketches [1] introducing each section of punctuation may furnish an amusing opportunity for writing punctuation allegories. (An allegory is a tale in which the characters represent ideas.) The dandified semicolon and the small-boy comma suggest an interesting contrast. A big brother is allowed to do many more things than small brother. Here is an idea for representing concretely the difference between a comma and a semicolon.

The imperative "Stop!" of the period suggests the authority of the policeman. Can the "comma splice" (consult page 404) be pictorially illustrated?

The overgrown question mark and the capering exclamation point should suggest similar interpretations.

EXPERIMENT 91

In order to arouse enthusiasm for the thoughtful observance of punctuation, the class might plan a Punctuation Week in imitation of Safety Week or Drama Week. The best of the allegories written for the preceding experiment will serve as one feature. Posters, speeches, favors, resolutions, slogans, etc. — all the paraphernalia of the publicity campaign — might prove effective devices for arousing the class or the school to action in the matter of punctuation. Such words as convenience, courtesy, time-saver, efficiency, etc., might serve as the key-note of the campaign.

[1] These sketches were conceived by high-school students.

I. Uses of the Comma

A. *After words in a series:*

We took bacon, coffee, and rolls on our hike.

N.B. The comma is necessary before the connective unless the last two items are more closely connected with each other than with the others:

For our camp dinner we had bean soup, rolls, bacon and eggs.

UNIT DRILL I A — COMMA

The student should rewrite correctly the sentences given in this and later Unit Drills.

1. Last summer I went to Chicago South Bend and Detroit.
2. The boy had been told what to say how to say it and where to say it.
3. Mary went to the dance and wore her bracelet ring and watch.
4. He was tired of seeing on the menu bacon and eggs corned beef and cabbage and pork and beans.
5. Helen could play a piano talk interestingly and dance the latest dances.

B. *To join the clauses of a compound sentence when there is danger of misunderstanding:*

I reached for the railing, and Tom's arm sustained me.

N.B. If the comma were omitted, the reader would read: "I reached for the railing and Tom's arm," etc.

UNIT DRILL I B — COMMA

1. I struck out for shore and the rope was thrown to me.
2. I made the candy and Mary ate it.
3. I asked for Gladys and Doris told me where to find her.
4. I hit the ball and the umpire called "Foul!"
5. I telephoned Mary and the maid answered.

C. *To set off the introductory phrase when the meaning would otherwise be ambiguous:*

Farther down, the stream became very shallow.

UNIT DRILL I C — COMMA

1. Farther inside the cave became darker.
2. Beyond the cabin was sighted.
3. Higher up the air became thin.
4. Going down the elevator became unmanageable.
5. Lower down the soil became sandy.

D. *To set off an introductory adverbial clause which postpones the subject of the sentence:*

Whenever we went swimming, Father went with us.

UNIT DRILL I D — COMMA

1. After they had chopped balsam boughs for their beds they set about getting dinner.
2. If only I had taken Father's advice this difficulty would not have arisen.
3. Whenever I take an umbrella it stops raining.
4. Because she was refused permission to go to the party she sulked all afternoon.
5. Since there is no other way out of our difficulty we might just as well accept the decision cheerfully.

E. *To indicate an interruption of thought:*

The boys, urged on by the men, dragged the sleds to the top of the hill.

He turned around, nevertheless, in order to make sure who had addressed him.

It was, indeed, a great victory.

UNIT DRILL I E — COMMA

1. I recognized 'way off in the distance Jim's horse cropping the grasses.
2. He set off in spite of warnings absolutely heedless of the danger.
3. Charles notwithstanding appearances is innocent.
4. The ship was moreover not seaworthy.
5. He was without doubt the worst bluffer I ever knew.

F. *To set off a noun of address:*

Tell me, John, what you intend to do on leaving college.

UNIT DRILL I F — COMMA

1. You Mary are to play the part of the maid.
2. Mother may I go to a movie?
3. It should not be necessary John for me to repeat.
4. James if you are going, do hurry.
5. I'm coming Mother right away.

G. *After non-restrictive clauses and phrases:*

My brother, waving his hat, said good-bye with a smile.

The little white cottage on the hill, which in June is all covered with roses, is a delightful retreat.

Note: In the first sentence, it will be noted, " waving his hat " does not identify the person spoken of as " brother "; it merely adds a bit of information. Had the sentence read, " The boy waving his hat is my brother," " waving his hat " would be needed to identify the " boy," and the reader would read on, " The boy waving his hat," before he would be able to recognize who was the brother. In sentences, therefore, where the phrase or clause " restricts " the meaning so that it, as well as the noun, is necessary for the complete understanding of the subject, there is no punctuation needed.

In the second sentence, the clause " which in June is covered with roses " is not necessary to identify the house already pointed out as the " little white house on the hill." Had the sentence read, " The little house *which is covered with roses* belongs to my grandmother," we should not have known which house was referred to until after the clause had been read. In such a case there is no punctuation.

UNIT DRILL I G — COMMA

1. The principal's desk which was broken was replaced.
2. The bride's wedding dress which had been worn by her mother was delicately fashioned and very well preserved.
3. " Lucy Gray " Wordsworth's poem is a very pretty ballad.
4. Abraham Lincoln who saved the Union was America's greatest President.
5. The man in front of you wearing the striped sweater is a champion skater.

H. *To set off nouns or phrases in apposition:*

Abraham Lincoln, the martyr in the cause of slavery, was one of our greatest Presidents.

Her only daughter, Sarah, was killed in an automobile accident.

N.B. It should be noted that in the sentence " Her daughter Sarah was killed " there is no need for punctuation. In this sentence " Sarah " is being distinguished from the other daughters of the family; " Sarah " is therefore restrictive.

UNIT DRILL I H — COMMA

1. Luther Bates president of the University of Nebraska will address the College Women's Club.
2. James the bell boy goes to night school.
3. Bert the doctor's son is a very sociable fellow.
4. The case was pleaded by Daniel Webster the great orator.
5. George Washington the father of his country is the hero of many a story told about the Revolution.

I. *In other emergencies when without punctuation the meaning would be confused:*

In 1925, 752 cases of smallpox were reported to the Board of Health.

Toward little Mary, James acted like a father.

What the reason is, is not known.

N.B. One reading of each sentence without the pause indicated by the comma will make clear the necessity for the use of the comma.

UNIT DRILL I–I — COMMA

1. During 1924 42 new members were taken in.
2. In 1925 429 fire alarms were answered.
3. What little he had had been spent.
4. Toward John Alexander acted like a brother.
5. Before Captain Jack Smith told his story.

J. *Conventional uses of the comma.*

a. After *yes* and *no:*

Yes, I will go; no, you need not bother.

b. After *oh* in an exclamation:

Oh, these problems are so hard!

c. To set off a quotation:

"Whatever you do, be careful," called Mother in a last-minute warning.

"I wouldn't mind," continued Mary, "if I had only been consulted."

d. To indicate an omission of words:

Fred chose college; Harry, a job.

N.B. The comma in the second clause stands in place of *chose:* "Harry chose a job."

e. Between the parts of a date:

June 19, 1917.

f. Between the parts of an address:

517 Carter Avenue, Janesville, Illinois.

UNIT DRILL IJ — COMMA

1. Yes I did speak before the Acanthus Club on February 12 1923.
2. Oh I couldn't possibly accept under those conditions!
3. James lives at 1700 Park Avenue Chicago; Mary at 1700 Park Avenue Minneapolis.
4. No Mother isn't strong enough to do it.
5. "Whatever you do" said Ann "don't act as if you were afraid."

II. Uses of the Semicolon

A. *In a compound sentence when the conjunction is omitted:*

Mary is a teacher; James is a physician.

N.B. Had the conjunction *and* been used in the sentence, the need for the semicolon would disappear. A comma, if any mark, could be used:

Mary is a teacher, and James is a physician.

UNIT DRILL II A — SEMICOLON

1. James went home we stayed.
2. No one told Harry how to cook he learned for himself camping.
3. Jessie goes to Vassar Ruth, to Smith.
4. John, you ride we'll walk.
5. Nothing you can say will alter my decision my mind is made up.

B. *Before such words as "accordingly," "consequently," "hence," "however," "indeed," "moreover," "nevertheless," "still," "then," "therefore":*

It is raining; consequently I shall not go out.

N.B. Had an *and* been used in the sentence, the need for the semicolon would disappear:

It is raining and consequently I shall not go out.

These words are connectives of such a nature that they must be used with a conjunction or a semicolon.

UNIT DRILL II B — SEMICOLON

1. I was not asked to her party consequently I shall not invite her to mine.
2. Mary writes poetry indeed she can almost be called a poet.
3. The speaker was very earnest still his words failed to arouse his audience.
4. You are failing in your Latin however if you study hard you will doubtless pass the examination.
5. We were told to meet Mother at three accordingly we set out at 2:30.

C. *In a long sentence in which groups are already broken by commas:*

If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and

if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I also would do that. — LINCOLN.

N.B. It will be plainly seen that commas where the semicolons now stand would not define the larger groups, because of the commas already there.

UNIT DRILL II C — SEMICOLON

1. There were visitors from Faribault, Minnesota, Chicago, Illinois and Drayton, North Dakota.

2. If he does not pay attention, he is likely to fail if he is absent again, furthermore, he will fail or if he does not pass his final examination he will fail.

3. I cannot say, if I am honest, that I was exactly weary of so easy a life I think, on the contrary, I enjoyed it completely but I was still cursed by an unsatisfied longing to accomplish I know not what.

4. "It was, at least, a ticklish decision that he had to make and, self-reliant as he was by habit, he began to cherish a longing for advice." (*Stevenson.*)

III. Uses of the Colon

A. *To introduce a formal enumeration:*

He packed in his suitcase the following articles: two books for light reading, a fresh change of linen, some smoking tobacco, fishing tackle, and a camera.

N.B. The need for the colon disappears in an informal enumeration:

He took with him his fishing tackle, a light lunch, and a camera.

UNIT DRILL III A — COLON

1. The food we took on our canoe trip was as follows 1 strip of bacon, 10-lb. sack of sugar, etc.
2. These are the rules which are followed in regard to eligibility a scholarship record of C, etc.
3. There are six arguments which I can give to support my assertion first, it is not economical; second, etc.
4. The three tribes of American Indians referred to are as follows Cheyenne, Sioux, Ojibway.
5. The following subjects are necessary for graduation English, science, and mathematics.

B. *To precede a formal quotation:*

The minister ended with these words: [A long quotation follows.]

Sometimes the colon is used to precede an illustration such as the following:

In tennis there is the finest display of good sportsmanship: the crowd cheers a good play regardless of player; the players themselves cheer their opponents' good plays; and there is a friendship between players that transcends rivalry.

N.B. The last three clauses explain the idea of the first.

UNIT DRILL III B — COLON

1. These words of Lowell remain in my memory
"It is not what we give but what we share
For the gift without the giver is bare."
2. The speaker recited these lines from Shakespeare "Is this a dagger which I see before me?" etc.
3. The president laid down these three propositions first, ———; second, ———; third, ———.
4. Woodrow Wilson in his proclamation of war says the following "———."
5. The following lines by Huxley prove your point "———."

C. *Conventional uses of the colon:*

a. After a salutation in a formal letter:

Dear Sirs:
Gentlemen:

b. Between chapter and verse in Biblical reference:

John III:16–18.

c. To indicate time:

4:30 P.M.

UNIT DRILL III C — COLON

1. GENTLEMEN
   Your letter of recent date, etc.
2. The minister based his text on Luke 4 8–16.
3. DEAR MADAM
   We are forwarding to you today, etc.
4. The appointment was made for 8:15 sharp.
5. At 6:20 the train pulled in, four hours late.

IV. Uses of the Dash

Caution:

The dash is to be used sparingly by amateurs. Since it is used for punctuating an abrupt change of thought, too frequent use leads to incoherent writing. The " dash habit " is a bad one to form.

A. *To indicate an abrupt change of thought:*

He couldn't explain — the reason was obvious — what he had done with the money.

I want you to know — oh, but you'll not understand.

UNIT DRILL IV A — DASH

1. You simply can't make me believe but what is the use of arguing?
2. John came late to class but then John always does come late.
3. Let's play tennis no it's too hot.
4. When Jane was halfway there but that's another story.
5. Will you mend this oh, never mind.

B. *When a summary comes first in a sentence, thus:*

Faith, hope, charity — these are the cardinal virtues mentioned in the Bible.

UNIT DRILL IV B — DASH

1. Swimming, riding, hunting these are my favorite sports.
2. Rain, sleet, snow, steam these are forms of moisture we are studying about.
3. Red, white, blue, green every color was represented.
4. Books, paper, pens these are the tools of the classroom.
5. Dancing, skating, singing these were her accomplishments.

C. *The dash is used to indicate hesitation in speech:*

" I — I am sor — ry," he stammered. " Plea — please forgive me."

UNIT DRILL IV C — DASH

1. "No no," I said, somewhat stammeringly.
2. You see it meant a lot to me; you you are the only person who knows what is ah I mean knows for certain.
3. Well yes if you mean but don't you think I don't know what you mean; you're trying to pry into my affairs, that that's what you are.
4. Marlowe paused with a whimsical look. "Don't don't think I have have any ob objections" he stuttered at last.
5. "All right, I I can make it," Carrie faltered.

V. Uses of Quotation Marks

A. *Note the position of the quotation marks and question marks in the following quotations:*

"Do you expect me to fight alone?" he asked.
Is the title of the book "Tolerance"?

In the first example, the question is a part of the quotation; in the second, the quotation is a part of the question.

UNIT DRILL V A — QUOTATION MARKS

1. What time do we start? asked Billy.
2. No one she repeated may leave the room without permission.
3. Ho! said Patalanion. Look at the white seal! (*Kipling.*)
4. Hear you fat pigs of the sea! Who comes with me to the Sea Cow's tunnel? Answer, or I shall teach you again, roared Kotick. (*Kipling.*)
5. I do not think, said Mr. Nicholsen, that I am an ungenerous father.

B. *Note the difference between a direct and an indirect question:*

She asked her mother whether she could go.
She asked her mother: "May I go?"
or
"May I go?" she asked her mother.

Quotation marks are not put around indirect quotations such as that in the first instance above.

UNIT DRILL V B — QUOTATION MARKS

1. The man asked whether there was any one home.
2. Is there anybody there? said the traveler.
3. Why, what in fortune's name is the meaning of all this? cried Van Tromp.
4. John slammed the door behind him so that the crazy car rocked and jingled and then told the driver to drive on.
5. I fear, sir, you must apologize. Richard paused as if to consider whether he had better go on.

C. *Single quotation marks are used to enclose a quotation within a quotation, thus:*

The speaker droned on: "I agree with the saying, 'You cannot teach an old dog new tricks.'"

UNIT DRILL V C — SINGLE QUOTATION MARKS

1. Mother has just finished reading Stevenson's The Power of a Lie, Mary announced, as if it had some bearing upon the falsehood which was about to make so much difference in their lives.
2. I think he has learned his lesson and deserves our help, Mary suggested sympathetically.
3. Do unto others as you would have others do unto you — this was the minister's text, volunteered Mary when grandmother accused her of napping in church.
4. I like books like Treasure Island, said Dick, politely, as he handed back the delicately tinted volume to his aunt; this book is for girls, not boys.
5. Whatever made you start that tedious To be or not to be ——? I for one would rather have heard Uncle John tell about his horses, said Mabel in her most disgruntled tone.

D. *Quotation marks are used, also, to enclose titles of books, pictures, poems, etc., when they do not appear in italics. Sometimes, in manuscript, underlining takes the place of quotation marks.*

Dickens' Oliver Twist or "Oliver Twist."

UNIT DRILL V D — QUOTATION MARKS

1. Oliver Twist is a most pathetic story of a poor boy who is abused.
2. Lives of great men all remind us — can you go on with the poem?
3. Zona Gale's play, Miss Lulu Bett, won the Pulitzer prize.

4. The text for public speaking is Better Speech, by Woolbert and Weaver.
5. Queen Elizabeth in her reign received the title of Good Queen Bess.

E. *Other uses of quotation marks:*

a. Colloquial or slang expressions for which the author does not wish to take responsibility are enclosed in quotation marks:

He was gesticulating wildly as if bound that " he'd tell the world."

b. Words or phrases to which particular attention is drawn are put in quotation marks.

He uses too many " ands " in his conversation.

UNIT DRILL V E — QUOTATION MARKS

1. Ain't is an incorrect expression for am not.
2. The boy in his writing seldom distinguishes between to, too, two. For any one of the meanings, he was bound to write just to.
3. Girls are sometimes given to hyperbole; they say it is a grand dinner, or a marvelous movie, when in reality both are commonplace.
4. Me is in the accusative case object of the verb struck.

F. *Punctuation of a split quotation:*

" I will not," she began with emphasis, " tolerate this much longer."

N.B. Since " tolerate " continues the sentence begun by " will not," it is not capitalized.

" I will not tolerate this any longer," she announced emphatically; " I'm through."

N.B. A semicolon or a period may be used after " emphatically " because " I'm through " begins an independent clause.

UNIT DRILL V F — QUOTATION MARKS

Care should be taken in punctuating " split quotations " to note the end of sentences and punctuate accordingly.

Punctuate the following, taking care to divide the sentences correctly and indicate direct quotations:

1. Why Christine said her mother it's too bad you dressed don't you remember Papa said Flicker was lame and we couldn't go to church?

2. I'm going, Mamma said Christine as she fingered the bread knife Christian's going to take me.

3. Christian! Christian! said her mother, opening her eyes and putting her hands to her hips please tell me who Christian is.

4. Christine flushed. Why, Mamma, you know it is silly to make out you don't. (*Beers.*)

VI. Uses of the Period

A. *After all abbreviations:*

Mr. Etc. Conn. MSS.

UNIT DRILL VI A — PERIOD

1. Mr and Mrs Kane spent the winter in Topeka, Kan, with their daughter, Miss Abigail Kane.

2. There were 2 lbs of sugar and 1 pkg of oatmeal left after our 6 weeks' camp.

3. Mrs Thomas sang the song while it was still in MS form.

4. "Little drops of water," etc — this is the first poem I ever memorized.

5. Her address is 1811 6th Ave So Minneapolis, Minn

B. *After complete sentences:*

There is a new moon tonight. The clouds have all gone.

Caution: Care should be taken to avoid what is known as

the " comma splice " — i.e. " splicing " two sentences together with a comma. The " comma splice " arises from ignorance of the use of the period at the end of a sentence. A comma between the two sentences above would be wrong, unless a conjunction were also used:

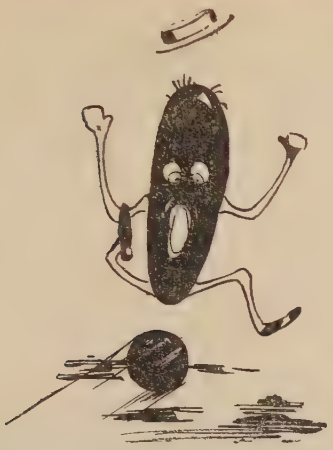
Wrong: There is a new moon tonight, the clouds have all gone.
Right: There is a new moon tonight *and* the clouds have all gone.
Right: There is a new moon; the clouds have all gone.

UNIT DRILL VI B — PERIOD

Divide the following paragraph into sentences by indicating periods and capital letters:

" Then Mowgli picked out a shady place, and lay down and slept while the buffaloes grazed round him herding in India is one of the laziest things in the world the cattle move and crunch, and lie down, and move on again, and they do not even low they only grunt, and the buffaloes very seldom say anything, but get down into the muddy pools one after another, and work their way into the mud until only their noses and staring, china-blue eyes show above the surface, and there they lie like logs the sun makes the rocks dance in the heat, and the herd-children hear a kite whistling almost out of sight overhead, and they know that if they died, or a cow died, that kite would sweep down, and there would be a score of other hungry kites come out of nowhere to join him then they sleep and wake and sleep again and weave little baskets of dried grass and put grasshoppers in them they string a necklace of red and black jungle nuts or watch a lizard basking on a rock, or a snake hunting a frog near the willows they sing long songs with odd quavers at the end of them, and the days seem longer than most people's lives perhaps they make a mud castle with mud figures of men and horses and buffaloes, and put reeds into the men's hands and pretend that that they are kings and the figures are their armies, or that they are gods to be worshiped evening comes and the children call and the buffaloes lumber up out of the sticky mud with noises like gunshots going off one after the other they all string across the gray plain back to the twinkling village lights." (*Kipling.*)

VII. Uses of the Exclamation Mark



A. *After exclamatory sentences:*

What a tragedy!

B. *To indicate irony:*

Brutus is an honorable man! — SHAKESPEARE.

C. *To indicate a strong command:*

Put that gun down!

UNIT DRILL VII — EXCLAMATION MARK

1. Five dollars I can't pay it.
2. What a wonderful night it was.
3. Ouch That hurts Stop it, I tell you, or I'll call Mother.
4. Bah You're afraid.
5. Oh how I dread to go.

VIII. Uses of the Question Mark

A. *Question marks are used only after* direct *questions:*

Right: "Will you let me help you?" he asked.
Wrong: He asked whether he could help her?

UNIT DRILL VIII A — QUESTION MARK

1. He asked me what time it was.
2. How are you, Bill. I haven't seen you in an age.
3. "Shall I put the potatoes on now" asked Martha.
4. The girl was full of questions: "Is this new May I see Have you your washing done" — until I grew tired of the sound of her voice.
5. She inquired whether I would be slighted if I were not invited.

B. *Sometimes a question mark within brackets is used to indicate a doubtful fact:*

The age of the man was given as 59 [?], but there were few other facts to be gleaned.

IX. Apostrophe

A. *The apostrophe is used to express the possessive case, as follows:*

Singular: — *'s* as in *Mary's:* Mary's book.
Plural: — *s'* as in *dogs':* dogs' food.

B. *The apostrophe is used to indicate an omission of letters:*

I'll (for *I will*).
There's (for *there is*).

N.B. For detailed rules for the possessive, see page 411. For common contractions, see any standard dictionary.

UNIT DRILL IX — APOSTROPHE

1. Whatever else she is shes honest.
2. Marys sweater was knit by a blind woman.
3. The boys sleds were tied to the Ford and bobbed along behind us as we rode back to town.
4. Youre not a very pleasant companion.
5. Mothers eye was operated upon yesterday.

X. Hyphen

The hyphen is used to indicate compound words, such as *self-analysis, Pan-American,* etc.

If you are in doubt whether a word should be hyphenated, consult the dictionary.

UNIT DRILL X — HYPHEN

1. Some of our newspapers are sensation mongers.
2. Central won the All City Championship this year in football.
3. Mary is very self confident in her work.
4. Minneapolis has an out of door school for tubercular children.

CHAPTER XI

A REVIEW OF GRAMMAR WITH UNIT DRILLS

Just as there are certain standard conventions in punctuation and paragraphing which the educated person accepts without protest, so there are fixed grammatical principles which he obeys without question. Just as a baseball player accepts the rules of his game, so does a word-craftsman accept the conventions of his craft. True, a baseball player may argue that four strikes, not three, count an "out"; but in such a case, he is put out of the game and loses the respect of his fellow sportsmen. A careless slip of the tongue, likewise, or a glaring inaccuracy in print lose for the word-craftsman the respect of his fellows. The error may be all that an audience remembers, and the inaccuracy may loom so large as to blot out the message on the page.

The following *review of grammar* includes only principles in connection with which the most frequent errors arise in speech and writing. Students should use this portion of the book in conjunction with the Mastery Tests in grammar which they will find in the next chapter. Those who already feel competent to apply the rules of grammar may prove their mastery by means of the Complete Diagnostic Test on page 471, or their knowledge of any unit by the Mastery Tests on pages 475–487.

Already the pages of his journal have no doubt revealed to the student some of his common errors. In this chapter, at the conclusion of each unit principle of grammar he will find short remedial drill exercises to help him eliminate those errors. Students should examine this chapter carefully and become familiar with its arrangement in order that they may find the Unit Drills they need quickly and efficiently.

XI. Case of Pronouns

Nouns and pronouns have certain characteristics which indicate their relation to other words in the sentence. *"Case" is one of those characteristics.* There are three cases which tell how the noun or pronoun is used in the sentence:

Nominative case
Possessive case (or genitive)
Objective case (or accusative)

Since pronouns change their forms according to the different cases, it is with pronouns that the difficulty with " case " lies.

Pronouns change their case forms as follows:

	Number and person	*Nominative Case*	*Possessive Case*	*Objective Case*
Singular	1st person	I	my, mine	me
	2nd "	you	your, yours	you
	3rd "	he	his	him
		she	her	her
		it	its	it
Plural	1st person	we	our, ours	us
	2nd "	you	your, yours	them
	3rd "	they	their, theirs	you

A. *Nominative case*

The subject of a sentence is always in the nominative case:

I am going to the circus.
She went swimming.
They showed me their farm.

Plural subjects which include a pronoun are ***both*** in the nominative case:

John and *I* went to the play.
Mary and *she* were vaccinated.

Forms of the verb *to be* (*is, am, are, was, were, be, being, been*) are followed by the nominative case:

They said it was *I* who was to go for the milk.
Mother thought the masked courtier was *he*.

In a sentence containing a compound subject, both subjects are in the nominative case.

Right: John and *I* went skating.
Wrong: John and *me* went skating.

UNIT DRILL XI A — CASE

Rewrite the following sentences, making the correct choice of pronouns; in a column to the right, indicate the reasons for your choice.

1. It is (I, me).
2. Was it (she, her) who was hurt?
3. The proudest couple there was (they, them).
4. The brightest boy in the class was (he, him).
5. Who is going? (They, them) or (we, us)?
6. Mark and (they, them) caught two bass.
7. Sarah, John, and (I, me) were invited to the party.
8. Who will mail the letter, John or (she, her)?
9. The best player was (he, him).
10. The last of the veterans to march was (he, him).

B. *Objective case*

(a) Pronouns which are used as direct objects of verbs or as objects of prepositions are in the *objective* (or *accusative*) case.

Some *of us* went sailing. (Object of preposition.)
She hurt *me* unintentionally. (Direct object.)

UNIT DRILL XI B a — CASE

Rewrite the following sentences, making the correct choice of pronouns; in a column to the right, indicate the reasons for your choice.

1. She tossed the ball to (me, I).
2. Between you and (me, I), I think it is dangerous to set out.
3. He praised (they, them) for their bravery.
4. He called to (her, she) from the window.
5. They played with (he, him).
6. Some of (us, we) fellows were afraid.
7. Barbara sent (them, they) to the store.
8. Between (he, him) and George there is continual discord.
9. They expected (us, we) girls.
10. They passed the ball to (we, us).

(b) An infinitive may take a subject as well as an object. (Turn to page 438 for a review of infinitives.) Each is in the objective case. If the infinitive is a form of the verb *to be,* the complement of the infinitive agrees in case with the subject of the infinitive; hence, it is in the *objective case.*

I urged the woman *to help me.* (*Me* = object of *to help.*)
She discovered the stranger *to be me.* (*Me* = complement agreeing with subject of infinitive, *stranger.*)

In a sentence containing a compound object of a preposition or a compound direct object, *both* objects are in the *objective* case.

Right: Between *John* and *him* sat Mother.
Wrong: Between *John* and *he* sat Mother.
Right: Mary asked *Jane* and *me* to the party.
Wrong: Mary asked *Jane* and *I* to the party.

UNIT DRILL XI B b — CASE

Rewrite the following sentences, making the correct choice of words; in a column to the right, state the reason.

1. James will teach (him, he) to be careful.
2. I like (they, them) to be prompt.
3. I asked John to forgive (me, I).
4. I wanted (him, he) to go swimming with (me, I).
5. Whom would you guess (he, him) to be?
6. I asked Father to take (me, I) to the circus.
7. I would hate to be (she, her). (Note: There is no subject of the infinitive here.)
8. I don't wish to hurry (they, them).
9. We decided to cable (they, them) at once.
10. I do not wish to offend either (he, him) or (she, her).

C. *Possessive case*

(a) A noun or pronoun used with a gerund is in the *possessive* (*genitive*) case. (See page 445 for more about the gerund.)

I was amazed at *his* (not *him*) starting to argue.
I have no objection to *Mary's* going swimming.

UNIT DRILL XI C a — CASE

Rewrite the following sentences, making the correct choice of words; in a column to the right, list the reasons for your choice.

1. He will undoubtedly praise (our, us) attending the affair.
2. I never heard of (them, their) objecting before.
3. She does not believe in (me, my) going on the stage.
4. He had little hope of (our, us) accepting the challenge.
5. I hadn't heard of (you, your) going to Europe.
6. I have little patience with (them, their) pretending to be rich.
7. What can they profit by (our, us) refusing the bid?
8. There was little question of (John, John's) winning the scholarship.
9. James was incensed at (their, them) daring to take his car.
10. I did not expect to learn of (Homer, Homer's) divorcing his wife.

(b) Inanimate objects are not usually put in the possessive case; we say " the rudder of the boat " rather than " the boat's rudder." Modern usage condones a few exceptions, however: " a day's wages," " a hair's breadth," " a week's trip," or " a year's salary."

When one is referring to a person, the possessive is better than the phrase: " the captain's consent " is better than " the consent of the captain."

The general rule for forming the possessive is to add apostrophe and *s* for the singular, and *s* and apostrophe for the plural: " girl's book " is singular; " girls' book " is plural.

To names ending in *s* — *Dickens, Burns* — add the apostrophe or else the apostrophe and *s*. To irregular plurals such as *oxen, geese,* etc., add apostrophe and *s* to the plural form.

Possessives of compound words such as *mother-in-law* are formed as follows: singular, *mother-in-law's;* plural, *mothers-in-law's.*

UNIT DRILL XI C b — CASE

Rewrite the following sentences, making any changes in the possessive form that you think should be made:

1. The work of the waiter is tiring.
2. The desks varnish is wearing off.
3. The dresses of the children were soiled.
4. The novels of Charles Dickens are true to life.
5. The medals of the heroes were gold.
6. The watch of the lady was silver.
7. The typewriter's ribbon is worn.
8. The hair of her son-in-law was red.
9. The coats of the men were dusty.

D. *Case of pronouns after " than " and " as "*

Than and *as* are conjunctions, not prepositions; they are followed by a clause understood, the subject of which should be in the nominative case. In case the comparison is between two verbs, as in the third example, the pronoun is in the objective case.

I am taller than *she* (is tall).
He was as stubborn as *they* (were stubborn).
I helped James more than (I helped) *her.*

UNIT DRILL XI D — CASE

Rewrite the following sentences, making the correct choice of words; to the right of each sentence, finish out the clause as it is grammatically understood.

1. I like James better than (he, him).
2. The girls were as hungry as (we, us).
3. John is more accurate than (he, him).
4. I can swim farther than (her, she).
5. Mary grew more angry than (I, me).
6. Sadie is more beautiful than (she, her).
7. Jack is not so bashful as (I, me).
8. She takes it more seriously than (I, me).
9. I am as good a shot as (he, him).
10. She hurt Joan more than (me, I).

E. *"Who" or "whom"*

In all sentences where confusion arises between *who* and *whom,* the difficulty lies in the failure to consider *only* the construction of the pronoun *within the dependent clause itself.* The construction of the clause itself — noun clause as object or subject — in no way affects the case of *who.*

The girl *who* (they believed) *was the cause of the trouble* left school. (Subject of *was.*)

Who (do you think) *came to see us?* (Subject of *came.*) (Read the sentence: *Who came to see us,* do you think?)

Whom did you see at the store? (Object of *see.*)

UNIT DRILL XI E — CASE

Rewrite the following sentences, making the correct choice of words; in a column to the right, list the reasons for your choice.

1. They were not sure (who, whom) they promised to send.
2. It will be awarded to (whoever, whomever) gets here first.
3. The boy (who, whom) you saw carrying papers is my brother.
4. I will give the ball to (whoever, whomever) catches it.
5. To (who, whom) did you speak?
6. I don't know to (who, whom) I should address the letter.
7. May found many girls (who, whom) needed a home.
8. (Whoever, whomever) wishes the book may have it.
9. I will accept (whoever, whomever) they send to me.
10. James did not know (who, whom) to follow.

XII. Number

Another characteristic of nouns and pronouns is *number*, *singular* and *plural*. Under ordinary circumstances there is little difficulty in determining the number of persons or things referred to; *cat* is singular; *cats* is plural. There are a few instances of confusion, however.

A. *Singular with "each," "every one," etc.*

The following words are singular: *each, every, every one, either, neither, any one, anybody, no one,* and *nobody*. These words should be followed by the singular form of the verb, and pronouns referring to them should be singular in number.

If everybody would take care of *his* own dishes, there would be few to wash.

Each one *whistles* the same tune.

UNIT DRILL XII A — NUMBER

Rewrite the following sentences, making the correct choice of words; in a column to the right, name the word which determines the number.

1. Each brought (his, their) lunch.
2. Every one of my family (was, were) there.
3. Either of the pictures (is, are) acceptable.
4. Every girl should mend (her, their) own clothes.
5. (Have, has) either of the men paid (their, his) fare?
6. Every one has (his, their) own preferences.
7. Neither of the boys would admit (his, their) blame.
8. Any who wish a drink must bring (his, their) own cups.
9. No one without (his, their) ticket will be admitted.
10. Neither one (are, is) to blame for the accident.

B. *"Don't," "doesn't"*

Don't is a contraction for "do not" and therefore should not be used with the third person singular. We do not say: "He do not"; therefore we should not say: "He don't get very high marks in French."

UNIT DRILL XII B — NUMBER

Rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct form:

1. Mary (don't, doesn't) know much about dogs.
2. If she (don't, doesn't) find her hat, she will have to stay.

3. They (don't, doesn't) care very much about appearance.
4. It (don't, doesn't) make very much difference to us when we go.
5. (Doesn't, don't) he know we are here?

C. *"That," "this"; "those," "these," with "kind" and "sort"*

This and *that* are singular; *kind* and *sort* are also singular. A common error is to say "these kind" for "these kinds," and "those sort" for "that sort." *This* must always go with *kind* and *sort; these* and *those* go with *kinds* and *sorts.*

In Rome we saw nothing of *that kind* of tourist.
The botanist knew nothing of *those kinds* of plants.

UNIT DRILL XII C — NUMBER

Rewrite the following sentences, using the correct form; in a column to the right, name the word which is modified.

1. (That, those) kind of balloon lasts longer.
2. (These, this) kinds of fruits are acid; (those, that) kinds are not.
3. (This, these) kind of friend you may depend upon.
4. (That, those) sort of games are childish.
5. (Those, that) sort of meals are not satisfying.

D. *Expressions to be considered as singular*

The noun of a sentence denoting a title of a book or a sum of money or anything to be considered collectively, not individually, is followed by the singular.

"Green Stockings" *has* been selected for the class play.
Five dollars *was* all that he had.

UNIT DRILL XII D — NUMBER

Rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct word:

1. Ten votes (was, were) all that he needed to win the election.
2. "Chats" (is, are) the name of an interesting essay.
3. Two dollars (remain, remains) in my purse.
4. Christopher Morley's *Pipefuls* (is, are) a whimsical volume of light essays.
5. Ten dollars (is, are) all that I have left.

XIII. Agreement of subject and verb in special instances

A. *When a sentence begins with "There is" or "There are," the verb agrees with the noun that follows.*

There is a man present whom I dislike.
There are books on the table if you care to read.

UNIT DRILL XIII A — AGREEMENT

Rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct word:

1. There (is, are) signs of an early spring.
2. There (is, are) plenty of food in the cupboard.
3. Where there (is, are) good home training, good citizenship thrives.
4. There (are, is) three ways of looking at the problem.
5. There (are, is) no one at home.

B. *Singular subjects joined by "or" or "nor" take a singular verb; joined by "and," they take a plural verb.*

Either Mary or John *is* responsible.
Mary and John *are* very mischievous youngsters.

UNIT DRILL XIII B — AGREEMENT

Rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct word:

1. Jane and Henry (are, is) home for the holidays.
2. Neither the girl nor her brother (was, were) home.
3. The girl that was here and the girl that you named (are, is) sisters.
4. The dog and the cat (are, is) good friends.
5. Neither the yellow bird nor the brown one (sing, sings) at all.

C. *A verb agrees with its subject in number and is unaffected by the number of a predicate noun.*

Dishonesty and inefficiency were the cause of his *dismissal.*
The weak *point* in their defense *was* the *contradictions* of witnesses.

UNIT DRILL XIII C — AGREEMENT

Rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct word:

1. The main support of the old lady (was, were) her two sons.
2. The graft and corruption of the administration (were, was) the reason for defeat at the polls.

3. The chief pride of the old man (was, were) his fine horses.
4. The ruin and destruction caused by the storm (was, were) the cause of so much tornado insurance.
5. The hardest cross to bear (was, were) the disappearance of his two daughters.

D. *The form of a verb agrees in number with its subject.*

In the sentence, " The barrel of apples is paid for," *barrel,* not *apples,* determines the number of the verb. The number of the verb, also, is not affected by a parenthetical phrase in such sentences as this: " The motorman, as well as the conductor and a passenger, was injured."

UNIT DRILL XIII D — AGREEMENT

Rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct word; in a column to the right, name the subject with which the verb agrees in number.

1. The barrel of apples (is, are) paid for.
2. The policeman, as well as the prisoner, (was, were) hurt.
3. The use of cosmetics (has, have) become prevalent.
4. The size of one's hose (determines, determine) one's comfort.
5. The boy, no less than the girl, (was, were) guilty.

E. *A collective noun takes a singular verb: " the crowd* is," *" the herd* was," *" the family* likes," *etc.*

UNIT DRILL XIII E — AGREEMENT

Rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct form of the verb.

1. A crowd of men (was, were) standing at the curb.
2. A group of girls (are, is) having (their, its) picture taken.
3. A flock of ducks (has, have) risen from the lake.
4. A tribe of Indians (was, were) exhibited at the State Fair.
5. The team of horses (was, were) thoroughbreds.

F. *When the subject comes at the end of the sentence, care should be taken not to allow any word before it to determine the number of the verb:*

In the very center of the room *stand* several *lamps.*

UNIT DRILL XIII F — AGREEMENT

Rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct form of the verb.

1. At the very end of the procession (walk, walks) the boys.
2. From the very bottom of the heap (emerge, emerges) two fox terriers.
3. From the top window (falls, fall) all the college boys' paraphernalia.
4. At the end of a long day (blow, blows) the whistle.
5. Into the midst of our camp (walk, walks) the bears.

XIV. Verb forms

A. *Principal parts*

There are three principal parts to every verb, and from these all the six tenses are formed: *the present infinitive, the past tense,* and *the perfect participle.* These, with auxiliary verbs for the infinitive and participle — or helping verbs, as the name literally means — form the tenses of all verbs.

The principal parts of most verbs are formed by adding *-ed* to the first form, thus: *I hunt,* today; *I hunted,* yesterday; *I have hunted,* for several days. From these three parts, *hunt, hunted, hunted,* the remaining tenses are made: the future tense is made by adding *shall* or *will* to the first form — *shall hunt;* the past perfect and the future perfect tenses are formed by using the two auxiliary verbs, *had* and *shall* or *will have,* to the third form — *had hunted* and *shall have hunted.* With these regular verb forms there is little chance for confusion. *Walk* will serve as a pattern:

Principal parts: walk, walked, walked

I walk, *present*	I have walked, *present perfect*
I walked, *past*	I had walked, *past perfect*
I shall *or* will walk, *future*	I shall *or* will have walked, *future perfect*

UNIT DRILL XIV A — VERB FORMS

For a check of your knowledge gained of the spelling of irregular verbs, write down in columns the principal parts of the following verbs, thus: arise, arose, arisen.

begin	do	forget	freeze	get	go	lay	lie	raise
blow	drink	ride	ring	rise	run	see	set	shake
break	eat	show	shrink	shut	sing	sink	slay	slide
come	flow	sling	speak	spin	steal	sting	swim	teach
	fly	tear	throw	wake	wind	write	dive	

For each of the verbs listed above, write out the six tenses in column formation as follows, completing each time the sentence so that it makes sense, thus:

Simple tenses:	*Present*	I arise early every day.
	Past	I arose early yesterday.
	Future	I shall *or* will arise at six.
Perfect tenses:	*Present*	I have arisen at six but once.
	Past	I had arisen when you called.
	Future	I shall have arisen by the time breakfast is ready.

B. *Irregular verbs*

There are other verbs in our language, however, in which there is a change of form which often causes confusion. It is with these verbs that the most common errors occur.

A common error in speech is the use of the perfect participle of a verb for the past tense; thus, " I seen him yesterday " for " I saw him yesterday "; or " I come late to school " instead of " I came late to school." This error arises through ignorance of the principal parts of verbs.

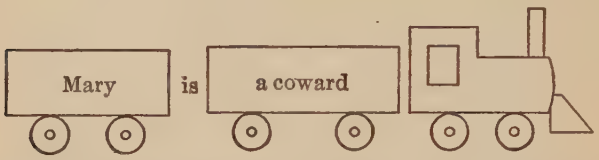
UNIT DRILL XIV B — VERB FORMS

Rewrite the following sentences, making the correct choice of words; to the right, in a column, name the tense of the verb as corrected.

1. I (seen, saw) the window shade suddenly pulled down.
2. I (come, came) to a river next and had to ford the stream.
3. I (begun, began) to feel dizzy.
4. I (did, done) the dishes quickly.
5. I (rang, rung) the bell twice.
6. I (run, ran) five miles without motor oil.
7. I (see, saw) a bear and climbed a tree.
8. I (drunk, drank) a pitcher of water.
9. He (sung, sang) well at the concert.
10. I (come, came) pretty near hitting it the last shot.

C. *Copulative verbs*

A *copulative verb* can best be remembered by noting the similarity of the word *copulative* to the word *couple*. Literally, the copulative verb is a coupling device fastening two words which refer to the same thing:



In the above sentence, *is* is a copulative verb. It does not express action but merely describes *Mary*. *Coward* and *Mary* are identical. Any word which means the same as *is* is a copulative verb; *appears, becomes, looks, seems,* are examples. These words do not express action. Such verbs are followed by predicate adjectives or predicate nouns. All the forms of the verb *to be* (*is, am, are, was, were, be, being, been*) are followed by either an adjective or a noun. Other copulative words are followed almost always by an adjective depending on the meaning. In such expressions as " He appears honest," " She appears brave," or " I do not feel happy," the verbs are plainly copulative verbs to be followed by adjectives. Verbs which indicate the senses — smell, taste, feel, sound, looks — are verbs to be considered in this sense: " The apple tastes sour," " The rose smells sweet," " The velvet feels soft," " The piano sounds shrill," " The girl looks pretty."

UNIT DRILL XIV C — VERB FORMS

Rewrite the following sentences, making the correct choice of words:

1. The man seems (careful, carefully).
2. Mary is (pretty, prettily).
3. The lady feels (sad, sadly).
4. The horse was (lame, lamely).
5. The bell sounds (soft, softly).
6. The act was (unfortunate, unfortunately).
7. The prisoner appears (sane, sanely).

8. The decision was (wise, wisely).
9. The pie tastes (sour, sourly).
10. Mother has been (sick, sickly).

D. *Sequence of tenses*

In compound or complex sentences where there are two verbs, the time relation between the two or more verbs must be logical. In the sentence, " He *said* he already *did* the job," *said* and *did* are both in the past tense, representing action that has already occurred; yet, from the meaning of the sentence, we know that the doing of the job must have preceded in time the telling about it. The second verb should show this priority in its form: " He said he already *had done* the job." Here we note that the job is completed when the saying occurs.

UNIT DRILL XIV D — VERB FORMS

In the following sentences note any verb which shows faulty tense. Rewrite the sentences, using the verb form which logical time demands. Underline the verbs which you change.

1. I wanted very much to go to New York, for I was never there.
2. Before returning I recorded how much I spent.
3. We were in Washington two years, when it became necessary for me to go to New York.
4. This was the first time I was ever elected to office.
5. After we were standing in line about an hour we secured the tickets.
6. The message was from her uncle who just arrived from Europe.
7. If he had known, he would consent.
8. After I finished *David Copperfield* I began *Oliver Twist.*
9. She thanked him for the favors he did her.
10. After she wrote a letter she sent a telegram.

E. *Sequence of tense with infinitives*

An error similar to the error treated under XIV D occurs in the use of the infinitive. Always use the present infinitive unless you wish to indicate time prior to that of the governing verb.

Wrong: It was not necessary for you to have spoken.
Right: It was not necessary for you to speak.
Right: I hoped to have left by the time he arrived.

UNIT DRILL XIV E — VERB FORMS

Rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct infinitive:

1. He hoped (to have arrived, to arrive) at four o'clock.
2. We should have been glad (to have done, to do) it before you arrived.
3. We were sorry (to have gone, to go).
4. James believed his brother (to be, to have been) insane when he made out his will last summer.
5. Carl thought his mother (to be, to have been) ill and so he called a taxicab.

F. *Transitive and intransitive verbs*

There are three kinds of verbs which must be remembered: the transitive verb, the intransitive, and the copulative verb. The copulative verb has already been discussed in Unit Drill XIV C.

Note the difference between the two sentences:

The wind blew. (Intransitive.)
The wind blew the candle. (Transitive.)

In the first example the verb itself is all that the subject needs to complete the assertion.

In the second there is a second noun, *candle,* which receives the action of the verb. *Transitive* literally means "going across"; i.e. the subject goes across to the object via the verb; the wind "goes across" to the candle by means of the verb.

Intransitive means literally "not going across"; therefore, there is no object in the sentence to complete the verb.

Transitive: The boy chased *the girl.* (The boy "goes across" to the girl.)
Intransitive: Boys swim. (No object.)

UNIT DRILL XIV F — VERB FORMS

In the following sentences indicate whether the verbs are *transiiive* or *intransitive:*

1. The cat drank the milk greedily.
2. Dogs chase rabbits.
3. The wind blew and the lightning flashed.
4. The robbers fled to the woods.

5. Carl washed all the dishes for his mother.
6. The animal fought very bravely.
7. John and Mary played marbles.
8. The squirrel ran briskly up the tree.
9. The girls sang in a quartet.
10. The band played patriotic airs.

G. *Voice*

(a) In the sentence, "A boy ate an apple," the subject of the sentence, *boy*, performs the action of the verb, i.e. the eating. In the sentence, "The apple was eaten by the boy," the subject does not act but is acted upon; the apple does not eat, but is eaten.

In the first case, *ate* is said to be in the active voice; in the second case, *was eaten* is in the passive voice.

The words *active* and *passive* are used much as they are used in their ordinary senses; with the active verb, the subject is active in that it performs some act; with the passive verb, the subject is passive and allows itself to be acted upon.

UNIT DRILL XIV G a — RECOGNITION OF VOICE

Rewrite the numbers 1 to 10, and beside each write *active* or *passive voice* according as the sentence of that number contains a verb in the active or passive voice.

1. The automobile was struck by a street car.
2. James bought a fur overcoat.
3. The peas were shelled by Grandfather.
4. The letters were mailed by John.
5. Sally teaches school in the country.
6. Only five tickets were sold by our club.
7. We should all help one another.
8. The tents were put up by the guide.
9. We all brought our own lunches.
10. The beds were made by the maid.

(b) There are often times when it is convenient to use the passive voice instead of the active. Suppose I have just discovered that an apple has disappeared from the basket of fruit on the table. I might, for emphasis, say in explanation: "The apple was eaten." Here it is the apple I am interested in. In "A boy ate an apple," it is the boy I am discussing. Perhaps I

wish to say: " The boy eats an apple a day for his health." A shift of voice, then, changes the emphasis.

It is possible in all transitive verbs to change from one voice to another, thus:

The boy	chased	the girl.
The girl	was chased	by the boy.

In ordinary writing, the passive voice is avoided except for particular emphasis. The passive voice is usually a weaker form.

In a compound sentence the same voice should be maintained for the sake of consistency. To say, " The man *hurried* [active] for shelter, and the boathouse *was reached* [passive] just in time," shifts the point of view of the sentence unnecessarily.

The passive voice is commonly used instead of the crude and indefinite *they*. To say, " *They* don't say such things in the East " is less elegant than to say, " Such things are not said in the East."

UNIT DRILL XIV G b — VERB FORMS

Rewrite the following sentences, making any shifts in the voice of the verbs that you deem necessary:

1. The story was told by me to the children.
2. A penny is saved by the boy every day.
3. We walked calmly down the aisle, and the pew was entered.
4. The robbers plundered the safe, and the door was left open by them.
5. They don't pay much attention to children in that family.
6. We followed the trail and soon the cabin was reached.
7. I wonder whether they sell records at Shaw's.
8. They have very little food in Austria.
9. The trip was a jolly adventure and we all enjoyed it.

(c) Care must be taken to avoid confusion between the passive voice and the progressive forms of every verb.

The progressive form of a verb indicates that the action is at the moment in progress, thus: " I *am seeing* the football game." In such a sentence the writer wishes to indicate that the act of seeing is in process of taking place. The following

differences between the active voice and progressive form should be mastered:

Progressive Form

I *am hearing* the radio now.
I *shall be hearing* the concert this time tomorrow.
I *was hearing* it a moment ago.
I *have been hearing* strange rumors.
I *had been hearing* gossip.
I *shall have been hearing* the tale for the second time.

Active Voice

I *hear* the concert.
I *heard* the concert.
I *shall hear* the concert.
I *have heard* the concert.
I *had heard* the concert.
I *shall have heard* the concert.

Passive Voice

The concert *is heard.*
The concert *was heard.*
The concert *will be heard.*
The concert *has been heard.*
The concert *had been heard.*
The concert *will have been heard.*

H. *"Shall" and "will," "should" and "would"*

Shall and *should* are used in the first person singular and plural to express a future time; *will* and *would* are used in the second and third, singular and plural. *Should* sometimes expresses obligation: "You *should* always pay your debts." In this type of sentence, *should* is used with *any* person, not exclusively with the first person.

In questions, when the subject is in the first person, *shall* or *should* is always used unless the question is repeated: "*Will* I miss you? Why, I guess I *will.*" If the subject is in the second or third person, the word used is the word that will be used in the answer: "*Shall* you be at home?" (The answer would be "I *shall*" or "*shall* not.") "*Will* you take this one chance for your liberty?" (The answer would be "I *will,*" indicating not a future time, but determination.)

Shall and *will* are used also to express determination, and the forms may best be remembered by merely reversing the rule above: *will* is used to express determination in the first person, singular and plural; and *shall* for second and third persons, singular and plural.

I will stop if I wish to. (Determination.)
You shall stop [determination], else *I shall* tell Mother [futurity].
He shall go, even though I have to drag him. (Determination.)

UNIT DRILL XIV H — VERB FORMS

Rewrite the following sentences, inserting the correct form of the auxiliary verb, *shall* or *will, should* or *would:*

1. I am the maid you engaged. _____ I begin work today?
2. _____ you be busy tonight? Yes, I _____ play at Brown's.
3. If you drink coffee, _____ you stay awake all night?
4. We feared on account of the snowstorm we _____ not be able to get home.
5. _____ you have recognized James from his picture?
6. Yes, even had you not told me, I _____ have known it was he.
7. Mary _____ know better, for she has been corrected before.
8. You _____ not whip the dog; I forbid it.
9. I _____ return by six o'clock.
10. I _____ pay the debt if it takes my last penny.

I. *Mood*

Mood is a form of the verb which reflects the attitude of the speaker towards what he says.

You *are* not happy now. (Indicative mood.)
Please *be* happy for my sake. (Imperative mood.)
I wish you *were* happy. (Subjunctive mood.)
If you *were* happy, I would be. (Subjunctive mood.)

The *mood* of the speaker in the first sentence merely "indicates"; i.e. this sentence is a simple statement and is in the *indicative mood.* This is the mood we most often use.

In the second sentence the speaker entreats or exhorts the other person to be happy. Sometimes there is more than entreaty; there is command: "Be still or I'll shoot." This mood is the *imperative mood.*

The third sentence expresses a wish for something which at the time is not a fact, while the fourth supposes a something not a fact. Both these statements are contrary to what is actually true. The *subjunctive mood* is used to express wishing or supposing something contrary to fact.

There are very few forms in English to express mood. The imperative and the subjunctive are the only inflected moods.

In the imperative there is but the present tense, active and passive:

Hear! Be heard!

The second person (*you*) is always understood as the subject of the imperative mood:

(You) hear! (You) be heard!

The following forms are used in the subjunctive mood:

Present subjunctive

(Used for statements contrary to fact at present time)

If I *were* (now)	If we *were*
If you *were*	If you *were*
If he, she, it *were*	If they *were*

Future subjunctive

(When doubt as to fulfillment is strong)

If I *should be* (or *would be*)
If you *should be* (" " ")
If he *should be* (" " ")

Past perfect subjunctive

(For statement contrary to fact in past time)

If I *had been* (last week)
If you *had been* (" ")
etc. (*had been* for all persons)

USES OF SUBJUNCTIVES

1. In a condition when supposition is contrary to fact:

Present: If I were you (I am not), I should tell.
Past: If I had been there, I should have told.

2. Expressing a wish:

Present: I wish he were with us.
Past: I wish he had been with us.

3. Following *unless* and *though:*

Unless I were sure, I should hesitate.
Though you were to kill me, I could not tell.

MISTAKES TO BE AVOIDED

Do not use *was* in expressing a condition contrary to fact.

Wrong: If I was you, etc.

Use *should* in a past condition because *would* has a future meaning.

Wrong: If he would have been at home, etc.

UNIT DRILL XIV I — VERB FORMS

Rewrite the following sentences, correcting the error in the form of the verb:

1. If he was honest, he wouldn't fear the cross-examination.
2. If I would throw this ball, I might hit the window.
3. If she was rich, she might help her sister.
4. I wish I was going to Europe with you.
5. Unless I was sure of the money to pay the bill, I would not use a charge account.

J. *Verbs often confused: "lay," "lie," "sit," "set."*
Lie, lay, lain, meaning "to recline," never takes an object.
Sit, sat, sat, meaning "to take a seat," never takes an object.
Lay, laid, laid, meaning "to place," always takes an object.
Set, set, set, meaning "to place," always takes an object.

The following examples will show all the tenses of *lie* and *lay, sit* and *set.*

Present

I lie down for a nap after lunch.
I lay the book on the table.
I sit down in the hammock at noon.
I set the lamp on the desk.

Past

I lay down for a nap yesterday.
I laid the coat on the grass.

I sat in the chair on the porch.
I set the candle on the table.

Future

I will lie down if there is time.
I will lay the thread there.

I will sit down for a while.
I will set the candle there.

Present Perfect

I have lain down an hour already.
I have laid the book on the table.

I have sat down for a rest.
I have set the box on the floor.

Past Perfect

I had lain down before you came.
I had laid it down before you spoke.

I had sat down to sew.
I had set it down before I thought.

Future Perfect

I shall have lain down by the time you return.
I shall have laid it down by the time you count ten.

I shall have sat down by the time you look again.
I shall have set the table before you return.

UNIT DRILL XIV J — VERB FORMS

Rewrite the following sentences, making the correct choice of word:

1. The book (lies, lays) on the table.
2. I have (lain, laid) the book on the table.
3. The book has (laid, lain) upon the table ever since yesterday.
4. The ship (lays, lies) at the wharf.
5. The old lady has gone to (lay, lie) down.
6. The check is (laying, lying) on the desk.
7. He has (laid, lain) there all day.
8. A narrow valley (lays, lies) between the two ridges.
9. Please (lay, lie) that book on the desk.
10. The money was (lying, laying) there.
11. The poor woman had (laid, lain) in bed for three days.
12. I found my hat (laying, lying) on the floor.
13. He should (lay, lie) down at once.
14. The child was (laying, lying) on the grass.

15. I left my watch (laying, lying) on the desk.
16. He had (lain, laid) there for two days.
17. The thief ran away, but the chief is (laying, lying) in wait for him.
18. We must (lay, lie) low if we would capture the beast.
19. We (laid, lay) down to rest.
20. He has (lain, laid) there a long time.

XV. Parts of Speech

There are eight parts of speech, as follows:

1. Noun — names an object or idea — *park, cow, beauty, baker.*
2. Pronoun — stands for a noun — *me, you, who, which.*
3. Adjective — modifies a noun or pronoun — *beautiful, big, careless.*
4. Verb — expresses action — *runs, goes, carries, love, act.*
5. Adverb — modifies a verb, adjective, adverb — *merrily, loud.*
6. Preposition — introduces a phrase — "*in* the house," "*behind* the barn."
7. Conjunction — joins words, phrases, or clauses — *when, and, but, while,* etc.
8. Interjection — expresses exclamation — *alas! oh! ouch!*

UNIT DRILL XV — PARTS OF SPEECH

In column formation, name the parts of speech of italicized words in the following passage:

"Late that *night, under* a *soft sky* flecked with stars, McMullen *followed* the *ghostlike whiteness* of the *roadway* that *led* back *to* the hotel. *Silent* house-fronts, immured *behind* blank *walls,* echoed *his footsteps.* An occasional street-lamp *shed* a feeble *glow* of *radiance, into* which McMullen's *figure* would *abruptly plunge;* then his *shadow* would *leap* out before him *and grotesquely lengthen as he* walked on. He *carried* his *straw hat in* his *hand, and now* and then he would *wave it about* him, watching *with* a sort of idiotic *delight* the *fantastic* gesticulations cast *upon* the *ground.* He was not yet *sure* that he was altogether himself. But he felt that he *had escaped* at last — from what, he could *hardly say. Already* his *recollections* of the *past few hours were taking* on a *fantastic* and doubtful *guise.*"

XVI. The Sentence

A. *Sentence recognition*

Thoughts are conveyed by means of sentences. A sentence is a group of words which makes complete sense. Such expressions as " over the fence," " in the house," " when we arrived," are obviously incomplete in their meaning and therefore are not sentences. " The boy threw the ball over the fence " is a complete statement and therefore a sentence.

The subject is that part of a sentence about which an assertion is made:

The boys played until dark. (Complete subject.)

The predicate is that part of the sentence which makes an assertion about the subject:

The boys *played until dark.* (Complete predicate.)

The complete predicate includes (1) the predicate verb, (2) the direct object or complement, (3) adverbial modifiers.

The complete subject is the subject (or subjects if the subject is compound) and its modifiers.

The simple subject is the noun or nouns without modifiers; the simple predicate is the verb alone.

The cat	*ate the bird.*	
(Complete subject)	(Complete predicate)	
The robber	*shot*	*the policeman.*
(Simple subject)	(Simple predicate)	(Direct object)

Every complete sentence must have a subject and predicate. There must be a " who " or a " what "; and there must be something stated about the " who " or " what."

UNIT DRILL XVI A — SENTENCE RECOGNITION

Determine from the following series of words whether or not the expression has a subject and predicate. Write in your notebook the complete sentences, only, and underline the simple subject and predicate of each.

1. In the morning.
2. Upon the tree sat a wounded robin.
3. When the rain fell in a perfect cloud-burst.
4. After the game and before we came home to dinner.
5. Since I am what I am.
6. Mercy! I should be afraid to swim so far.
7. To make a long story short, and to end your suspense.
8. The pruning shears lay hidden in the wealth of foliage they were expected to cut.
9. Whenever you see a storm coming.
10. If the man pays his fare the dispute will end.

B. *Sentence division*

Sentences are separated by periods. To separate two sentences by a comma, or to put a period after an incomplete part of a sentence, is obviously an error in sentence division, as well as in punctuation, because it indicates failure to understand what constitutes a sentence.

The most frequent error is the use of a comma as illustrated below:

Wrong: We went to the picnic, we had a jolly time.

A comma is not the equivalent of a period and should never be used except at the end of a grammatically complete sentence. A semicolon, *and,* or a period is required:

Right: We went to the picnic; we had a jolly time.
Right: We went to the picnic, *and* we had a jolly time.
Right: We went to the picnic. We had a jolly time.

UNIT DRILL XVI B — SENTENCE DIVISION

In the following sentences there are three kinds of judgments to be made:

1. Is the sentence correctly punctuated as it stands?
2. Are there two groups of words separated by periods which should be punctuated as one sentence?
3. Is there a "sentence" — punctuated as one sentence — which should be (a) punctuated as two sentences? (b) punctuated with a semicolon rather than a period? (c) punctuated with a comma and *and?*

The last error is called the *comma splice.*

Beside the corresponding numbers, indicate your judgment by using the following abbreviations:

C. — for sentences correctly punctuated.
X. — for fragments punctuated as separate sentences (see 2 above).
C.S. — for the comma splice.

1. Today in class we learned how to end an essay. Also to have an introduction.
2. One evening as I was going home on the street car I found it crowded, it was the time when all the people were returning from work.
3. I then began to tune furiously, suddenly the voice became louder.
4. I do not want to be an agent selling articles from door to door.
5. The story is interesting; it holds your interest to the very end.
6. One does not have to look for errors, they seem to find you without your looking.
7. Neither would tell the reason for these duels, each would say it was a point of honor to be settled.
8. Geraldine didn't answer, she was thinking of other things.
9. He cast his lasso and wound it around a tree. He captured the horse.
10. We began themes today, one of the boys wrote about Sarah Bernhardt.

C. *Kinds of sentences*

There are three kinds of sentences:

Simple
Compound
Complex

The simple sentence, which you have already learned to recognize in the preceding exercise, contains but one subject and one predicate.

The mailman left me a letter.

The compound sentence is two or more simple sentences joined together by *and, but,* or *or:*

The duck circled down to the pond and the hunter watched it alight.
The man must pay his fare or I must put him off the car.
Mary plays golf but Jane plays tennis.

A simple sentence and a compound sentence may be made to appear elaborate and long by the addition of more modifiers, but the construction, not the length or the addition of modifiers, determines the kind of sentence it is.

A simple sentence may have but a single subject and a compound predicate; in such a case it is still a simple sentence:

Seeing the stranger, *he turned about suddenly* and *walked in the other direction.*

The sentence, stripped of its modifiers, reads:

He *turned* and *walked.* (Single subject, compound predicate.)

A simple sentence also may have a compound subject and a single predicate:

Mary and John left for college this morning.

A compound sentence may be any combination of the above with as many independent assertions added, with *and, or,* or *but,* as clearness will permit. Only when a dependent clause enters does the sentence become complex.

A complex sentence contains one or more dependent *clauses,* not phrases.

Mary started back for the home *which she had so triumphantly left two days before.*

In this sentence we have the subject *Mary,* the predicate *started back for the home,* and the dependent clause *which she had so triumphantly left two days before.*

The clause has a subject, *she;* it also has the predicate, *had left.*

UNIT DRILL XVI C — KINDS OF SENTENCES

In a column beside the number of each sentence, state whether it is simple, compound, or complex.

1. Mary is afraid of the water, but I love it.
2. When the boats came in, the whole town turned out to see them.
3. Having lived for many years in the West, I think I understand it.

4. William is a radio operator and travels all over the world.
5. The giant spruce covered with snow shook in the great wind and tossed its snow about as if it were shaking its green coat.
6. What you said shall receive due consideration.
7. Many times the Indian had followed the trail.
8. When the dog beheld its dead playmate, it whined in sorrow.
9. Under the circumstances you would be wise to follow his advice; but another time, if you wish to maintain your self-respect, you will not become dependent upon him.
10. The whistles screamed, and the horns blared.

XVII. Sentence Analysis

A. *Word modifiers*

Adjectives and adverbs alter the meaning of the words they modify:

The *dress* hung in the closet. (Noun without adjective modifier.)
The *blue dress* hung in the closet. (Noun with modifier.)

Blue modifies the meaning of *dress* in such a way as to indicate a particular dress.

The dog *growled.* (Verb without abverbial modifier.)
The dog *growled sullenly.* (Verb with adverbial modifier.)

Sullenly modifies the meaning of *growled* by describing it.

Adjectives always modify nouns and pronouns.

Adverbs modify verbs, adjectives, and other adverbs.

The lamp shone *brightly.* (Modifies a verb.)
The lamp shone *very* brightly. (Modifies an adverb.)
The light was *very* bright. (Modifies an adjective — *bright.*)

Adjectives and adverbs have three degrees of comparison:

Adjectives:

The positive	tall	pretty	sweet	courteous
The comparative	taller	prettier	sweeter	more courteous
The superlative	tallest	prettiest	sweetest	most courteous

Adverb:

The positive	lovely	promptly
The comparative	lovelier	more promptly
The superlative	loveliest	most promptly

Most adjectives are compared by adding *-er* and *-est* to the positive degree; others, by using *more* or *less* and *most* or *least*.

Most adverbs are compared by using *more* or *less* and *most* or *least*.

The comparative degree, not the superlative degree, is used in a comparison of two persons or things.

The superlative degree is used in a comparison of three or more.

Which is the *better* student, Mary or John? (Comparison between *two* persons.)

Which is the *best* student of the three? (Comparison between *three* persons.)

UNIT DRILL XVII A — ADJECTIVES AND ADVERBS

Rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct word:

1. The captain chose the (fastest, faster) of the two boys for leader.
2. He sings (more clearly, clearer) than you do.
3. She (sure, surely) plays the piano well.
4. John was the (more, most) accurate of the three.
5. The rain fell (more heavily, heavier) today than yesterday.

B. *Phrase modifiers*

A phrase is a group of words without subject or predicate used as a part of speech. There are three kinds of phrases:

Prepositional phrases
Participial phrases
Infinitive phrases

(a) *Prepositional phrases*

A prepositional phrase may be recognized by its introductory word, the preposition: "*in* the garden," "*on* the fence," "*over* the wall," "*under* the table," "*in* the dish," etc.

The following prepositions may be remembered as introducing a prepositional phrase:

about	between	inside	through
above	beyond	instead of [1]	till
according to [1]	but	into	to
across	by	near	toward
after	by means of [1]	notwithstanding	under
against	concerning	of	until
among	down	off	up
apart from [1]	during	on	upon
around	ere	outside	with
at	for	out of [1]	within
before	for the sake of [1]	over	without
beneath	from	regarding	
beside	in	since	

UNIT DRILL XVII B a [1] — PREPOSITIONAL PHRASES

From the following sentences pick out and list the prepositional phrases:

1. The rake lying on the lawn is rusty.
2. The hat on his head is wet.
3. He threw the bottle in the water and shot at it.
4. The baby fell down the stairs and bumped its head.
5. During the war, food was scarce.
6. According to the papers, there is a shortage of coal.
7. We sat very near the speaker and heard him tell about Russia.
8. From the window came strange sounds outside the house.
9. Instead of a party, she had a picnic.
10. Leaning against the wall, he looked the picture of dejection.

In a prepositional phrase the noun following the preposition is called the object of the preposition: "of the *earth*," "in the *lake*," etc. *Earth* and *lake* are objects of *of* and *in* respectively.

Sometimes a preposition has for its object a noun clause: "He offered the dog to *whoever would give it a home*." "Whoever would give it a home" is the object of *to*. In such cases the preposition and the clause together make up the phrase. It must be remembered that while the *clause within the phrase* has a subject, the phrase itself has no subject or predicate.

[1] Compound prepositions.

UNIT DRILL XVII B a [2] — PREPOSITIONAL PHRASES

From the following sentences pick out the prepositional phrases and list them, underlining the clause which is the object of the preposition:

1. The dog would bark ferociously at whoever entered the yard.
2. She was very skillful making dresses from whatever goods was left from her mistress' sewing.
3. I shall toss the ball to whoever gets to the goal first.
4. From what was said, I judged him to be a lawyer.
5. There is a great deal of truth in what he says.
6. The box from which the magician lifts the girl was closed before he began his trick.
7. You may write the letter in whatever way you choose.
8. That sort of thing is beneath what you have been accustomed to.
9. Calculus is beyond whatever comprehension I once had of mathematics.
10. Regarding what was said at dinner, there is little use in contradicting.

(b) *Infinitive phrases*

An infinitive is a form of a verb ordinarily introduced by *to*. (The gerund — see Unit Drill XVII D — is the exception.) Every verb has two infinitives, the present and the perfect:

Present:	to look	*Perfect:*	to have looked
	to give		to have given
	to walk		to have walked

Every transitive verb has two more infinitives, those in the passive form:

Present: to be taken
Perfect: to have been taken

An infinitive, like any other verb, may take an object:

Mary wanted *to hold the kitten.*

Kitten is the object of *to hold.*

An infinitive also may have a subject, although, unlike subjects of other forms of the verb, it is in the objective (or accusative) case:

Mother wanted *the dog to guard the baby.*
John helped *me* (*to*) *get my algebra.*

The whole object of the verb *wanted* is the infinitive phrase; *dog* is the subject, and *baby* is the object. Since the whole phrase is used objectively, the subject of the infinitive, *dog*, is in the objective (or accusative) case.

An infinitive may take an adverbial modifier, like any other form of the verb:

The puppy began *to whine pitifully.*

Pitifully is an adverb modifying *to whine.*

Caution: Do not confuse with an infinitive a prepositional phrase introduced by *to:* " to school," " to the store," " to the country " — these are *not* infinitives.

UNIT DRILL XVII B b — INFINITIVE PHRASES

From the following sentences pick out and list the infinitive phrases, making sure that you include the complete phrase, the infinitive, its subject or object if it has either, and its modifiers if it has any:

1. His decision to climb the mountain could not be changed.
2. I intended to go to the game but was delayed so long that I had to change my plans.
3. He ought to have started several minutes ago; now it is too late to catch the train.
4. The tasks to be done are many; the workers are few. Don't you wish to help?
5. His decision to return to school was applauded by his friends.
6. The man was not able to write his name.
7. The child ought to have been asleep hours ago; instead his tired little eyes had to watch the picture that meant nothing to him.
8. My present hope is to find her unharmed.
9. Mary saw him lock the door carefully.
10. The man wanted me to work steadily and not to go back to school.

(c) *Participial phrases*

Another form of the verb which, like the infinitive, has a dual nature is the *participle.* The participle, part verb and part adjective in its significance, may take an object like a verb, or have a modifier like a verb; and it may modify a

noun like an adjective. A participle with its modifiers or its object constitutes a *participial phrase.*

Carefully judging the distance, the *boy* made ready to jump.

In this sentence *judging* is the *participle; carefully* is the *modifier,* and *distance* is the *object;* the whole phrase, *carefully judging the distance,* modifies *boy.*

You may recognize a present participle by its ending, providing you eliminate in your judgment both the gerund and the progressive form of the verb. The perfect participle you have already met in Section IV, for it is the third principal part of a verb:

rise, rose, *risen*
walk, walked, *walked*
speak, spoke, *spoken*

In sentence form we use the perfect participle:

Having walked a mile, we were tired.
The words *spoken* but a minute ago have unusual significance.

UNIT DRILL XVII B c — PARTICIPIAL PHRASES

From the following sentences pick out the complete participial phrases, making sure that you include participle, object, or modifier.

1. Shouting for help, the boy ran down the road.
2. The boys were last seen playing ball on Oak Street.
3. Having wounded the duck, we sent the dog in to find him among the rushes.
4. The aëroplane sailed over our heads.
5. The water was tumbling over the rocks.
6. Listening carefully at the keyhole, Maybelle thought she heard breathing.
7. Wandering about in the woods for days, the man almost lost his reason.
8. The youngsters were splashing joyfully about in the pool.
9. Closing the door softly behind her, Mary tiptoed downstairs.
10. Having been wounded twice, the soldier was unfit for service.
11. The bird, wounded in the wing, came tumbling down to the ground.

(d) *Uses of phrases*

In the following sentences the uses of phrases are illustrated:

a. Prepositional — may be used as either *adjective* or *adverb.*

Adjective — The man *in the moon* smiled at us.
Adverb — The boy walked *into the room.*

In the first example, the prepositional phrase modifies *man;* in the second, *walked.*

b. Infinitive — may be used as a *noun, adjective, adverb, to complete verb.*

1. Adjective — The will *to do right* belongs to us all.
2. Noun — *To pilot an aëroplane* was his most ardent ambition. (Subject.)
The boy hoped *to pilot an aëroplane.* (Object.)
My present aim is *to find a job.* (Predicate noun.)
3. Adverb — The girls were able *to accomplish much.*
4. To complete verb — I am going *to walk home.*

Number 1 modifies *will;* Number 2 is subject of sentence; Number 3 is object of *hoped;* Number 4 modifies adjective *able;* Number 5 completes the verb *am going.*

c. Participial — only as an *adjective.*

1. *Coming up the stairs,* Mary suddenly remembered her errand.
2. We heard a voice *shouting for help.*
3. *Having paid our fare,* we sat down.

Number 1 modifies *Mary;* Number 2 modifies *voice;* and Number 3 modifies *we.*

UNIT DRILL XVII B d — USES OF PHRASES

Rewrite the complete phrases in the following sentences and beside each indicate whether adjective, adverb, or noun. In another column write the use of the phrase; i.e. " modifies *Mary,*" or " object of *saw.*"

1. The voice from the window called " Help! "
2. James is the best person to do the job.
3. Coming pell-mell down the street, the fire engine dispersed the ball-players.
4. The boys did not wish to go to school.
5. The dog lay near the stove.
6. I had a long letter from John.
7. To make the team was Harold's dearest wish.

8. Rolling down the hill, the golf ball was lost to sight.
9. The horse champed at its bit.
10. The girl looked as if she were going to cry.

C. *Clause modifiers*

A clause is a group of related words *containing a subject and predicate* but *not expressing a complete thought;* " when Father returns," " if Mother will tell," " what she said," " that you were afraid " — these are incomplete thoughts which depend on some other part of the sentence for their meaning. Each one, however, has a subject and predicate as any sentence has: *Father, Mother, she, you* — these are the subjects; *returns, will tell, said what, were afraid* — these are the predicates.

Clauses may be used as three different parts of speech:

a. As adjectives	modifying nouns
b. As adverbs	modifying verbs and adjectives and adverbs
c. As nouns	used as subject, object, complement

(a) *Adjective clauses*

Adjective clauses are introduced by the words *who, whom, which, where, that, whose;* sometimes these words may be omitted but are understood: " The girl (that) *you mean* is Mabel." Sometimes, too, these same words introduce noun clauses: " Mother did not know *whom to ask.*" To recognize an adjective clause, one applies the same tests as he does in recognizing adjectives: Does it modify a noun? The following are examples of adjective clauses:

The man *who was hurt* is my brother. (Modifies *man.*)

The girl *whose watch was stolen* has notified the police. (Modifies *girl.*)

The officer *whom you saw* is a great polo-player. (Modifies *officer.*)

The book *that you mean* is by Conrad. (Modifies *book.*)

The road *which runs by the house* is well traveled. (Modifies *road.*)

The spot *where he fell* is marked. (Modifies *spot.*)

UNIT DRILL XVII C a — ADJECTIVE CLAUSES

From the following sentences pick out the adjective clauses, setting down beside each clause the word that it modifies. Be sure to include every word that properly belongs in the clause, and no other.

1. The horse that we rode was very high-spirited.
2. The trouble with the flowers that you brought is that they aren't fresh.
3. The book you read is a "best seller."
4. The person whom you ignored is no less than the richest woman in town.
5. The man whose job calls for initiative is the one who rises most rapidly.
6. Which hat was his he could not tell.
7. He could not realize that his father was gone.
8. The play which amuses me most is Shaw's *Candida.*
9. Whose hat is that on the table?
10. The girl whom you just met is valedictorian of her class.

(b) *Adverbial clauses*

An adverbial clause is used like an adverb to express ideas of time, cause or reason, purpose, result, manner, condition, concession, and comparison.

The following subordinate conjunctions usually introduce adverbial clauses:

Place: where, wherever
Time: after, as, before, since, until, when, while
Cause or reason: as, because, for, since
Purpose: that, lest, so
Result: that, so that
Manner: as, as if, as though
Condition: if, except, unless, provided
Concession: although, though
Comparison: as . . . as, so . . . as

Adverbial clauses must be tested by their use in the sentence and not entirely by the word that introduces them. Sometimes a noun clause is introduced by the same word:

I do not know *where she went.* (Noun clause, object of *know.*)
I went *where she told me to go.* (Adverbial clause modifying *went,* expressing place.)

UNIT DRILL XVII C b — ADVERBIAL CLAUSES

In the following sentences, list the adverbial clauses and, in a column to the right, state the word which is modified. Be careful to include in your list adverbial clauses only.

1. All of us will do any amount of work if it is called play.
2. He was so happy that he kissed every one of the guests.
3. Study faithfully lest you fail in the examination.
4. He played as though he were lost in his melody.
5. Those who think for themselves are often out of step with the crowd.
6. "My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky."
7. He won the debate because he had a forceful delivery.
8. I shall wait until you return.
9. When a boy has read Conrad, he loses his taste for Zane Grey.
10. The policeman showed us how we could find the road.

(c) *Noun clauses*

For every use of the noun in a sentence — as subject, object, object of prepositions, complement — a clause may be used instead.

Subject: Who was wanted seemed uncertain.
Direct object: She admitted *that she was afraid.*
Subjective complement (or predicate noun): His reply was *that he had had enough.*
Object of preposition: We relied on *what he told us.*
Appositive: Her belief *that he was innocent* was substantiated.

UNIT DRILL XVII C c — NOUN CLAUSES

From the following sentences list the noun clauses, stating in a column to the right the construction of the clause in the sentence.

1. The Bible teaches us that we should love our neighbor as ourself.
2. It is true that history teaches us many important lessons.
3. I guessed from what was said that he was engaged to be married.
4. The uniform he wore was plain and simple.
5. They disagreed about who played the better bridge game.
6. We hope that you will have a jolly time.
7. We made elaborate plans before we started.
8. One object of education is that we may learn to think.

9. My knowledge of how machinery is operated is extremely limited.
10. That character is greater than intellect was his belief.

D. *The gerund*

The *gerund* is a verbal noun ending in *-ing: running, calling, swimming,* etc. The gerund, however, is not to be confused with the present participle ending in *-ing* which has the same spelling:

Gerund: *Running* made his heart beat fast. (Used as noun.)
Participle: *Running down the alley,* he heard screams behind him. (Used as adjective.)

The gerund is invariably used as a noun: "*Swimming* made him strong." "*Shouting* made him hoarse." "*Coasting* is great fun."

The gerund is not to be confused with the progressive form of the verb:

Drinking much water between meals aided his health. (Gerund.)
The dog *was drinking* from the fountain. (Part of the progressive form.)

Since the gerund is always used as a noun, it has some of the properties of a noun; it is called a *verbal noun,* i.e. part verb and part noun. As a verb it may take an object, but never a subject like the infinitive; as a noun it is modified by the possessive:

Wrong: I had no hope of *him telling the truth.*
Right: I had no hope of *his telling the truth.*

As a verb the gerund in the sentence above takes an object, *truth;* as a noun it is modified by the possessive, *his.*

A gerund, further, may be modified as any verb may:

Acting like a madman did not deceive the jury.

"Like a madman" modifies *acting; acting* is a noun, subject of the sentence.

UNIT DRILL XVII D — GERUND

From the following sentences pick out the gerunds with their objects and modifiers, and set them down in a list. Be careful not to pick out anything but gerunds.

1. Mary's swimming is not very praiseworthy.
2. The boys teased John for crying.
3. Acting a Shakespearean rôle is difficult for an amateur.
4. Father was repairing the tire while John was washing the car.
5. Reading is an insurance policy against boredom.
6. Forgetting one's troubles is a wise policy.
7. The dogs were playing hide and seek, running in and out of the bushes and surprising one another with a bark.
8. Driving an automobile requires quick nervous reactions.
9. Seeing the accident, James ran for help.
10. Running upstairs uses up unnecessary energy.

E. *The absolute construction*

If you analyze the sentence, "Our blood tingling joyously, we skated for two hours," you discover that the phrase "our blood tingling joyously" is set apart from the rest of the sentence. It is not a modifier; it is made up of a noun and a modifier. It does modify the sense of the first clause — "we skated for two hours" — in that it describes the manner in which we skated. But grammatically it is an independent construction, called the *absolute construction,* which is a common idiom in the language.

The absolute construction is made up of a noun and a participle, either present or perfect, and is grammatically independent of the rest of the sentence, and therefore set off by a comma:

The bell having rung, we hurried to school.
Noun Participle

Caution: If I say, "*Having rung the bell,* we waited for the boys to come to school," the "*having rung,*" etc., is a participle modifying *we.*

UNIT DRILL XVII E — ABSOLUTE CONSTRUCTION

From the following sentences pick out and list the absolute constructions.

1. We looked eagerly about for Mary, our fears increasing with each passing moment.
2. His studies done, John took up his radio.
3. We paddled leisurely until noon, our copper line trolling behind for a lake trout.
4. His mother being away, George had to cook his own meals.

5. The fire gaining rapid headway, we sent for the fire department.

F. *Complements*

A noun or adjective which completes the meaning of the verb is called its complement:

The trail was *rocky.* (Predicate adjective.)
The injured man was a *doctor.* (Predicate noun.)
The common belief was *that he had died.* (Clause used as predicate noun.)

Rocky and *doctor* and *that he had died* are called subjective complement, or predicate adjective, predicate noun, or clause used as predicate noun.

Sometimes the meaning of a noun is completed by another noun or adjective which is called an objective complement (sometimes called the adjunct accusative):

The students made Oswald *captain.*
We painted the car *green.*

UNIT DRILL XVII F — COMPLEMENTS

In the following sentences list the complements, designating whether each is predicate adjective or predicate noun or objective complement.

1. We named the dog Jack.
2. The birds are cheerful company.
3. The injured man was a doctor on his way to visit a patient.
4. The superstition was that the ghost returned every night.
5. Mary called her book *Reminiscences.*
6. The time you spent is absolutely wasted.
7. Father painted the car gray.
8. Mother is too proud to ask for help.
9. The person for the task is Harry Fielding.
10. The man was very angry.

G. *Indirect object*

Such words as *give, tell, bring,* etc., may have an *indirect* object as well as a direct object:

She gave (to) me the basket.
She brought (to) me the bell.
She told (to) me a secret.
She played (for) me a song.

In these sentences *me* is the indirect object.

UNIT DRILL XVII G — INDIRECT OBJECT

From the following sentences pick out the indirect objects.

1. Mother gave me a wrist watch.
2. Jack told him to leave the key on the table.
3. The dog brought Father the bone.
4. The man offered her the job.
5. Carrie sang me a whimsical ballad.

XVIII. Faulty Sentence Structure

A. *Misplaced modifiers*

A modifier should be placed near the word it modifies, in such a way that its meaning is not ambiguous. Note the ludicrous meaning in this sentence: "The crowd came singing towards the doors with ominous faces." The meaning would have been unmistakably clear had the modifier *with ominous faces* been put nearer *crowd.*

The words *almost* and *only* often are misplaced. If I say, "I only gave Mary a dime," I am suggesting that I not only *gave* but did something else — *sent, tossed,* or *threw.* My modifier obviously modifies either *Mary* or *dime:* "I gave only Mary a dime," or "I gave Mary only a dime."

UNIT DRILL XVIII A — MISPLACED MODIFIERS

Check any of the following sentences in which there is a misplaced modifier, and then rewrite the sentences you have checked.

1. The office is only open from 9 to 12.
2. I walked out into the night as the moon rose and wandered in the gardens.
3. James always did his studying in the evening.
4. He sprang to a rock on which a dead man lay and called for help.
5. With tears in his eyes the lamplighter trimmed the wick.
6. I only saw him once after that.
7. Only Mary was at the depot to meet her.
8. A terrible storm arose just after supper had been laid on the lake and we feared for the fishermen.
9. He had almost finished three-fourths of the trip when his engine stopped.
10. I only need a few cents.

B. *Vague reference*

The words *which* and *it* should refer to definite antecedents, and never to implied ideas.

Right: The *apple which* was eaten was mine.
Antecedent

The *apple* was eaten; *it* was mine.
Antecedent

Wrong: My apple was eaten, which made me angry.
Antecedent

My apple was eaten; it made me cross.
Antecedent

UNIT DRILL XVIII B — VAGUE REFERENCE

In the following sentences, determine the antecedents of *it* and *which*. If the sentence is correct in the use of these words, mark "C" after the number of the sentence; if the pronouns refer to an idea instead of a definite word, mark "X" after the number.

Beside each number marked "X," write the sentence correctly.

1. Portia and her maid dressed as men which deceived their husbands.
2. The book which you read is Conrad's best.
3. She always prepared the vegetables beforehand which made getting dinner much simpler.
4. People should not eat when they are angry or upset; it will cause indigestion to sensitive people.
5. The tool which you speak of is the first one I ever owned.
6. Mary was very pretty which made her very vain.
7. Do not look at the eclipse with the naked eye; it will injure your eyes.
8. Ann was very stubborn which made it difficult for us.
9. Mother always calls us in the morning which makes us neglect our alarm clock.
10. The golf clubs which are lying on the ground by the rock are mine.

C. *The dangling participle*

A participial phrase should be placed near enough to the word it modifies to avoid an ambiguous meaning.

Wrong: Clinging to the organ-grinder's arm, I saw a monkey.
Right: I saw a monkey clinging to the organ-grinder's arm.

UNIT DRILL XVIII C — DANGLING PARTICIPLE

Rewrite any of the following sentences which are incorrect.

1. Being nearly exhausted, we carried him to camp.
2. After trying to get away from me, I finally got the cattle home.
3. Hiding in the woodshed, they could not find us.
4. Having given our tickets to an usher, he escorted us to our seats.
5. Determined to go, we could not get him to remain.
6. After promising not to do it again, the policeman let little Tommy go.
7. Putting my head out of the window, the sight which met my eyes was startling.
8. Traveling along at great speed the railroad track was not noticed.

D. *Parallelism*

Similar elements within a sentence should be expressed in the same grammatical relation:

(a) A needless shift of voice and subject:

In camp *a bed can be made* without difficulty *if you use hemlock*
Passive voice Active voice
boughs.

Better: A bed *can be made* without difficulty if hemlock boughs
Passive voice
are used.
Passive voice

(b) An awkward shift of construction:

These garments are popular for three reasons: first, *they are exceedingly becoming;* second, *their light weight;* and third, *for their warmth.*

N.B. There are three constructions: a clause, a word, a phrase.

UNIT DRILL XVIII D — PARALLELISM

Rewrite the following sentences, bringing about uniformity of voice and construction.

1. To talk in public, to think in solitude, to read, and to hear, and inquiring and answering inquiries is the business of the scholar.

2. The boat was returned to the owner as John decided not to go fishing.
3. Mary answered her mother discourteously and the incident was regretted.
4. Her accomplishments were several: she could sing, a good dancer, and popular.
5. We all put our minds to the problem and soon a decision was reached.
6. We hesitated and soon our intentions were given away.
7. Our two aims were, first to see the country and second place we wanted to get away from work and worry.
8. Riding is better exercise than to walk.
9. When an athlete is in training, good healthful food should be eaten.

E. *Reduction of predication*

A sentence which adds a new predicate for every new turn of thought is a weak and awkward sentence. It is a safe rule to follow, in revising sentences, to reduce the number of predicates. Turn a clause into a modifier, combine the compound parts of a sentence, and thus simplify the structure.

We pushed on and soon we emerged into a stumpy field, and this field was at the head of a deep valley.

This sentence becomes:

Pushing on, we emerged into a stumpy field which was at the head of a deep valley.

In this revised sentence we have one main predicate instead of three.

UNIT DRILL XVIII E — REDUCTION OF PREDICATION

Rewrite the following sentences, reducing the number of unnecessary predicates:

1. He sprang to his feet and demanded the stranger's name.
2. Swift was born in Dublin in 1667, and was one of the greatest English satirists.
3. It was a calm day in August and I planned to row over to a small island a mile from shore.
4. Burke was born in Dublin in 1729, and he was one of the greatest English orators.
5. We shoveled the walks and found the snow very deep.
6. I noticed a bird's nest in a tree by our house and stopped to

look at it and the framework was made from large twigs, small branches, and straws and they were very neatly and tightly woven together and the nest was lined with a thin coat of mud which made it compact and free from holes and the mud was held together by small straws and strings and the nest was completed by a thick lining of feathers, wool, and horsehair.

7. The ant hill was made up of small sticks some three and some four times as large as the ants and small particles of rock and dirt and the sticks and stones were placed so that they could enter and the holes were formed all over the hill and these holes led into channels which went to the bottom of the hill.

8. After a basket from the field and a free throw had been scored for Central, tension became lighter with Central students as nothing but a miracle could bring winning or even tying baskets for South due to the slow scoring because of strong defensive opposition on both sides.

9. *The Ransom of Red Chief* tells of the kidnapping of a twelve-year-old boy by two men and the boy afterwards turning out to be a human wildcat, till at length the men were obliged to accept the proposition of the boy's father which he made in the answer to the ransom letter, which was that the father would relieve them if they would pay him $250 dollars for it.

10. *The Reformation of Calliope* tells of a man who was what in the West they term a " bad man " whose mother was unaware of his character and how finally he shot in a cabin the sheriff and upon seeing his mother approaching took the sheriff's badge and his mother thought he was the sheriff and had shot his man while performing his duty.

F. *Upside-down subordination*

Sometimes in a complex sentence the wrong clause is made subordinate. Notice the following sentences:

John and James were looking down the street when they saw their teacher.

The clause " when they saw their teacher " is not dependent on the act of John's or James's looking; on the contrary, John's and James's looking is dependent on their seeing their teacher, thus:

When John and James were looking down the street, they saw their teacher.

UNIT DRILL XVIII F — UPSIDE-DOWN SUBORDINATION

Rewrite the following sentences, turning the subordination "right side up":

1. Mrs. Parker was making custard pies in her little kitchen when she saw two men walk by the window.
2. I happened to be riding on the street car when I noticed a man who had left his umbrella standing in the corner of his seat, walk out without it.
3. I was walking down the street when all of a sudden the fire engine darted out of the station.
4. I was reading quietly when I heard a knock on the window.
5. Mary was driving when all of a sudden the steering wheel became unmanageable.
6. Father was telephoning when all of a sudden he heard a great commotion upstairs.
7. We were just eating dinner when the news of the Armistice was received.
8. I had just come out of the office when the boys started yelling "Extra."
9. I was standing on the corner when a car skidded and almost hit me.
10. Mary had been home only a few minutes when the telegram came.

G. *Logical construction*

(a) A predicate noun must refer to the subject of a sentence as a noun or a noun clause.

Wrong: Popularity is *where everybody likes you.*
Right: Popularity is *that quality* which makes every one like you.

(b) Sentences which begin with "the fact that" must end consistently.

Wrong: The fact that James was selfish he was unpopular.
Right: The *fact* that James was selfish *made* him unpopular.

(c) In every sentence words must be accounted for; it must be a subject, or a predicate, or a modifier, or a part of any one of these three parts.

It must not stand unrelated to the rest of the words in a sentence.

Wrong: It was a very cold night and *had stopped snowing.*
Right: It was a very cold night; *it had stopped snowing.*

(d) Clauses should fit logically into the structure of the sentence.

Obscure: It gives one a feeling of independence, if one earns one's own spending money, as permission doesn't have to be obtained from somebody else, if one wishes to purchase some article.

Clearer: It gives one a feeling of independence to earn one's own spending money; if one wishes to purchase some article, permission does not have to be obtained from some one else.

UNIT DRILL XVIII G — FAULTY CONSTRUCTION

Rewrite the following sentences, changing their construction so that it is clear and smooth:

1. The color is gray and a small amount of white. The head is shaped like the ordinary chicken, but not quite so large.
2. He was a well-dressed man; dark suit, white tie, and a diamond stick-pin.
3. But if a person about twenty-five years old did the same thing, like putting a pocketbook in the middle of the sidewalk and have a fine string attached to it, and when some one comes along jerk the string and say April Fool any one would think this person was out of his mind.
4. Her face is not one that you would gaze in rapture at its beauty for it is full of lines of care.
5. His book is written in the form of a handful of facts thrown at the reader while the reader is left to emerge as best he can, which if the student is not more mature than the majority he will not get the point the author sought to bring out.
6. Tyranny is where a king rules unjustly.
7. Economy is when you spend wisely.
8. The fact that Mary failed in two subjects she was forced to drop a subject.
9. There were only five on our bob and so were not crowded.
10. Recklessness in driving is when you don't consider the other fellow.

H. *Sentence unity*

In adding an independent clause to a sentence, a writer should make certain that the clause added is in reality an independent element which cannot be subordinated to any of the other ideas already in the sentence.

It was a calm day and I planned to paddle over to a small island a mile from shore.

In this sentence the two clauses are not of equal value. One should be subordinated in order to bring out clearly the single idea of the sentence, thus:

As it was a calm day, I planned to paddle over to a small island a mile from shore.

UNIT DRILL XVIII H — LACK OF UNITY

Rewrite the following sentences, making one idea stand out:

1. Boston is the capital of Massachusetts and has been called the Hub of the Universe.
2. The three soldiers were disguised as farmers and started to pass the lines of the enemy.
3. *Silas Marner* was written by George Eliot and it is a novel of English life.
4. My cousin left an umbrella on the street car and it was one he valued because his mother gave it to him and he never got it back.

XIX. Careless Confusion

A. *"Its," "it's"*

Its = possessive; *it's* = contraction for "it is."

Right: The dog wagged its tail.
Right: It's eleven o'clock.
Wrong: The cat licks it's paws.

B. *"Not only" and "but also" should be placed* immediately *before the words in comparison.*

Wrong: He not only was a student, but also a scholar.
Right: He was not only a student but also a scholar.

C. *"Like" and "as"*

Like is a preposition followed by a phrase. *As, as if,* are conjunctions followed by clauses.

Right: It looks *as if* it were going to rain.
Wrong: It looks *like* it was going to rain.
Right: James looks *like* Mother.

D. *"Who's," "whose"*

Whose = possessive; *who's* = contraction for "who is."

Right: Whose hat is that?
Right: Who's going skating?
Wrong: Who's dog is that?

E. *"We girls," "us girls,"* etc.

In sentences in which the personal pronoun is used before a noun, the pronoun takes the case of the noun.

Right: She invited all of us girls.
Right: We boys didn't feel like going.
Wrong: She invited all of we girls.
Wrong: Us boys didn't want to go.

F. *"Real," "really"; "sure," "surely"*

Real, sure, are adjectives; *really, surely,* are adverbs.

Right: The man is a *real* genius. (Adjective.)
Right: The story is *really* true. (Adverb modifying an adjective.)
Wrong: John is *sure* a fine player.
Wrong: I have had a *real* good time.

G. *"If" and "whether"*

In the following two sentences the difference between *if* and *whether* is plainly illustrated:

I will go *if* Mother will go with me. (A condition specifically imposed.)
I will go *whether* Mother goes with me or not. (Alternatives expressed in the condition.)

Whenever the alternative of "or not" is either implied or expressed, *whether* is used. In case there is no such alternative, but a definite condition is imposed, *if* is to be used.

UNIT DRILL XIX — CARELESS CONFUSION

Rewrite the following sentences, making the correct choice of words:

1. (Its, It's) a long way to Tipperary.
2. The tiger pounces on (its, it's) victims.
3. (It's, its) a shame to disappoint the child.
4. (It's, its) going to snow.
5. The snake swallowed (its, it's) prey whole.
6. He not only was a great football-player, but also a fine track man.
7. The girls were not only deceived but the boys also.
8. Not only was he excited, but angry as well.
9. You should not only do your duty but a little more also.
10. Not only is he a hypocrite but a liar as well.
11. The girl looks (as if, like) she was going to cry.
12. The aëroplane soars (like, as) a bird.

13. The men worked (like, as) beavers.
14. The women cooked (like, as) their mother did before them.
15. The children jumped about (like, as) rabbits.
16. (Who's, whose) to blame for the accident?
17. The man (who's, whose) car was wrecked is injured.
18. (Who's, whose) to tell Mother?
19. The person (whose, who's) purse was stolen is in dire need.
20. The policeman watched (us, we) boys on Halloween.
21. Any one (who's, whose) fees are paid may attend.
22. (We, us) girls went swimming.
23. (We, us) parents have a difficult job.
24. The cow chased (us, we) children out of the pasture.
25. The farmer wouldn't give (us, we) boys any apples.
26. That turkey is (surely, sure) a fine bird.
27. We had a (real, really) jolly time.
28. The man is a (real, really) artist.
29. We (sure, surely) are glad to see you.
30. It is difficult to climb without a (sure, surely) footing.
31. I wonder (if, whether) it is going to rain.
32. Do you know (whether, if) John has left with the car?
33. He would not say (if, whether) he knew the man or not.
34. (If, whether) you wish, I shall wait for you.
35. He doubted (whether, if) the man was sane.

XX. Capital Letters

More and more we find that the tendency in modern writing is to reduce the number of occasions for capital letters. A comparison between the writing in magazines and newspapers of a decade ago with that of today would reveal a startling simplification of correct usage.

A student would do well to resolve never to use a capital letter unless he can state a definite reason for doing so. In this way he would avoid the danger of over-capitalization, which is a more frequent error than under-capitalization. Since there are but eight occasions for capitalization, the whole number may be easily mastered at once.

A. *Capital letters are used to introduce new sentences and new lines of poetry:*

Frankness is a good quality to reveal. *If* you have been —— etc.

> "*Lives* of great men all remind us
> *We* can make our lives sublime." — LONGFELLOW

B. *Proper nouns and adjectives are capitalized: "English," "Canada," "Mabel," "Mah Jong."*

C. *Names of historical events and special holidays are capitalized: "Paul Revere's Ride," "the Battle of Bull Run," "Christmas," "Fourth of July."*

D. *The first words and other important words in titles are capitalized:*

The Charge of the Light Brigade
The Old Oaken Bucket
President of the United States
Central High School
Manager of Athletics at the University of Wisconsin

Caution: Do not capitalize the words *high school, university, president,* etc. except as they appear in the official title.

E. *Where a title immediately precedes a name, it is capitalized:*

President Coolidge
Superintendent Shaw
Coach Jones

Caution: When the title follows the name, there is no occasion for capitalization:

Mr. Jones, manager of athletics
Mr. Crane, scout master of our troop

F. *Names of the months and days of the week are capitalized: "Monday," "February,"* etc.

G. *It is customary to capitalize nouns and pronouns referring to the deity, although many modern writers do not: "the Savior," "our Lord,"* etc.

H. *The personal pronoun "I" is always capitalized.*

UNIT DRILL XX — CAPITAL LETTERS

In the following sentences, underline those letters which should be capitalized.

1. he was born in boise, idaho.
2. "up from the meadows rich with corn
clear in the cool september morn
the clustered spires of frederick stand
green-walled by the hills of maryland." — WHITTIER

3. the canadian regiment was entirely wiped out in the battle of verdun.

4. the girl recited as a part of the christmas entertainment dickens' story, *the christmas carol.*

5. sadie, a freshman at college, was elected president of " bib and tucker."

6. saturday, superintendent smith was accidentally shot while duck-shooting.

CHAPTER XII

MASTERY TESTS IN PUNCTUATION AND GRAMMAR

If students will isolate their particular difficulties in punctuation and grammar and apply intensive corrective practice to those specific difficulties, their mastery of correct English will be greatly facilitated.

The following Complete Diagnostic Tests will help isolate special weaknesses. The numbers at the right of each question, moreover, refer to the particular Unit Drills in Chapters X and XI which the errors show a student needs to refer to.

Should the Complete Diagnostic Tests reveal too glaring a failure in any unit, the Mastery Tests may be used.

Students who are especially weak in the whole field of technical grammar and punctuation should not take the diagnostic tests except as a final trial of their mastery of each of the units involved.

Tests marked B should be used, primarily by students who fail to make 100 per cent. on tests marked A, as a final proof of their mastery of their difficulties revealed in their first test.

COMPLETE DIAGNOSTIC TEST A

PUNCTUATION

Supply the needed punctuation in the following sentences:

1. Mary bought herself with the money she earned an umbrella a pair of shoes and a hat. (I A) *
2. Mary called the dog and the policeman looked around. (I B)
3. Three feet below a chest was found. (I C)
4. While I was getting dinner the boys chopped wood. (I D)
5. The joys of camping whatever a few poor sportsmen tell you to the contrary are the real joys of life. (I E)
6. Fido stop chasing that squirrel. (I F)
7. The woman who lives next door to us can tell fortunes. (I G)
8. Mrs. Levering Mary's aunt went hiking with us. (I H)
9. In 1924 321 serious automobile accidents occurred. (I — I)
10. Yes I have bought my fishing license. (I J)

* These references are to the Drill Units in Chapter X.

11. Martha is interested in sports Mary prefers her books to games. (II A)

12. Father could not start the car this morning therefore we had to walk to school. (II B)

13. A gilded placard on the door of the apartment house proclaimed that all merchandise must be delivered under all circumstances to the rear Hannah with her basket of herring under her arm strode proudly through the marble-paneled hall indifferent to the sign and rang for the elevator. (II C)

14. The coffee-man besides selling coffee and tea carried with him the following articles spices baking powder Jello breakfast foods salt and pepper. (I A) (III A) (I E)

15. I am going to give my story this title "It never rains but it pours." (III B)

16. Gentlemen

I am enclosing, etc. (III C)

17. Father will bring the meat for supper what does make him so late? (IV A)

18. Larkspur snapdragons baby's breath these she arranged in a beautiful basket. (I A) (IV B)

19. No I don't believe I can come I would like to, though. (I J) (VI B)

20. This way out shouted the door man. (V A) (VII C)

21. She told the salesman she wasn't interested in sewing machines. (V B)

22. She said to the salesman I'm not interested in sewing machines. (V A)

23. I cannot recall the line beyond these words: Between the dark and the daylight, she replied. (V C)

24. The characters from David Copperfield are very true to life. (V D)

25. I never can recall how to distinguish between principle and principal. (V E)

26. Nothing will stop me she declared with emphasis I have made up my mind to go. (V F) (VI B)

27. Mr Wendell lives at Hartford, Conn (VI A)

28. Suddenly it began to rain large drops women tucked their hats under their arms and scampered toward the pavilion. (VI B)

29. What a heartless wretch he is. (VII A)

30. Is the horse a thoroughbred (VIII A)

31. "Never mind, John. I I you need not bo bother" she said haltingly. (IV C)

32. Youre a fine fellow you are I didn't think you would deliberately tell me a lie. (IX B) (VII B)

33. There were perhaps 800 [ ] men in the parade. (VIII B)

34. Fanny s signing the contract was an epoch making event in her life. (IX A) (X)

COMPLETE DIAGNOSTIC TEST B

PUNCTUATION

Supply the needed punctuation in the following sentences:

1. There was very little applause when she finished the women were looking for their handkerchiefs and many men stared at the ceiling with shiny eyes. (*Kipling.*) (VI B) (I D) (I B)

2. The father let the telegram fall laid his head down on the roller-top of the shut desk and breathed heavily. (*Kipling.*) (I A)

3. Whatever his private sorrows may be a multimillionaire like any other workingman should keep abreast of his business. (*Kipling.*) (I E) (I D)

4. Whats the matter now shouted Kristaver bending down to look under the pail. (*Bojer.*) (IX B) (VIII A) (V A)

5. Darton paused to shape his sentence and asked I I suppose theres nobody else more favored. (*Hardy.*) (I B) (V A) (IV C) (IX B)

6. How that poor lad stared at me said the young wife. (*Hardy.*) (VII A) (V A)

7. The forces of upheaval have been spasmodic the forces of wearing down continuous. (*Wells.*) (II A) (I J)

8. Not far beyond the sea thundered and foamed upon the sand. (I C)

9. Do you see John the house on the hill with its windows aflame with the sunset that is to be your new home. (I F) (VIII A) (V F) (I G)

10. Whatever time of day it was was of little moment to Jane however at Susans request she glanced mechanically down at her wrist watch and read the hour 630 with a good deal of irritation expressed in her tone. (I — I) (II B) (IX A) (I B) (III C)

11. Days and nights of loneliness weeks of boredom and months of monotony these were what weakened James resolve and made him finally decide on the following letter to terminate his exile

Mr. Harold Campbell
1811 W 4th St
Chicago Ill

Dear Sir
I am breaking a foolish contract
Yours
A. H. C.

(I A) (IV B) (IX A) (I B) (III A) (VI A) (I J) (III C) (VI B)

12. Miss Crandall please get Mr Kruse Daytons advertising man on the wire for me no never mind I'll write to him you may take this letter. (IF) (I H) (IX A) (IV A) (I J) (II B) (VI B)

13. I shall expect every member of the class announced the teacher to know these lines from the Declaration of Independence We hold these truths to be self evident that all men are created equal that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights that among these are life liberty and the pursuit of happiness. (V F) (III B) (V C) (III A) (II C) (I A) (V D)

MASTERY TEST I A — COMMA

Supply the commas in the following sentences:

1. What the reason is is not known. (I) *
2. I say Jack you have no right to complain. (F)
3. He wanted his freedom: freedom to come and go as he pleased to spend his money as he saw fit and to think his thoughts for himself. (A)
4. I started across the lake and the dog followed me. (B)
5. The boy however had only sprained his ankle. (E)
6. In the summer of 1922 6000 tourists visited the town. (I)
7. The dog bit the baby and Father had him shot. (B)
8. With the store people in the country were displeased. (C)
9. The girls at the boarding school had to take care of their own rooms mend their clothes and wait on table twice a week. (A)
10. He dropped the ball and the boy caught it. (B)
11. It resulted however in the boy's being sent away. (E)
12. I am asked to bring sandwiches pickles and cake to the picnic. (A)
13. George my brother is coming after us with the car. (H)
14. The lady in the purple dress whom you see talking to the conductor is a prominent club woman. (G)
15. The players tired from their strenuous play lay down in the straw between halves of the game. (E)
16. Oh why is Father so late? (J)
17. The man talking to the motorman is a detective. (G)
18. "Whatever happens" warned Mildred "don't laugh and give us away." (J)
19. No I cannot accept your explanation. (J)
20. She was married June 12 1921. (J)
21. When the last guest had departed Mabel started washing the great pile of dishes. (D)

* These references are to the Unit Drills for the comma, pages 391–395, to which the student may turn if he does not punctuate the sentences correctly.

MASTERY TEST I B — COMMA

Supply the commas in the following sentences:

1. Come Sally. It is time we started. (F)
2. Where he is is not known. (I)
3. The Declaration of Independence was passed on July 4 1776. (J)
4. Yes I hear you now. The buzzing on the wire has ceased. (J)
5. " The little blue birds " the teacher continued " built their nest every year in the very same fence post." (J)
6. The house which you see in the distance is said to be haunted. (G)
7. Oh I remember now. She hung the key on the nail at the side of the house. (J) (G)
8. The children worn out from their strenuous play actually tumbled into bed. (E)
9. The head-waiter at the Andrews Hotel whom you can see now at the desk is a very interesting fellow. (G)
10. Sadie the dressmaker next door has been quarantined with scarlet fever. (H)
11. Bobby please get a pound of butter a loaf of bread and a pound of coffee at the store. (A) (F)
12. She lost her purse and the janitor found it. (B)
13. Against the school athletes were prejudiced. (C)
14. In 1924 480 automobile accidents occurred. (I)
15. The team moreover refused to play the game unless the rule was abolished. (E)
16. When the strikers failed in their first attempt to block the entrance they retreated to the rear of the building. (D)
17. Mary's cousin Rebecca who visited here last summer has chosen her for a bridesmaid. (H) (G)
18. He had forgotten the whole incident: what it was all about when it happened and where it happened. (A)
19. What the explanation was was the last thing we thought of. (I)
20. The conductor collected his last cent and Jack was absolutely penniless. (B)
21. In 1923 23 persons were killed in automobile accidents. (I — I)
22. To John Hawkins acted like a father. (I — I)
23. Howard drives a Packard; Earl a Cadillac. (I J)

MASTERY TEST II A — SEMICOLON

Supply the semicolons in the following sentences:

1. He became candid and explanatory he sought to take his creditors into his confidence and tell them about himself. (A)

2. Richard groaned under the situation he longed to denounce the whole procedure as humbug. (A)

3. He had been wild when he was young he admitted to himself still that was a long while ago and should not be remembered now on the eve of his success. (B)

4. "He never dines here indeed we see very little of him," the butler volunteered. (B)

5. "At this moment, however, the rooms bore every mark of having been recently and hurriedly ransacked clothes lay about the floor, with their pockets inside out drawers stood open and on the hearth, there lay a pile of gray ashes, as though many papers had been burned." (*Stevenson.*) (C)

6. A fear came upon me I stood silently trembling, unable to speak a word of explanation. (A)

7. "It is out of the question" he said "I have no intention of taking any risk whatsoever." (A)

8. I could not state to myself exactly why I was afraid the place was one of the safest yet I could not put my fears to rest. (A)

9. I could not help the situation by worrying consequently I decided to put it out of my mind. (B)

10. He had not recognized the doctor's voice moreover he was listening for some one else. (B)

MASTERY TEST II B — SEMICOLON

Supply the semicolons in the following sentences:

1. Father became silent and morose he seemed lost in his own thoughts and indifferent to the world about him. (A)

2. "Such powerful scents as these are only pleasant when highly diluted still they are, as we have seen, essential ingredients of the finest perfume." (Slosson, *The Liberating of Men.*) (B)

3. "There was nothing revealed by the many eyes that looked at him but watchfulness and eagerness there was no visible menacing or anger." (Dickens, *Tale of Two Cities.*) (A)

4. "The first view of his head is a bit Mephistophelian, for it is drawn upward into two horny spines the view recalls a little girl with her hair brushed very lightly up and back from the face." (Beebe, *Coöperation: The Atlas.*) (A)

5. "Although strong and active, I was rather short, even for a ten-year-old, and to reach the plow handles I was obliged to lift my hands above my shoulders with the guiding lines crossed over my back, and my worn straw hat bobbing just above the crossbrace, I must have made a comical figure." (Garland, *A Son of the Middle Border.*) (C)

6. "Sometimes it would be merely the obstacle of long distance over a difficult terrain, calling for substantial effort in face of great

fatigue sometimes it would be a deep ravine full of tangled underbrush to be traversed and on one memorable occasion, less than a fortnight before the Colonel was nominated for President, there was a steep cliff of crumbling slate to be ascended and descended." (STREET, *The Sport of Theodore Roosevelt.*) (C)

7. "There they lay, little bottles filled with white and brown fluids white blue and brown powders green brown and yellow ointments black lozenges buff plasters blue pink and purple pills." (GALSWORTHY, *The Freelands.*) (C)

8. "The casual observer becomes aware of them (the leaf-cutting ants) through their raids upon gardens indeed, they are a very serious menace to agriculture in many parts of the tropics." (BEEBE, *Co-operation: The Atlas.*) (B)

9. "Silkworms in Japan and China may have contributed to your hosiery and shirt, imported wool enters into much of your outer clothing your shoes are built up of material from all parts of the globe your white linen handkerchief is made of flax from Ireland. Canada, Belgium and the Netherlands while your garters and suspenders owe their elasticity to the rubber plantations of Sumatra." (LE ROY, *Dancing upon The Whole World.*) (C)

10. "Gradually these strings of ragged people shortened and frayed away their poor lights began to shine in high windows, slender fires were made in the streets, at which neighbors cooked in common, afterwards supping at their doors." (DICKENS, *Tale of Two Cities.*) (A)

MASTERY TEST III A — COLON

Supply the colons in the following sentences:

1. After three years Emmet came to the following conclusion that he must get into the profession of his choice; he must get his father's help to do it; and he must forget the past and build on the present. (A)

2. There are several color combinations that will do blue and rose, coral and green, blue and apricot, or lavender and green. (A)

3. GENTLEMEN
Will you kindly send me your 1926 catalogue? (C)

4. Mary began her speech with these lines "I wandered lonely as a cloud," etc. (B)

5. At exactly 530 Mary was waiting on the steps for the taxi which was to take her into her new life. (C)

6. In the contest John won the following points good form, 30 points; speed, 30 points; and versatility, 15 points. (A)

7. MY DEAR MR. JOHNSTON
I am writing in answer to your letter of January 5. (C)

8. The golden text may be found in John 4 8–10. (C)

9. My favorite modern authors are these Zona Gale, John Galsworthy, and Rebecca West. (A)

10. My reasons for refusal are these the overhead expense would be too great; the location of the shop does not seem good; and it would mean sacrificing my present profitable business. (A)

MASTERY TEST III B — COLON

Supply the colons in the following sentences:

1. "In these inaccessible haunts, in this world of darkness, there is the same order, the same finished perfection, the same beauty that we find elsewhere. As William Watson has well said

> 'Nay, what is nature's
> Self, but an endless
> Strife towards music,
> Euphony, rhyme?'"
>
> — THOMPSON, *The Great Deeps.* (B)

2. You will need the following clothing if you expect to be comfortable a warm sweater or a leather jacket, some good stout shoes that are heavy-soled, and a rain coat, and rubber boots. (A)

3. "The boat leaves exactly at 1040. You must hurry if you expect to catch it," said mother. (C)

4. The letter began and ended with crisp formality, as follows

"Dear Sir
I herewith return the money for I have no need of it.
Yours truly,
James Crogan" (C)

5. You will find the text in Matthew 4 20–24 (C)

MASTERY TEST IV A — DASH

Supply the dashes in the following sentences:

1. "The rattling bus drove by them no Prospect visitor ever took it because it insisted upon just going to the hotel." (*Zona Gale.*) (A)

2. "There is something about a prairie perhaps its thinness and purity which on moonlight nights transforms the ordinary perspective and so concentrates the rays which reach the eye from any one object that it is seen in all three dimensions and not as a mere flat against a background." (*Beers.*) (A)

3. "She held, I suppose, that a woman holds an absolute right or possesses, rather, a perfect excuse to escape in her own way from a man-managed world." (*Conrad.*) (A)

4. "He cocked his hat a little on the side as though he had had

a drink or two which indeed he might have had in reality to celebrate the occasion." (*Conrad.*) (A)

5. The daily chatter, the trivial concerns, the shallow decisions these are what frayed the nerves of poor Ella. (B)

6. If she could only scream to relieve some of her pent-up feelings she knew very well she couldn't she thought she could survive the ordeal of the reading of the will. (A)

7. "Well, no not exactly that is I I haven't ever considered it before but you'll have to excuse me, sir," and with a sudden decision she darted upstairs. (C)

8. And I you know how stupid I am at times I I saw for the first time what her real attitude was. (C)

9. It's a marvelous thing hello, who's up there? I thought I heard some one as I was saying, it's a marvelous thing how adaptable human nature really is. (A)

10. Mop, scrubbing brush, and pail these you will find in the closet; the other cleaning things are in this drawer. (B)

MASTERY TEST IV B — DASH

Supply the dashes in the following sentences:

1. "The craw fish, dobson, fly, spoon, worm, lamprey, pork-rind each of these lures has enthusiastic champions." (CRANDALL, *Days in the Open.*) (B)

2. "Thunder Cape rises to a height of 1400 feet and Pie Island it takes its name from its shape is not less than one thousand feet high, with a little lake on its top." (*Ibid.*) (E)

3. "A little clearing of a couple of acres on the lake shore a rough log cabin with a rougher barn, a beautiful little lake guarded on the east and south by high hills timbered to their summits, what more could the seeker after rest and recreation ask?" (*Ibid.*) (B)

4. "When I was a little chap I wiped dishes for mother and when I grew older I had to keep the wood-box filled and go after the cows and pick up potatoes and but you know what a lot of things there are to do on a farm where a boy can help." (*Ibid.*) (A)

5. "The fish squirmed out again and well I don't know how many times we made the trip up and back but just when I was about tuckered, some fellows in another boat came up and pulled us both in. That pick'rel weighed twenty-two pounds." (*Ibid.*) (C)

MASTERY TEST V A — QUOTATION MARKS

Part I: Punctuate and paragraph the following passage of direct and indirect quotation:

Marshey came in and his weary eyes wandered about the room. They inspected the floor; they inspected me; they inspected Hazen

Kinch's table, and they rose at last humbly to Hazen Kinch. Well? said Hazen. I lost a dollar, Marshey told him. I 'lowed I might have dropped it here. Hazen frowned. You told me eleven-fifty was all you had. This here dollar I lost wasn't mine. The money-lender laughed. Likely! Who would give you a dollar? You lied to me, or you're lying now. I don't believe you lost a dollar. Marshey reiterated weakly: I lost a dollar. Well, said Hazen, there's no dollar of yours here. It was to get medicine, Marshey said. It wasn't mine. Hazen Kinch exclaimed: By God, I believe you're accusing me! Marshey lifted both hands placatingly. No, Mr. Kinch. No, sir. His eyes once more wandered about the room. Mebbe I dropped it in the snow, he said. He turned to the door. Even in his slow shuffle there was a hint of trembling eagerness to escape. He went out and downstairs. Hazen looked at me, his old face wrinkling mirthfully. (*Ben Ames Williams.*) (A) (B) (F)

Part II: Punctuate the following paragraph with quotation marks, single and double:

The following quotation from Stevenson's story, The Sire de Maletroit's Door, continued the teacher, illustrates his power of vivid description:

It was September, 1429; the weather had fallen sharp; a flighty piping wind, laden with showers, beat upon the township; and the dead leaves ran riot along the streets. Here and there a window was already lighted up; and the noise of men at arms making merry over supper within, came forth in fits and was swallowed up and carried away by the wind.

The night fell swiftly; the flag of England, fluttering on the spire top, grew fainter and fainter against the flying clouds — a black speck like a swallow in the tumultuous, leaden chaos of the sky. As the night fell the wind rose, and began to hoot under archways and roar amid the tree-tops in the valley below the town. (C) (D)

MASTERY TEST V B — QUOTATION MARKS

Punctuate the following sentences:

1. Where is the license number of your car? asked the policeman sharply. (A)
2. This said Mary, surveying her new room, is quite beyond my dearest expectations. I am certainly lucky to be adopted by such a dear old aunt. (F)
3. Did you say you wanted Captains Courageous? (D)
4. Have you read Lorna Doone? asked the librarian kindly. I think you would enjoy it very much. (D) (F)
5. There are to be no if's in my promises I can tell you. (E)

6. If you can keep your head when all about you — yes, but Kipling wasn't speaking of feeding the fifty hungry mouths of the threshing crew, said Milly. (C)

7. Please carry the box upstairs carefully directed Miss Whiffet and don't bruise the new wall paper. (F)

8. Whoa! Whoa thar Billy! Farmer Quackenbush maneuvered his two rheumatic legs carefully out of the quaint old surrey. Thar! That's Thet. Wonder if Mandy's home. Shouldn't wonder a bit. (F)

9. Martha asked her partner whether he would mind taking her home early and was surprised to note in the tone of his voice that he, too, was wishing to escape. (B)

10. I am so tired of having girls exclaim in superlatives. Their Grand! and Wonderful! and Keen! and Marvelous! bore me a great deal. (E)

MASTERY TEST VI, VII, VIII A — END PUNCTUATION

Punctuate the following paragraphs with "end" punctuation, i.e. the marks which come at the *end* of the sentence: period, question mark, or exclamation point.

"I've got it" he gasped "the old fool he put it in a teapot right on the mantelshelf there's enough to choke a horse feel of it"

The lean man, unemotional as ever, reached down and took the roll of money

"Got another match" he asked

Willie shrieked out, panting, and watched while his companion, moistening a thumb, ruffed through the bills

"Fifty tens" exclaimed the lean man "Five hundred dollars I guess I'll carry it" (*F. R. Buckley.*)

MASTERY TEST VI, VII, VIII B — END PUNCTUATION

Punctuate the following passage with "end" punctuation, i.e. the marks which come at the *end* of the sentence: period, question mark, exclamation point:

What fishing did you ever catch a rainbow trout if not you have yet to live he is a combination of gymnast and dynamo when communications have been established he at once begins a series of acrobatic performances which leave no doubt as to his agility the writer counted twelve jumps made by one fish before he was brought to net these were not little disturbances of the surface of the water just enough to give notices of his whereabouts but clean leaps how high how would three feet do if that's too much take off an inch especially fascinating was the sport after sun down, when the dusk

was upon the face of the waters then with a white miller as lure we circled the broken water knowing not where the fly lighted but certain that it would be seen and craved by some hungry trout. (CRANDALL, *Days in the Open.*)

MASTERY TESTS IN GRAMMAR AND SENTENCE STRUCTURE

COMPLETE DIAGNOSTIC TEST A — GRAMMAR AND SENTENCE STRUCTURE

I. Rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct words; in a column to the right, state the reason for your choice.

1. Was it (she, her) who was hurt? (XI A)
2. She tossed the ball to (me, I). (XI B)
3. James will teach (him, he) to be careful. (XI B)
4. I had not heard of (you, your) going to Europe. (XI C)
5. I like James better than (he, him). (XI D)
6. She hurt Joan more than (me, I). (XI D)
7. James did not know (who, whom) to follow. (XI E)
8. Give the book to (whoever, whomever) wishes it. (XI E)
9. (The work of the waiters, the waiters' work) is tiring. (XI C)
10. Each brought (his, their) own lunch. (XII A)
11. Mary (don't, doesn't) know much about dogs. (XII B)
12. (That, those) kind of balloon lasts longer. (XII C)
13. Ten votes (was, were) all that we needed. (XII D)
14. There (are, is) signs of an early spring. (XIII A)
15. Jane and Henry (are, is) home for the holidays. (XIII B)
16. Neither the girl nor her brother (was, were) home. (XIII B)
17. The main support of the old lady (was, were) her two sons. (XIII C)
18. The barrel of apples (is, are) paid for. (XIII D)
19. I (seen, saw) the window shade jerked down. (XIV A, B)
20. The lady feels (sad, sadly). (XIV C)
21. This was the first time I (was ever elected, had ever been elected) to office. (XIV D)
22. He hoped (to arrive, to have arrived) at four o'clock. (XIV E)
23. (The story was told by me to the children.)
    (I told the story to the children.) (XIV G)
24. You (shall, will) not whip the dog; I forbid it. (XIV H)
25. (Shall, will) you return for dinner? (XIV H)
26. If she (was, were) rich, she might help her sister. (XIV I)
27. He had (lain, laid) unconscious for three days. (XIV J)
28. I (sat, set) the doll down in an easy-chair. (XIV J)

29. She was the (tallest, taller) of the two. (XVII A)
30. (Its, It's) not a question of (whose, who's) right. (XIX A, D)
31. (We girls, Us girls) were (real, really) frightened. (XIX E, F)
32. I do not know (if, whether) Mary has gone; it looks (like, as if) she had, though. (XIX C, G)
33. From the very bottom of the heap (emerge, emerges) the panting fox terrier. (XIII F)
34. A flock of ducks (has, have) just flown south. (XIII E)

II. Name the italicized parts of a sentence; give the part of speech, the use in the sentence; if a whole sentence, give the kind — that is, simple, complex, compound; if a clause, name its kind — that is, adjective, adverb, noun.

1. *Careful* (XV) (XVII A)
2. *In the morning* (XVII B) (XVI A)
3. *If the man pays his fare* there will be no further trouble. (XVII C)
4. *Mary plays golf but Jane prefers tennis.* (XVI C)
5. He did not wish *to see the play.* (XVII B)
6. *Pitifully* (VI A) (VII B)
7. *Shouting for help,* the boy climbed a tree. (XVII B)
8. *Which is blue* (XVII C)
9. *Swimming* is good fun. (XVII D)
10. *His studies done,* John took up his radio. (XVII E)
11. *When you come I am no longer afraid.* (XVI C)
12. Mother is *afraid.* (XVII F)
13. We named the horse *Jake.* (XVII F)
14. *The man is a farmer.* (XVI C)
15. The view *seen from that window* is lonely. (XVII B)
16. He gave *me* a book. (XVII G)
17. The *stillness* was oppressive. (XV) (XI A)
18. Mother is a *milliner.* (XVII F)
19. *Rolling down the hill* was their morning's fun. (XVII D)
20. *To have spoken then* would have been a mistake. (XVII B)

III. Rewrite the following sentences, making the necessary improvement:

1. I walked out into the night as the moon rose and wandered in the garden. (XVIII A)
2. My apple was eaten which made me angry. (XVIII B)
3. Putting my head out the window, the sight which met my eyes was startling. (XVIII C)
4. Her accomplishments were several: she could sing, a good dancer, and popular. (XVIII D)
5. We pushed on and soon emerged into a stumpy field and the field was at the head of a deep valley. (XVIII E)

6. Mrs. Parker was making custard pies in her little kitchen when she saw two men walk by the window. (XVIII F)
7. Popularity is where everybody likes you. (XVIII G)
8. Boston is the capital of Massachusetts and has been called the Hub of the Universe. (XVIII H)
9. He not only was a student but also a scholar. (XIX B)

COMPLETE DIAGNOSTIC TEST B — GRAMMAR AND SENTENCE STRUCTURE

I. Rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct words. In a column to the right, state the reason for your choice.

1. Which do you think is the (happier, happiest), Jane or Ethel? (XVII A)
2. I (set, sat) the vase where it could not fall and break. (XIV J)
3. The sick man (lay, laid) quiet in spite of his pain. (XIV J)
4. If I (was, were) you, I should explain the situation frankly. (XIV I)
5. (Shall, will) you be away long? (XIV A)
6. You (shall, will) not enter my room; I (will, shall) not let you. (XIV H)
7. (The letter was read to me by mother.)
   (Mother read me the letter.) (XIV G)
8. We expected (to go, to have gone) last Wednesday. (XIV E)
9. This is the very first time I (ever won, have ever won) a prize. (XIV D)
10. The wound hurts (bad, badly.) (XIV C)
11. The girl feels (sick, sickly). (XIV C)
12. I (began, begin) my book last Monday. (XIV A, B)
13. The box of books (is, are) to be sent by express. (XIII D)
14. The main trouble with the car (is, are) its tires. (XIII C)
15. Neither she nor mother (need, needs) to be reminded of (her, their) duty. (XIII B)
16. Walter and James (was, were) suspended from school. (XIII B)
17. There (are, is) plenty of apples on the ground. (XIII A)
18. Sixteen cents (was, were) all the change she had left. (XII D)
19. (This, these) kind of china is very costly. (XII C)
20. Carry (don't, doesn't) seem pleased with her gift. (XII B)
21. Each policeman wore (his, their) star in a conspicuous place. (XII A)
22. (The information of the librarian, the librarian's information) was authentic. (XI C)
23. Toss the yarn to (whoever, whomever) is ready for it. (XI E)

24. She likes Joan better than (I, me). (XI D)
25. I have no hope of (his, him) remembering to give the message. (XI C)
26. Jerry will help (him, he) to write the story. (XI B)
27. She addressed the letter to (him, he). (XI B)
28. Here comes Martha. Is it (she, her) you were looking for? (XI A)
29. (It's, Its) (sure, surely) not a question (we girls, us girls) can settle. (XIX A, E, F)
30. (If, Whether) Carl drives fast, (as, like) he usually does, we will arrive on time. (XIX C, G)

II. Name the italicized parts of a sentence; give the part of speech, the use in the sentence; if a whole sentence, give the kind — that is, simple, complex, compound; if a clause, name its kind — that is, adjective, adverb, noun.

1. *playful* (XV) (XVII A)
2. *with the boy* (XVII B) (XVI A)
3. *When the bell rings* the students rush from the room. (XVII C)
4. *I have not seen the dog but I will help you find him.* (XVI C)
5. The boys did not dare *to refuse.* (XVII B)
6. *woefully* (XV) (XVII A)
7. *Pleading for mercy,* the prisoner fell on his knees. (XVII B)
8. *which you see* (XVII C)
9. *Hiking* is good exercise. (XVII D)
10. *His chores finished,* the tired farmer climbed into bed. (XVII E)
11. *If you insist, I shall tell you.* (XVI C)
12. Mabel *is timid.* (XVII F)
13. We have named our cottage *Resthaven.* (XVII F)
14. The manager is an *Englishman.* (XVII F)
15. The scene *viewed from the top of the hill* is beautiful. (XVII B)
16. Robert asked *me* a favor. (XVII G)
17. The *characteristics* of the book were discussed. (XV) (XI A)
18. Father is a *plumber.* (XVII F)
19. *Hauling the water* was an irksome task. (XVII D)
20. *To have admitted his error then* would have lost him the case. (XVII B)

III. Rewrite the following sentences, making the necessary improvement:

1. My hat was lost which delayed me. (XVIII B)
2. Running down the platform my train was seen just leaving. (XVIII C)

3. Snobbishness is where you ignore other people's feelings. (XVII G)

4. George Washington has been called the father of his country and he was our first president. (XVIII H)

5. We were making seventy miles an hour when the car suddenly swerved to the right to let a roadster pass. (XVIII F)

6. His virtues were not generally acknowledged; however, his friends knew him to be generous; his wife called him a good provider, and the children of the neighborhood loved him for his kindness. (XVIII D)

7. We made our way through the underbrush and soon discovered an old trail and this took us to a deserted cabin and here it was we camped for the night. (XVIII E)

8. I ran back into the yard when the dogs barked and growled and called for help. (XVIII F)

9. Mary not only can sing but play the violin as well. (XIX B)

MASTERY TEST XI A — CASE

Rewrite the following sentences, making the correct choice of words; in a column to the right, indicate the reasons for your choice of words.

1. The girls to (who, whom) you referred are my cousins. (E)
2. I knew it was (he, him) from his voice. (A)
3. I recognized John and (her, she). (B)
4. Have you seen Peary and (he, him) together? (B)
5. What else can you expect from such people as (they, them)? (D)
6. I would rather be Mary than (she, her). (D)
7. I would not do it if I were (they, them). (A)
8. Was it (she, her) who sang last night? (A)
9. Father told John and (he, him) to come home early. (B)
10. Very few can skate as well as (she, her). (D)
11. With John and (me, I) they have little patience. (B)
12. All escaped except (me, I) and (he, him). (B)
13. I was astounded at (its, it) being (he, she). (C)
14. Is John or (he, him) the stronger? (A)
15. The policeman tried to prevent (their, them) storming the jail. (C)
16. If it had been (me, I), I should have waited. (A)
17. The horse knew the path better than (I, me). (D)
18. She thought the guilty person to be (me, I). (B)
19. You may pass the dessert to (whoever, whomever) is ready for it. (E)
20. (The captain's daughter, The daughter of the captain) is very ill. (C)

21. Jerry did not know (who, whom) was the best judge. (E)
22. (The car's fender, The fender of the car) was bent in the collision. (C)
23. The (oxen's, oxens') feet were sore. (C)

MASTERY TEST XI B — CASE

Rewrite the following sentences, making the correct choice of words; indicate, in a column to the right, the reason for your choice.

1. It was (I, me) who threw the ball. (A)
2. John and (she, her) went home. (A)
3. May Kate and (I, me) be excused? (A)
4. They asked (us, we) boys to attend. (B)
5. Who is it? (I, me.) (A)
6. When he saw us, he thought you to be (I, me). (B)
7. It might have been (he, him) who was injured. (A)
8. You saw Jack and (me, I) but you did not speak. (B)
9. Was it (he, him) (who, whom) you wanted? (A)(E)
10. Give the book to (whoever, whomever) wishes it. (E)
11. The soldiers prevented (their, them) rioting. (C)
12. I knew the gentlemen (who, whom) we passed. (E)
13. The party was given for you and (I, me). (B)
14. The Smiths and (we, us) went camping. (A)
15. It might have been (she, her) who was killed. (A)
16. I did not think of (them, their) having a key. (C)
17. There was little hope of (us, our) getting there on time. (C)
18. (The chair's finish, The finish of the chair) is brilliant. (C)
19. (Mary's frown, The frown of Mary) caused wrinkles. (C)
20. I would rather ask Mary than (her, she). (D)
21. She believed the man she was looking for to be (he, him). (B)
22. The (children's, childrens') rubbers were very muddy. (C)
23. Mary is not so polite as (she, her). (D)
24. The man (who, whom) was arrested resisted the policeman. (E)
25. Carrie is more determined than (they, them). (D)

MASTERY TEST XII A — NUMBER

Rewrite the following sentences, making the correct choice of word; in a column to the right, indicate the reasons for your choice.

1. The man (doesn't, don't) seem to understand English. (B)
2. Every one of the workmen (drives, drive) his own car to work. (A)

3. Ten thousand dollars (is, are) left him in his father's will. (D)
4. Each thought of (his, their) own safety first. (A)
5. She (don't, doesn't) understand golf. (B)
6. Five dollars (was, were) all that stood between him and starvation. (D)
7. (That, Those) kind of labels (is, are) good advertising. (C)
8. Neither James nor Ellen (have, has) ever been to Chicago. (A)
9. "Glimmerings" (is, are) the name of her diary. (D)
10. Fifty cents (is, are) all I have left from the bill. (D)
11. Parties (don't, doesn't) mean much to me. (B)
12. I am tired of (this, these) kind of movies. (C)
13. Neither Ellen nor Harry (is, are) old enough to vote. (A)
14. Each person carried (his, their) kit on (his, their) back. (A)
15. (That, Those) sort of hotels is very popular. (C)
16. Every one (is, are) apt to be self-conscious on certain occasions. (A)
17. The girl (don't, doesn't) want to earn her living. (B)
18. Either of the books (is, are) good for vacation reading. (A)
19. Five complaints (was, were) more than enough to convince the jury. (D)
20. I do not like (that, those) sort of salesman. (C)

MASTERY TEST XII B — NUMBER

Rewrite the following sentences, making the correct choice of word; in a column to the right, indicate the reasons for your choice.

1. Mary (doesn't, don't) know what she is talking about. (B)
2. Every one of the horses (is, are) lame. (A)
3. (That, Those) kind of celebration is exciting. (C)
4. I hate (that, these) kind of movie. (C)
5. She (don't, doesn't) like music very well. (B)
6. Nobody (believe, believes) seriously in ghosts. (A)
7. Some one (has, have) forgotten his overshoes. (A)
8. Either Sarah or Jane (know, knows). (A)
9. Neither Harold nor John (likes, like) mathematics. (A)
10. Father (don't, doesn't) smoke. (B)
11. (This, These) kinds of berries sell well: blackberries, currants, red raspberries. (C)
12. I hate (that, those) sort of people. (C)
13. Mother (don't, doesn't) like to drive the car. (B)
14. Six votes (was, were) sufficient to defeat the bill. (D)
15. Every one (is, are) careful about (his, their) reputation. (A)

16. *Shavings* (is, are) the name of a volume of humorous essays. (D)
17. Seventeen cents (was, were) all she had in her purse. (D)
18. Nobody (know, knows) the difference. (A)
19. Five minor errors (was, were) all the accountant could find. (D)
20. Five dollars (was, were) all the auctioneer could get for the ring. (D)

MASTERY TEST XIII A — AGREEMENT

Rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct word; in a column to the right, indicate the reason for your choice.

1. The class (has, have) received (its, their) report cards.
2. The new dress, with several old ones, (was, were) sent to be cleaned.
3. The use of cosmetics (has, have) increased trade.
4. His aunt, and not his mother, (was, were) with him last night.
5. Neither Mary nor Jane (know, knows) of Aunt Emily's death.
6. John and Grace (are, is) quarantined with scarlet fever.
7. There (was, were) strange raps on the wall.
8. This (is, are) only one of the busses on this line.
9. The first essential to good carpentry (is, are) good tools.
10. Neither of us (is, are) eager to make the trip.
11. Turning around in the middle of the street or parking on the wrong side of the street (is, are) sufficient cause for arrest.
12. What a sad spectacle Mary and her mother (make, makes).
13. No one of his relatives or his family ever (come, comes) to see him.
14. There (was, were) several men trying to put out the fire.
15. Into the thick of the fight (comes, come) Peter and Bud.
16. The automobile with all its accessories (is, are) offered for sale.
17. A complete line of hardware and kitchen utensils (are, is) offered for sale.
18. The box of sandwiches (was, were) lost.
19. Neither Helen nor Henry (are, is) old enough to vote.
20. There (are, is) six blossoms on that plant.

MASTERY TEST XIII B — AGREEMENT

Rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct word; in a column to the right, indicate the reason for your choice.

1. The crowd (has, have) been quieted by the speaker. (E)
2. The prevalence of earthquakes (makes, make) me fear to go to California. (D)

3. The new automobile, with all its new equipment, (was, were) smashed. (D)
4. His assistant, and not his partner, (know, knows) the address. (D)
5. Neither of them (is, are) sure of the way. (B)
6. There (is, are) only one door to the basement. (A)
7. The first essential to good painting (is, are) clean brushes. (C)
8. There (was, were) several shouts in the distance. (A)
9. A complete line of fishing tackle and sporting goods (is, are) offered very cheap. (D)
10. Neither John nor Harry (are, is) able to drive the car. (B)
11. Into the very center of our picnic basket (hop, hops) several frogs. (F)
12. The basket of roses (was, were) withered. (D)
13. The boys, with all their luggage, (were, was) tipped over in the canoe. (D)
14. No one of his friends (has, have) ever seen the inside of the cabin. (D)
15. A complete sale of all household furnishings (was, were) offered at the auction. (D)
16. There (are, is) twelve guests invited. (A)
17. James and Grace (are, is) invited to the party. (B)
18. The use of anesthetics (has, have) greatly increased. (D)
19. What an amusing pair William and John (are, is)! (F)
20. Neither of us (is, are) afraid of storms. (B)

MASTERY TEST XIV A — VERB FORMS

Rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct word; in a column to the right, state the reason for your choices.

1. Fred (lies, lays) on the sofa most of the time. (J)
2. If I (was, were) you, I should wash him. (I)
3. I (shall, will) be very glad to go to the party. (H)
4. We expected (to arrive, to have arrived) by four o'clock. (E)
5. Before retiring I wrote in my diary how I (spent, had spent) the day. (D)
6. I (begun, began) to feel suspicious of his honesty. (B)
7. I (drunk, drank) the milk the first thing. (B)
8. After we (were, had been) waiting about an hour, Mary calmly strolled in. (D)
9. The concert (shall, will) begin at eight o'clock. (H)
10. If I (was, were) you, I (should, would) not stop school. (I)
11. We entered the hotel and (a bellboy was summoned, summoned a bellboy). (G)
12. (They have, There is) very little fun in that town. (G)

13. You (shall, will) not cross that lake in this storm. (H)
14. Unless I (was, were) sure, I should not make the accusation. (I)
15. The shower has (laid, lain) the dust. (J)
16. I wanted very much to go to the fair, for I (was never, had never been) there. (D)
17. I found my uncle (setting, sitting) in the yard. (J)
18. I (should, would) like to visit New York City. (H)
19. I wish I (was, were) rich enough to travel extensively. (I)
20. I (come, came) all the way from the West by begging rides. (B)

MASTERY TEST XIV B — VERB FORMS

Rewrite the following sentences, choosing the correct form; in a column to the right, state the reason for your choices.

1. I (ran, run) all the way home from the store. (B)
2. I (should, would) go to the dentist, but I keep putting it off. (H)
3. I wanted very much to go on the stage, for I (prepared, had prepared) myself to do so. (D)
4. The rain has (laid, lain) the dust. (J)
5. If I (was, were) sure of my income, I would move to New York. (I)
6. He (shall, will) never succeed until he overcomes his sense of inferiority. (H)
7. Unless I (was, were) sure of myself, I don't believe I'd try the part. (I)
8. He (shall, will) not refuse if I have anything to say about it. (H)
9. We stopped at the well and (drank water from the dipper, water was drunk from the dipper). (G)
10. I (should, would) like to go to college. (H)
11. I have (arose, arisen) early on purpose. (B)
12. The apple tastes (sour, sourly). (C)
13. After I (told, had told) her the truth she refused to believe me. (D)
14. He has (forgot, forgotten) his lines. (B)
15. (They have, There are) few amusements in Halifax. (G)
16. He has (broke, broken) his promise to me. (B)
17. Mary was (setting, sitting) by the fire. (I)
18. He wanted (to write, to have written) poetry. (E)
19. I (come, came) back to tell you. (B)
20. If I (was, were) you I would tell the truth. (I)

MASTERY TEST XV A — PARTS OF SPEECH

Name the parts of speech of the italicized words:

"*Ah!*" he repeated, "what is *perfection? Awkward,* isn't it?"

"Is it" — Hedda *rushed* the words out — "is it *always* to be sacrificing yourself, *or* is it — is it always, to be — to be expressing *yourself?*"

"To some — one; to some — the other; to some — half one, half the other."

"But which is it to *me?*"

"*Ah!* that you have to find out for yourself. There's a sort *of wonderful* self-adjusting little *machine* inside us; most *delicate* bit of mechanism *in* the world — people *call it conscience* — that records the proper beat of our tempos. I *guess* that's all we have to go by." (GALSWORTHY, *The Freelands.*)

MASTERY TEST XV B — PARTS OF SPEECH

Name the parts of speech of the italicized words:

Have *you* ever tried to imagine what would happen *if* the *sun* were *suddenly* extinguished? *Oh!* the earth would be *immediately* plunged *into* an eternal night lit only by the *twinkling* stars. The *moon* would continue to accompany *us* in our wanderings, but *it* would be *invisible since* its phases are *only* seen *by reflected* light. Deprived of the *divine warmth* of the *solar* rays, our *atmosphere* would soon cool down. All *water* suspended in the air *would fall* in the shape of rain *which* would soon change into snow. The rivers would flood and then dry up. The *entire* oceans *would congeal* into ice, even before the gases of the air itself became condensed. (NORDMAN, *The Kingdom of the Heavens.*)

MASTERY TEST XVI A — SENTENCE RECOGNITION

The following sentences are poorly constructed. There are some fragments punctuated as sentences. There are sentences which are run together with the "comma splice."

Rewrite them so that each sentence stands as a well-constructed unit. You may take some liberties with the wording if you find it awkward.

When you have divided the sentences correctly, write at the left of each, in the margin, the word *simple, complex,* or *compound,* according as they fit that classification.

Underline in each sentence the bare subject and bare predicate.

1. Of course everybody knows this is a great age of advertising, every book, magazine, or paper you pick up is full of advertising.

2. If you have a new product to put on the market, don't go from house to house and from store to store peddling it, the secret of success is to advertise it.

3. One evening as I was going home on the street car, I found it crowded as usual. As it was the time when all the people were returning from their daily labor.

4. When the teacher saw this she expelled him from school. As he had been talked to before about cheating.

5. The boy whose name is Joel March finds himself among strangers at the school and is very lonely, it seems as if the person that is reading the story is actually with Joel, for his loneliness is described so well.

6. Then of course there are the birds. Birds of every color and shade flying from tree to tree.

7. Before doing these things you want to be sure that your gears are in neutral, by neutral we mean when the gears are at a standstill.

8. We began a theme today, one of the boys wrote about Sarah Bernhardt.

9. The novel is an adventure story, it is the kind of story that excites the reader.

10. Near the track there was a snowdrift two of the boys fell in the drift when the bob tipped over.

11. It was a long and adventurous trip, also many hardships they put up with.

12. Mary went to the park I was ill and stayed home.

13. Her silk hose were a pinkish tint I'd never seen before, I wondered afterwards where she got that shade.

14. Animals are much like men, in one sense they are clever and seem to reason.

15. I think wrestling is a rough sport, perhaps most girls think the same.

16. The posse was hot upon my trail, my horse I am sorry to say had to be shot because he had broken his leg.

17. As I hurried up the slope of the canyon my eyes met a sight.

18. Today in class we learned not to end a theme too abruptly. Also to have an introductory sentence.

19. The accident happened to come about this way we were driving on La Salle towards Eighth Street and, etc.

20. She appears to enjoy everything, in other words she is what I would call a good sport.

MASTERY TEST XVI B — SENTENCE RECOGNITION

The following sentences are poorly constructed. There are some fragments punctuated as sentences. There are sentences which are run together with the "comma splice."

Rewrite them so that each sentence stands as a well-constructed unit. You may take some liberties with the wording if you find it awkward.

When you have divided the sentences correctly, write at the left of each, in the margin, the word *simple, complex,* or *compound,* according as they fit that classification.

Underline in each sentence the bare subject and bare predicate.

1. Jim Hawkins, a lad around whom the story was woven. Jim Hawkins lived with his mother and father, the latter was ill and died soon.

2. I can tell easily whether or not a person is musically inclined, that can be told by seeing if he is willing to do two or three hours of hard practice for a while and get a few words of discouragement and thus show him up.

3. One was carrying a bottle of ink, by some accident the other girl knocked it from her hand.

4. He ordered her to light a candle, she obeyed and before her stood a man of about 35 years of age.

5. The rope ripped through my hands, then he squealed like a devil-horse, but I had him.

6. The beast, beside himself with wrath, whirled on top of me, I leaped aside, ah, he was roped clean.

7. The theme of the book is that a person should never do anything unlawful, another person might overhear your scheme and beat you to it, you would be convicted for a crime you never done.

8. Gay-colored automobiles are very popular among the movie stars, each one tries to outdo the other one in the latest model.

9. After doing this the coffee was also placed on the stones, when the fish were thought to be ready the coffee was taken off but the fish instead of being ready were browned to a crisp.

10. Her good luck some day will change, she might then be the loser.

MASTERY TEST XVII A — SENTENCE STRUCTURE

Name the following italicized groups of words and state their construction in the sentence.

"*As we traveled on,* the forest grew wilder and more beautiful. In the park-like glades a bleached white grass waved in the wind and bluebells smiled wanly. Wild horses outnumbered the deer, and that meant *that there were some always in sight.* A large gray grouse flew up now and then; and most striking of the forest creatures *to fascinate me* was magnificent black squirrel, *with a long bushy white tail,* and tufted ears, and a red stripe down its glossy sides.

"We rode for several days *through this enchanting wilderness,*

gradually ascending, and one afternoon we came abruptly to a break in the forest. It was the north rim of the Grand Canyon. My astounded gaze tried *to grasp an appalling abyss of purple and gold and red,* a chasm too terrible and beautiful to understand all at once. The effect of that moment must have been tremendous, *for I have never recovered from it.* To this day the thing *that fascinates me most* is *to stand upon a great height* — canyon wall, or promontory, or peak — and gaze down into the mysterious colorful depths.

"Our destination was Powell's Plateau, an isolated cape *jutting out into the canyon void.* Jones showed it to me — a distant gold-rimmed black-fringed promontory, seemingly inaccessible and unscalable. The only trail *leading to it* was a wild-horse hunter's trail, seldom used, *exceedingly* dangerous. It took us two days over this canyon trail *to reach the Saddle* — a narrow strip of land *dipping down from the Plateau* and reaching up to the main rim. We camped *under a vast looming golden wall,* so wonderful that it kept me from sleeping. That night, *lions having visited our camp,* the hounds barked for hours, and for the first time I was able to hear Don. What a voice he had! Deep, ringing, wild, like the bay of a wolf!

"Next morning we ascended the Saddle, from the notch of which I looked down into the chasm still asleep in purple shadows; then we climbed a narrow deer trail to the summit of the Plateau. Here indeed was the grand wild isolated *spot* of my dreams. Indeed I was in an all-satisfying trance of adventure.

"I wanted *to make camp* on the rim but Jones laughed at me. We rode through the level stately forest of pines until we came *to a ravine,* on the north side of which lay a heavy bank of snow. This was very necessary, for there was no water on the Plateau. Jones rode off to scout while the rest of us pitched camp. Before we had completed our tasks a troop of deer appeared across the ravine, and motionless they stood watching us. There were *big and little* deer, blue-gray in color, *sleek and graceful,* so tame that to me it seemed brutal to shoot at them." — ZANE GREY, *Don.*

MASTERY TEST XVII B — SENTENCE STRUCTURE

Name the following italicized groups of words and state their construction in the sentence.

"The leading spirit of the family was, I am inclined to fancy, Mrs. Hanson. Since her social brilliancy was somewhat dazzling the others, she had more of the small change of sense. It was she *who faced Kelmar,* for instance; and perhaps, *if she had been alone,* Kelmar would have had no rule *within her doors.* Rufe, to be sure, had a fine, sober, open-air attitude of mind, *seeing the world without*

exaggeration — perhaps, I may even tell *you*, without enough; for he lacked, along with the others, that commercial *idealism* which puts so high a value on time and money. Sanity itself is a *kind* of convention. Perhaps Rufe was wrong; but *looking at life plainly*, he was unable *to perceive that croquet or poker were in any way less important* than, for instance, mending his wagon. Even his own profession, *hunting*, was dear to him mainly as a sort of play; even that he *would have neglected* had it not appealed to his imagination. His hunting suit had cost I should be afraid *to say* how many bucks — the currency in which he paid his way; it was all *befringed* after the Indian fashion, and it was *dear* to his heart. The pictorial side of his daily business was never forgotten. He was even *anxious* to stand for his picture in those hunting clothes; and I remember *how he once warmed almost into enthusiasm, his dark blue eyes growing perceptibly larger*, as he planned the composition in which he should appear, with horns of some real big bucks, and dogs, and a camp *on a creek*." — R. L. STEVENSON — *The Hunter's Family*.

MASTERY TEST XVIII A — SENTENCE IMPROVEMENT

The following sentences are to be rewritten to eliminate the following errors:

Misplaced modifier, vague reference, dangling participle, lack of parallelism, excessive predication, upside-down subordination, faulty construction, lack of unity.

1. The Germans deprived the Belgians of food which was very bad for their health. (B)
2. Don't stoop; it makes you round-shouldered. (B)
3. His forehead is high which shows he is brilliant. (B)
4. The animals were very nervous which made them hard to manage. (B)
5. I learned also that if rabbits were given tubercular germs and let loose to run in the open would be cured. (G)
6. The man was to be tried for concealing weapons on Friday. (A)
7. The small farms usually have horses to do the work as it is cheaper than a tractor. (B)
8. Sitting on the porch the landscape was most restful. (C)
9. We started dinner and soon our tents were put up. (D)
10. We were speeding along the boulevard when a policeman saw us. (F)
11. While standing on the corner, an automobile hit us. (C)
12. The garden needs weeding and I am going to give my afternoon to the task. (E)
13. Sadie has three accomplishments: she can sing, is a good dancer, and to paint is her dearest ambition. (D)

14. I shall go shopping tomorrow and I shall try to buy me a coat and then I shall look at dresses which are on sale and perhaps stay downtown for lunch. (D)

15. Mother has left me with three responsibilities: the house is to be cleaned, I must iron a tablecloth, and making a dessert is also left for me. (D)

16. Washing the dishes, my skin has become rough. (C)

17. The family has had many misfortunes and they live in a meager home and are so very proud and refuse help and are very pathetic, indeed. (E)

18. Father only arrived an hour ago. (A)

19. I'm very hungry for I only ate my breakfast today. (A)

20. His shoes were just polished which gave me an impression that he just came from a shoe-shining stand. (B)

MASTERY TEST XVIII B — SENTENCE IMPROVEMENT

The following sentences are to be rewritten so that any of the following errors are eliminated:

Misplaced modifier, vague reference, dangling participle, lack of parallelism, excessive predication, upside-down subordination, faulty construction, lack of unity.

1. His shoes were of the army type and were run over at the outer edge which showed that the man was bow-legged. (B)

2. We hurriedly packed our tents as soon as the sun rose and ate our breakfast. (D)

3. She was the stubbornest person I almost ever met. (A)

4. Whatever talent these vagabonds may possess they are sure to use it to advantage, as for instance a sign-painter, or a wandering minstrel. (D) (G)

5. The house I see on the way home from school has a very neat-looking aërial which shows that the owner has a good radio set. (B)

6. I only need three more cents. (A)

7. When Joseph Husband graduated from Harvard he decided to start work in a coal mine, because by learning the business from the operating end first would help him a great deal in his future business. (G) (E)

8. After once taking a look at his waving arms, flopping hair, and reddened complexion, your conclusion might quite readily be, a music master or leader. (G)

9. There are three reasons why I shall stay at home: first, I am tired, second, to do my reading, and third, lack of money. (D)

10. When you wish to sketch a person posing for you, you must first get it in proportion. (B)

11. Climbing up a high tree, the whole football game could be seen. (C)
12. I was in the garden this morning when a great big snapping turtle walked across the pansy bed. (F)

MASTERY TEST XIX — CARELESS CONFUSION

1. The dog wagged (its, it's) tail. (A)
2. It looks (like, as if) it were going to rain. (C)
3. (Whose, who's) book is that on the floor? (D)
4. The boy is a (real, really) fine marksman. (F)
5. Mary invited all of (we, us) girls to her picnic. (E)
6. We (sure, surely) had a good swim this morning. (F)
7. James (not only) is (not only) a good student but a fine athlete as well. (B)
8. Sarah has a (real, really) taste for music. (F)
9. (We, us) fellows did not get enough to eat. (E)
10. The paper hanger (sure, surely) did his work fast. (F)
11. (Whose, who's) going to the game? (D)
12. I wonder (if, whether) mother has returned yet. (G)
13. No wonder (its, it's) frightened. Poor little bird! The cat almost ate it. (A)
14. If the baby cried (like, as) he used to, mother could never leave him with me. (C)
15. We most certainly shall attempt the trip (if, whether) the weather will let us. (G)
16. That car is (sure, surely) breaking the speed limit! (F)
17. Bertha has a (real, really) excuse for her failure. (F)
18. I do not remember (if, whether) I read it or not. (G)
19. (Us, we) members of the cast practised every single night last week. (E)
20. Sam (not only) went (not only) to the circus but the whole family as well. (B)

MASTERY TEST XX — CAPITALIZATION

Rewrite the following passages, capitalizing the letters where necessary:

1. " ye start at sun rise tomorrow, then, macCalister," said bolton. " spare nothing. remember, october 4th at midnight. we have had captain mcWilliams here. at sunrise tomorrow; and mac, one thing more; the gourock leaves thursday at the same hour with the same cargo and on the same mission as the climax. ye may as not beat her, but she mustn't beat ye, macCalister." — Lawrence Perry, *From the Depth of Things.* (A) (B) (E) (F)

2. " meanwhile he (Roosevelt) was writing a life of thomas hart benton for the american statesman series and was preparing for press

a remarkably entertaining volume of hunting experiences called hunting trips of a ranchman which he had written the previous winter." — HERMAN HAGEDORN, *The Work of a Ranchman.* (A) (D)

3. i wandered lonely as a cloud,
that floats on high o'er vales and hills.
when all at once I saw a crowd
a host of golden daffodils (H) (A)

4. the tale of two cities by charles dickens is a story of the french revolution. (D) (C)

CHAPTER XIII

THE USE OF THE DICTIONARY, WITH DRILLS FOR SPELLING

A writer accepts the dictionary as one of his major tools without which he is seriously hampered in the pursuit of his craft. He learns to use it with the same accuracy and agility that a carpenter handles his hammer or saw. Already in this book, students have been sent to the dictionary in quest of vivid nouns, picturesque verbs, etc. The following chapter aims to suggest more specific use of the dictionary for those whose experience in the experiments of Part I show a distinct need, and to urge the development of the *dictionary habit.*

A careful writer verifies his technical knowledge by use of the dictionary. The correct spelling of a word, or its pronunciation, is never left in doubt; for a mere second of time may give the required certainty of accuracy.

A writer also makes a habit of consulting the dictionary for synonyms of words, their connotation, etc. Is a poet halted in the completion of a poem for a single word? The dictionary may proffer the desired help. Is a writer doubtful regarding the appropriate use of a new word? The dictionary offers many illustrations of the word as used by well-known authors.

XXI. Spelling

A. *Alphabetical order*

As a means of acquiring the dictionary habit, facility in looking up a word is essential. Students waste time in their search for synonyms or correct spelling if they have not acquired skill in following complete alphabetical order.

Words are in partial alphabetical order when the initial letters are in the order of the alphabet. Complete alphabetical order demands that when two words have the same initial letter, the second letter determines the order; if two words have the same first two letters, the third letter determines the order, and

so on to the last letter of every word listed. *Calico, calf, calendar, calculate* — all these words begin with *cal-*. It is the fourth letter, therefore, that determines the order, thus: *calculate, calendar, calf, calico.*

UNIT DRILL XXI A

Arrange the following words in complete alphabetical order: *bird, bishop, birth, bin, bigamy, brigade, billow, bill.*

B. *Division into syllables*

In speaking, long words are broken into parts and each part pronounced as one unbroken sound. Simple words like *come, shake, boy, sense,* are uttered with but one impulse of the voice. When these words are but part of longer words — *coming, shaken, boyish, sensible* — it requires two or more impulses of the voice to utter the word: *com ing, shak en, boy ish, sens i ble.*

A word is said to be a monosyllable, a dissyllable, or a polysyllable, according as it requires one or more impulses of the voice to pronounce it. Separating words into their syllables is the first step in learning to spell or pronounce them correctly. The dictionary uses a hyphen to indicate the division of words into syllables, thus: *mis-cel-lan-e-ous.*

UNIT DRILL XXI B

1. Divide the following words into their syllables, using a hyphen to separate them:

bias	melody
cosmopolitan	crack
insolvent	period
match	separate
exercise	usually

2. The following words contain a double consonant between two vowels. Look in the dictionary to see how they are divided into syllables.

grammar	chatter
success	committed
occasionally	Mississippi
submissive	necessary

C. *Accent of syllables*

The dictionary uses a short slanting line to point out accented syllables of words: cro'ny, cam'phor, in-deed', etc. Sometimes there are two accent marks, one a primary, the other a secondary accent: cos''mo-pol'i-tan.

UNIT DRILL XXI C

Divide the following words into syllables and indicate the accents. Consult the dictionary if necessary.

athlete	desperate	tragedy
animal	extremely	because
library	generally	beautiful
necessary	description	precaution
quantity	government	innocent
accusation	recognize	lightning
attractive	sincerely	successful
dilapidated	knowledge	loveliness
endurance	necessity	substitute
calendar	criticize	courtesy
luminous	formerly	whether

D. *Accents denoting changes in meaning*

Sometimes a change of accent indicates a difference in meaning:

prod'uce (noun). The farmer sold his prod'uce at a roadside stand.
pro-duce' (verb). The farmer can sell all that he can pro-duce'.

UNIT DRILL XXI D

Write sentences using the following pairs of words. Find similar pairs from the dictionary.

aged — noun aged — verb	contest — verb contest — noun
compact — adjective compact — noun	content — noun content — verb
ferment — noun ferment — verb	frequent — adjective frequent — verb

survey — noun
survey — verb

E. *Word families*

The simplest way of learning to spell is to note the difference at once between words which are derived from the same root.

Such a root as *bene,* Latin for " well," has the following derivatives: *benefit, beneficial, beneficence, beneficiary, benevolence, benefactor, benediction* — all of which may be said to belong to the same family. A study of word families will not only assure the mastery of spelling, but will teach a discriminating use of synonyms as well.

UNIT DRILL XXI E

From the dictionary gather derivatives of the following roots, writing each in syllables, and underscoring the one on which the main accent falls. For each word, also, write a sentence demonstrating its special significance.

ac or *ag* — *to act,* as in *agent*
fer — *to carry,* as in *transfer*
duc — *lead,* as in *duct, educate*
graph — *write,* as in *telegraph*
scribe — *write,* as in *transcribe*
dic — *speak,* as in *contradict*
mit, miss, mise — *send,* as in *commit*
ject — *throw,* as in *eject*
fide — *trust,* as in *fidelity*
fac — *make,* as in *manufacture*
voc, voke — *call, voice,* as in *vocal*
vene, vent — *come,* as in *venture*

F. *Prefixes and suffixes*

Just as a person may learn common words from which many words are derived, and thus improve his vocabulary, so he may learn common prefixes and suffixes which will aid him in building words for himself from the common roots; such prefixes as *ante, anti, auto, sub, re, in,* etc., aid a student to think of new word combinations for himself, or to recognize instantly the meaning of unfamiliar words in which he finds the prefixes used. *Automaton* becomes an easily remembered new word for the vocabulary, once the significance of *auto* is understood.

The same is true of suffixes. When one learns the meaning of *hood* when added to a root, as in *babyhood, motherhood,* etc., he finds new word combinations to be used by the mere addition of a syllable: *sisterhood, maidenhood, knighthood,* etc.

UNIT DRILL XXI F

With the aid of the dictionary, find words with the following prefixes:

anti	ambi	inter	poly
auto	contra	male	super
sub	circum	mis	re
out	hyper	over	ante

Find words with the following suffixes:

craft	tude
esque	ule
hood	ness
ship	or
ster	able

UNIT DRILL XXI G

The following related words are grouped for easy spelling:

appear	appeared	appearing	appearance
arrange	arranged	arranging	arrangement
assist	assisted	assisting	assistance
advise	advised	advising	advice
accomplish	accomplished	accomplishing	accomplishment
almost	always	already	altogether
acknowledge	acknowledging	acknowledge	acknowledgment
begin	beginning	began	begun
busy	busily	business	busier busiest
believe	believed	believing	belief
complete	completed	completely	completion
confide	confident	confiding	confidence
continue	continued	continuing	continuation
consider	considerable	considering	consideration
control	controlling	controlled	controllable
choose	choosing	chose	chosen choice
conscientious	conscious	unconscious	unconsciously
critic	critical	criticize	criticism
change	changing	changes	changeable
complete	completely	completion	complement complementary
deceive	deceiving	deceit	deception
decide	decided	decision	deciding
define	defined	definition	definitely
desire	desiring	desirable	desirous

describe	describing	description	descriptive
equip	equipped	equipping	equipment
extend	extending	extensive	extension
every	everybody	everything	everywhere
excite	exciting	excitement	excitable
experience	experienced	experiences	experiment
embarrass	embarrassed	embarrassed	embarrassment
exist	existed	existing	existence
endure	endured	enduring	endurance
excel	excelled	excellent	excellence
interrupt	interrupted	interrupting	interruption
interfere	interfered	interfering	interference
intend	intent	intensive	intention
impress	impressed	impressive	impression
occasion	occasioned	occasional	occasionally
obey	obeying	obedient	obedience
permit	permitted	permission	permissible
persist	persisted	persistent	persistence
prefer	preferred	preferring	preference
possess	possessed	possessive	possession
peace	peaceful	peaceable	peaceably
practice	practiced	practicing	practical
recognize	recognized	recognition	recognizable
separate	separated	separately	separation
surprise	surprised	surprising	surprisingly
sincere	sincerely	sincerity	insincere

UNIT DRILL XXIH

The following words are frequently misspelled:

influence	luxurious	please
character	observation	relieve
encourage	recommend	surprise
astonish	principle	lightning
realize	principal	write
enthusiasm	separate	oblige
economy	prejudice	independent
illegible	recollect	receive
boulevard	possession	grievous
countenance	remember	judge
vengeance	surprise	fulfill
knowledge	requirement	dissolve
accept	rhythm	teach
aggravate	opportunity	forty
amateur	apparent	sign
anticipate	ache	necessary

appearance	guess	experience
comprehend	believe	cancel
definite	benefit	arrange
enough	occupy	formerly
sufficient	describe	equal
equivalent	crowd	believe
evidence	hurry	prefer
imagination	deceive	plague
approach	plane	fascinate
intelligent	proceed	labor
accommodate	athletic	stretch
difference	business	seize
divide	direct	hear
destroy	disappoint	balance
equal	notice	boundary

DRILL UNIT XXI I

The following words, once their spelling, pronunciation, and meaning are mastered, may be added to the vocabulary:

penurious	scintillate	depreciate
arrogant	grotesque	fervent
infringe	proximity	authentic
cynical	plausible	insinuation
pecuniary	lugubrious	irreparable
bombast	capacity	languor
prudent	undulate	pervade
fanatic	stimulation	scrupulous
quell	unique	expedient
aroma	ambiguous	taciturn
sanguine	contemptible	potential

J. *Rules for spelling*

1. A monosyllable, or a word accented on the last syllable, if it ends in one consonant preceded by one vowel, doubles the final consonant when a suffix beginning with a vowel is added: *bat + ing = batting; remit + ing = remitting; drop + ed = dropped.*

2. Words ending in silent *e* usually drop the *e* before a suffix beginning with a vowel: *move + able = movable; bone + y = bony; shine + ing = shining.*

An exception to the above rule is in words ending in *ce* or *ge*.

Such words retain the *e* when *ous* or *able* is added: *notice* + *able* = *noticeable; outrage* + *ous* = *outrageous.*

3. A noun ending in *y* preceded by a consonant changes the *y* to *i* and adds *es* to form the plural: singular, *crony;* plural, *cronies.*

4. A noun ending in *y* preceded by a vowel forms its plural by adding *s: valley, valleys.*

5. A verb ending in *y* preceded by a consonant forms its present third person singular with *ies,* and its past with *ied: rely, relies, relied; reply, replies, replied.*

6. Verbs ending in *ie* change to *y* before *ing: vie, vying; lie, lying.*

7. Monosyllables ending with consonants which necessitate an extra syllable in the plural or third person singular add *es* to the singular: *mass* + *s* = *masses; miss* + *s* = *misses.* If the plural does not demand an extra syllable, only *s* is added: *sham* + *s* = *shams; proclaim* + *s* = *proclaims.*

8. The letter *i* precedes the letter *e* in the use of the digraph, except after *c,* or when sounded like *a* as in *neighbor,* or *weight; relieve; receive.*

DRILL UNIT XX J

Learn to spell the following words and apply the preceding rules:

stop	forgive	chimney
stopping	forgivable	chimneys
plan	deplore	money
planning	deplorable	moneys
commit	arrange	donkey
committing	arranging	donkeys
propel	have	classify
propelling	having	classified
dig	courage	hurry
digging	courageous	hurries
swim	advantage	wheel
swimming	advantageous	wheels
excuse	peace	pass
excusable	peaceable	passes
tame	notice	dish
taming	noticeable	dishes
shake	dummy	lie
shaken	dummies	lying

DRILL UNIT XXI K

1. Master the following list of expressions which are written as separate words:

all right	in order
near by	any one
some time	every one
some day	no one
every time	all ready (adjective)

per cent

2. Master the following expressions which are written as *one* word:

myself	anything	altogether
yourself	something	although
himself	sometimes	inasmuch
herself	somewhat	moreover
itself	whoever	notwithstanding
oneself	whatever	nowadays
anybody	whenever	farewell
everybody	wherever	outside
somebody	whichever	inside

nobody already (adverb)

MASTERY TEST XXI — THE USE OF THE DICTIONARY

Be neat, brief, and accurate. The reference shelves of the school or public library will be the source of information for the answers to these questions.

1. Find the explanations of the following abbreviations, using an unabridged dictionary:

e.g.	M. D.
Md.	ibid.

pro tem.

What dictionary did you use, and where in the dictionary did you find the information?

2. Select two of the following names, and look them up in a dictionary. What dictionary did you use, and where in the dictionary did you find the information?

Helen Keller	General Pershing
Admiral Dewey	Mark Twain
Jack London	Pope Leo XIII.
General Joffre	Rudyard Kipling

3. Make a list of synonyms for two of the following words:

work (noun)	discover
hate (verb)	empty
noble	honest
sorrow	expect

old

4. What does *bridge* mean in dentistry? What does the word *horse* mean in gymnastics?
5. Find the meaning of *aileron, Fascisti, kitchenette.*
6. Name three unabridged dictionaries.

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